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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV APRIL, 1905 No. 1

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IN THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

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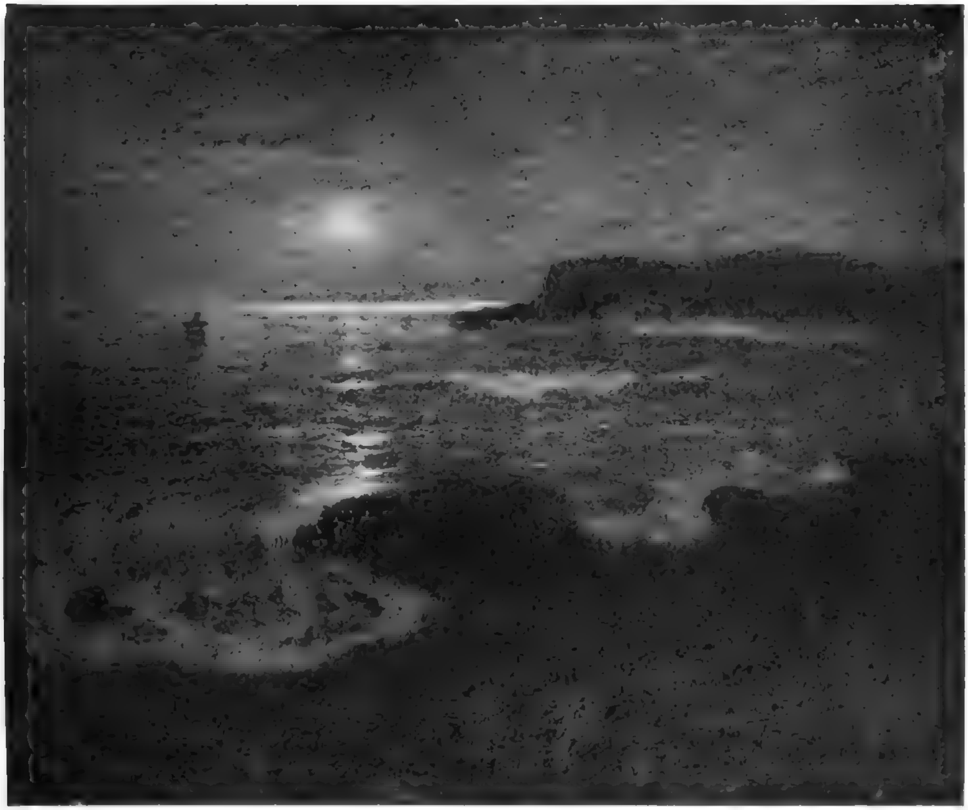


From painting by F. De Haven.

RISING OF THE OLD MOON AT DAWN, YORKCLIFFE, MAINE.

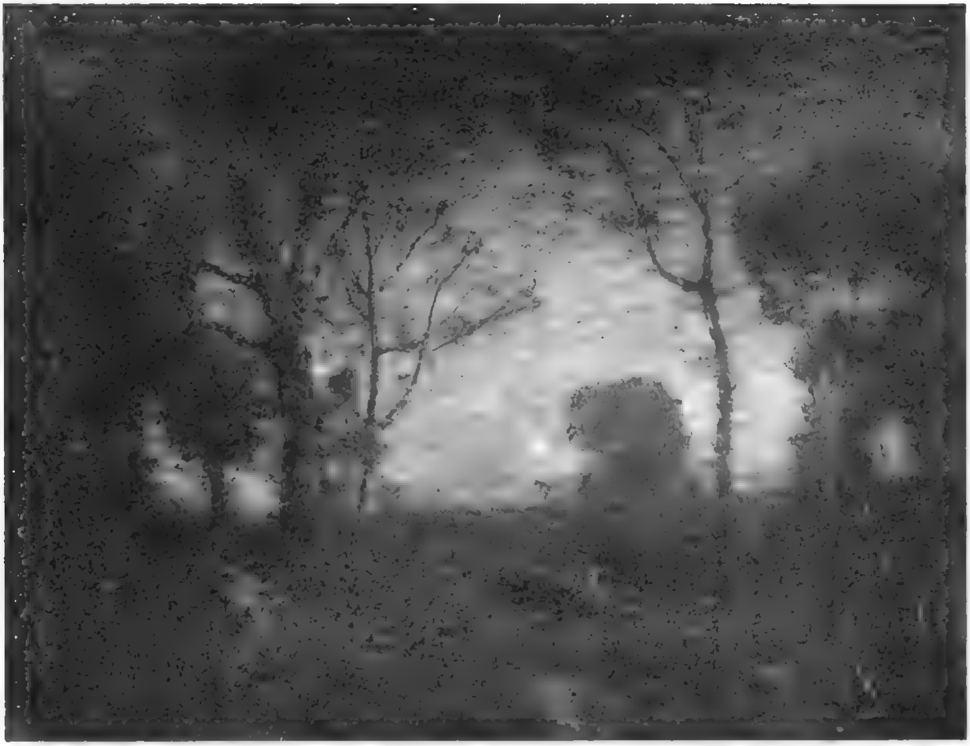
THE CONSTRUCTION OF A PAINTER

By Frank De Haven, A. N. A.

Illustrated with Landscape Studies of the Coast of Maine.

I RECEIVED my first lesson in the constructural mechanics of art from my father as I watched him at the forge of our smithy in my native State of Indiana. He was the village blacksmith, and he was known then, as he is to-day, as one of the finest temperers of iron and steel in the country. He was no ordinary man, but a skilled mechanic, and one whose knowledge of his trade has saved certain railroad corporations many thousands of dollars.

It was a fine experience for a young lad of artistic temperament and dreamy propensities to learn from practical work at the forge that within all beauty there is strength; that the exquisitely tempered blade must be beaten and hammered into



From painting by F. De Haven.
THE EVENING STAR, LATE AUTUMN, FROM STUDIES NEAR CAPE NEDDICK, MAINE.

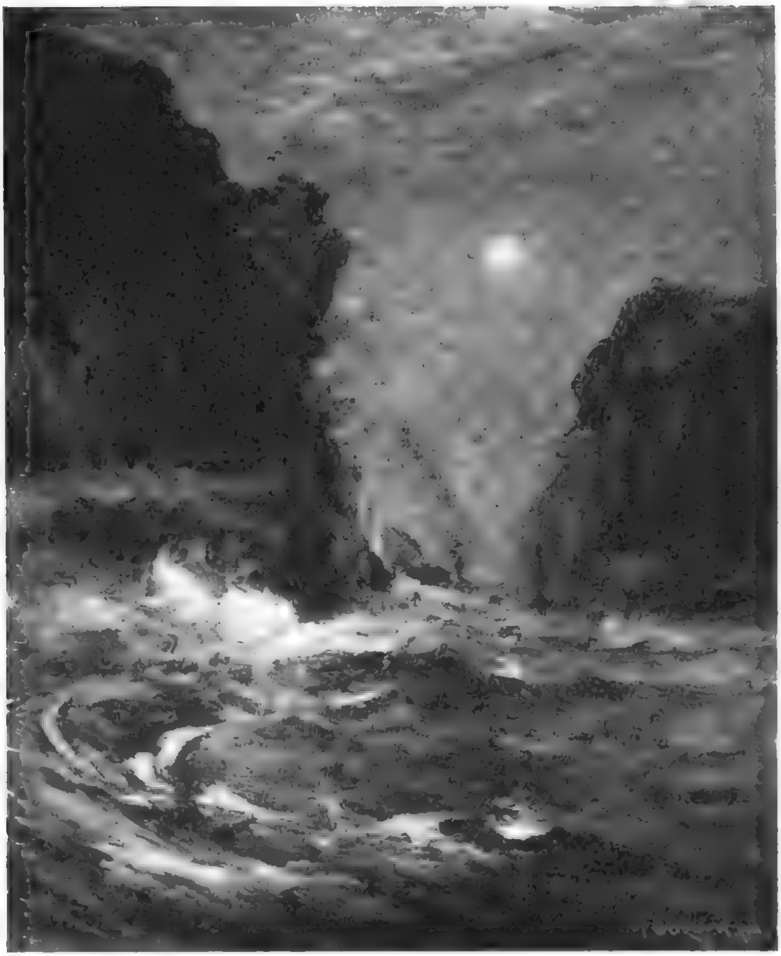
shape and flexibility from the rough iron and steel. A well-made horseshoe is, and ever will be, to me, something worth while. It represents one of the most ponderous and unwieldy of nature's uncouth materials brought into subjection through the trained strength of man, disciplined and held in check. For this reason it seems to me the blacksmith has been from time immemorial the ideal type of strength and gentleness.

From my father I learned to turn out as fine a horseshoe as was made in the country. I learned the necessity of hammering hard and incessantly at an unyielding substance in order to construct that which was apparently delicate and fragile. I learned that the flexible blade had more resistance than the hunk of iron; but I knew, too, that it would not be possible without the elements of strength that were hidden in the raw material. I was not permitted to dream. I was forced to work from early dawn to sunset.

I am convinced that this constructive faculty is an absolute necessity to the man of imagination and artistic aspiration if he is to accomplish any good work in the realm of art. A fine canvas, a great poem, a notable work of imagination are as much pieces of architecture built on solid masonry as the massive pile of stone that stands immovable throughout the ages. All other kind of work is merely dabbling in art, an emotional relaxation of no significance.

These thoughts took root as I toiled with my father in the blacksmith shop. His character was a composite of Dutch and French ancestry. He loved a beautiful piece of finished work, even if it were only a horseshoe, from an innate sense of perfection. He was ready to labor long and persistently to achieve his end.

My dear mother encouraged the



From painting by F. De Haven.

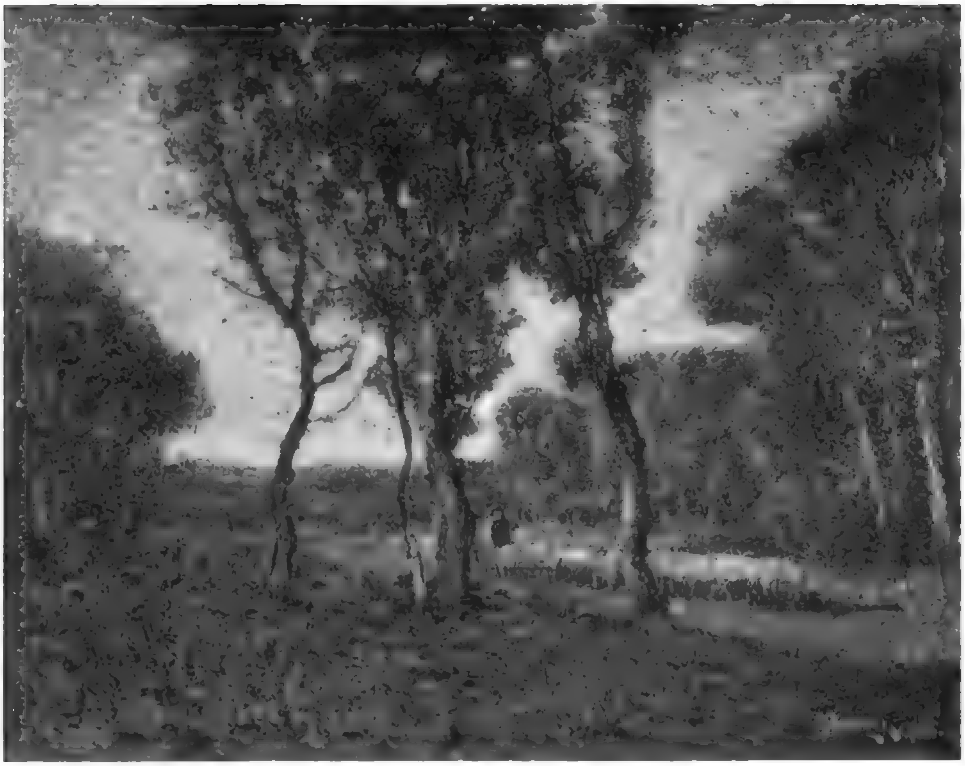
THE STORM CENTRE.

dreamy side of my character. She was an ardent lover of nature, with a sensitive eye for color and form. It was her delight to foster my first crude attempts to draw. She was my first critic and my first teacher, and together we planned that I was to become an artist.

As a matter of fact I had no practical understanding of the word. I had never seen a painting in my young life. I remember one day going to town and being shown at the "general store" a glove-box that the storekeeper informed me was "hand painted."

Even at that age I considered the hideously crude reds and greens unlike any flowers that nature had produced.

When I was sixteen years of age we moved to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and, being in the neighborhood of a large town, I entered into a life of new ideas. I fell into the society of a young artist, watched him as he painted the surrounding landscape, investigated the paraphernalia of his paint box, received initiation into color tubes, brushes and the uses of canvas. I had saved some money, and under the instruction of my new friend, I sent to an art dealer's for the best and biggest artist's equipment to be had at the price of a year's accumulated savings, taking care to stipulate that I wanted "all the colors that came in tubes."



From painting by F. De Haven.

RETURNING HOME AT EVENTIDE.

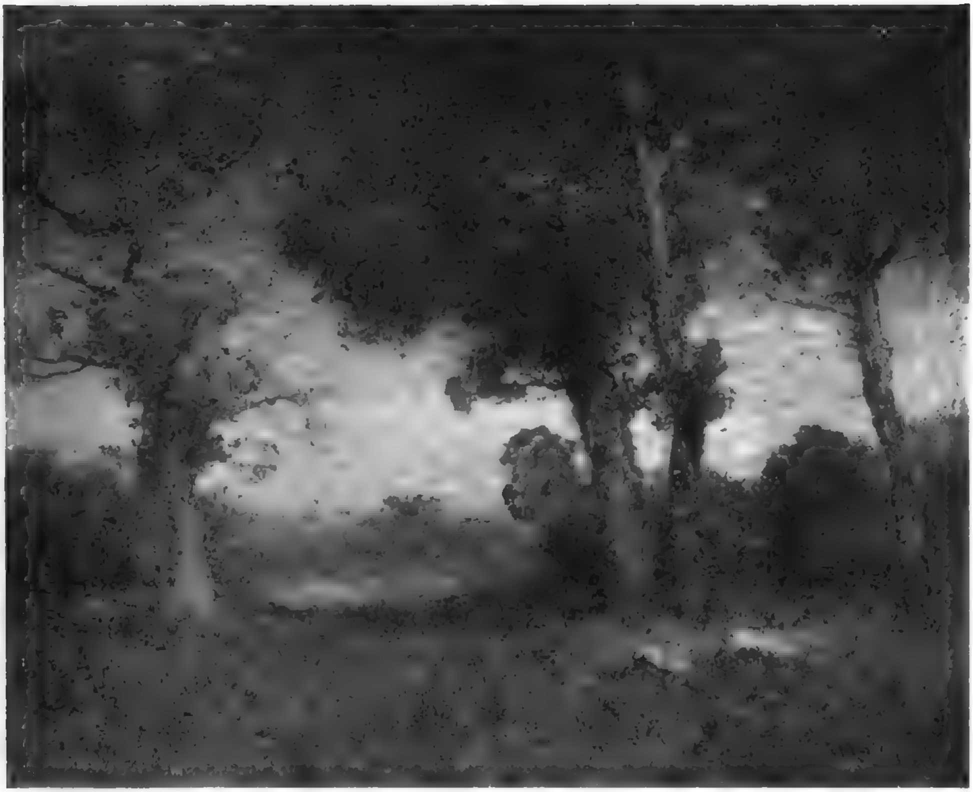
The arrival of this paint box in our little home was the turning point in my life. It was starting out toward a goal that was to absorb in its attainment the forces of my entire being. I began to paint with no other teacher or model than nature. Now and then a wandering artist would come my way and drop a few precious words of counsel. But my dominating struggle was to represent Nature in her two-fold character of strength and beauty. It had been the training of my life to test the strength of anything I found beautiful. Nature, even in her most delicate and mysterious revelations of color and form, never seemed to me to be a wash of color, or to be submerged in vagueness of outline. There was always and ever the underlying strength of elemental formation.

My efforts were necessarily crude and meaningless to all save myself. I recall that the first time I timidly offered a small canvas for sale, I was advised by the contemptuous art dealer to "return back home and chop wood."

For some years I worked along these lines unaided and alone, making progress in spite of innumerable failures. I lay stress on this period, for whatever I have accomplished of good work, I am convinced I owe to being thus forced to work out my own salvation. I verily believe that many most promising young men have sunk into mere copyists of a so-called standard, forgetting that each man's individuality is his kingship in art, as indeed in all else.

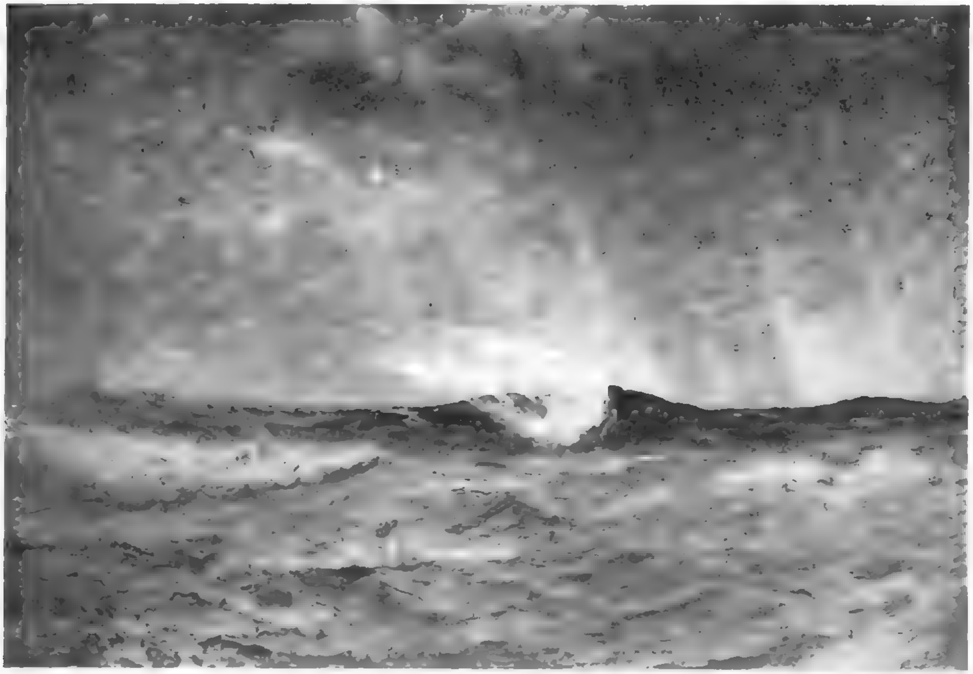
In the course of time I had saved sufficient money to come to New York where I was eager to place myself under the instruction of Smilie.

"I don't want a young monster like you in my studio," he said, with gruff kindliness after he had looked over my small cartload of canvases. "Go out into the large. Study nature. Come to me and I'll criticize your work."



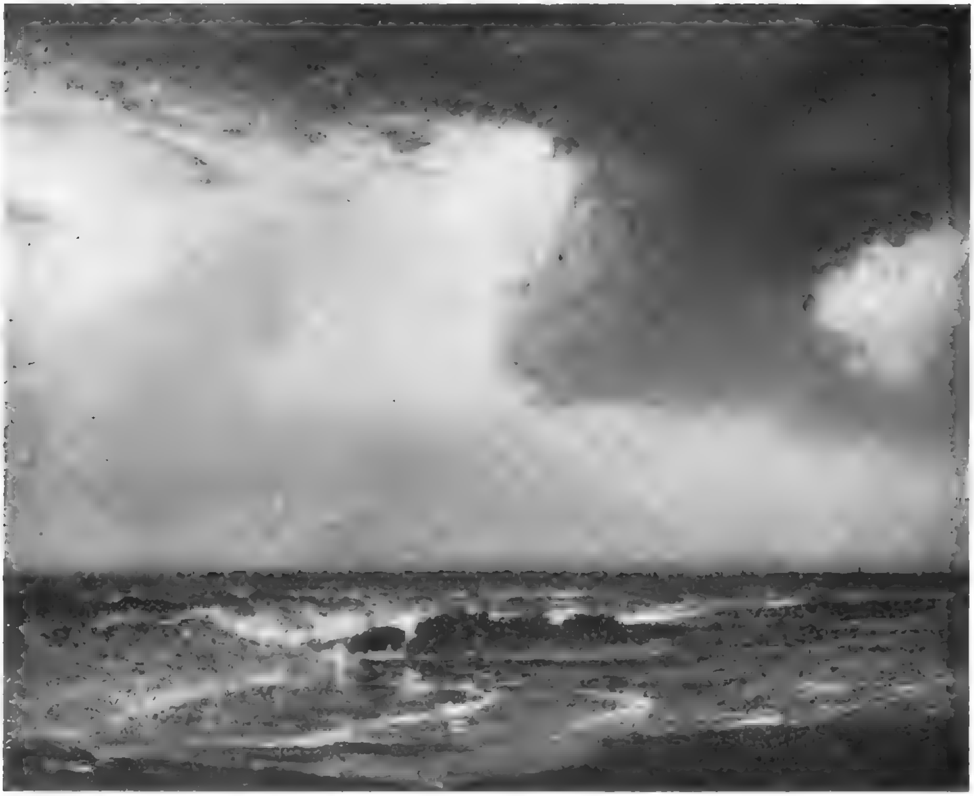
From painting by F. De Haven.

OCTOBER AFTERNOON, NEAR ORGUNQUIT, MAINE.



From painting by F. De Haven.

THE BREAKING OF THE WAVE.



From painting by F. De Haven.

STORMY SUNSET, COAST OF MAINE.

Out into the large I accordingly went—pitched a tent wherever the spirit moved me; lived like a hermit for one entire summer in a little log cabin on the banks of the Allegheny—and I returned as the spirit moved me to civilization and the studio of Mr. Smilie, where my canvases were looked over and criticized.

During these periods of return, I studied assiduously from the cast and the model. I haunted art exhibitions, and absorbed the great masterpieces of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was a curious method of study—a continual working out of my art salvation through myself. I do not suggest that all should follow it, but for the blacksmith's son, a combination of brawny muscles and high dreams, there could have been no better training.

In the course of time I had won a modest place in art circles, and was earning the usual precarious livelihood that forces a man even of the highest aspirations to work at "pot boilers."

Many and many of these pot boilers, not bad in their way, have I made for just enough filthy lucre to pull my little household over the day. This is the time which led the French poet to exclaim:

"Oh, les bons, beaux jours du Passé
Quand j'etais jeune et malheureux!"

This period is fraught with danger to the artist especially. After some years of it I pulled myself together and faced the situation. I relentlessly scanned my canvases and reached the conclusion that I was losing myself in a frenzied effort to paint the things that would sell. I had fallen into the mediocre rut of the man who works to live—who has nearly lost the vision of living for his work.

FRANK DE HAVEN, A. N. A., THE FAMOUS AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

It had long been my conviction that there should be in all form and color upon the canvas a quality of a solid masonry. Solidity in the sky—depth in the foliage. That trees should be deep rooted, that the firmament should suggest infinite spaces, that the very rocks should be embedded in the earth!

Until this time I had followed the accepted method of laying in a color scheme of medium strength and painting in my highest lights as the finishing touch. Now, I determined to work out my subject from the highest possible glow of color and ruggedness of form, toning down gradually so as to convey the mood of the selected moment. The theory of a dreamer? Perhaps so, but I was a worker, too.

I purchased fifty canvases. I would have bought a hundred if I could have afforded it. I shut myself in my studio and for three months from dawn until long after midnight I worked out in the colors of my palette, the stored-up memories that Nature's moods had heaped up in rich and glowing experiences. I worked as though frenzied—not for fame or money, but simply for the salvation of my art, and the speech of it, that was of my utterance.

At the end of three months I locked my studio door upon fifty canvases, laid in according to my own individual self. In

MR. DE HAVEN'S SUMMER LODGE AT YORKSCLIFFE ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

a condition of collapse, but happier than I had been for years, I went for recuperation to the lodge I had built upon the coast of Maine overlooking the Atlantic in a straight line to France.

When I returned in the fall and stepped once more in my studio, I realized with a thrill of rapture that I had "arrived." I had reached a knowledge of myself. There was but one straight road before me. Like Jacob I had wrestled with the angels and conquered them. Whatever the future, I was equipped for the fight.

I finished the first of my fifty canvases, "Nightfall," and sent it to the Salmagundi Club in competition for the Inness prize, which had just been offered.

"You are *it!*" cried a friend of mine a few days later.

"How? Why?" I exclaimed.

"'Nightfall' has won the Inness prize!"

This was in 1899, and marked the beginning of my new career. When I no longer worked for success, success came to me. The world is always ready to accept the sincere utterance. I now sell my paintings before they leave my easel. Whatever merit they possess lies in the fact that they are the expression of my absolute conviction.

While Nature has been my first and, I might say, my only teacher, I have not essayed any rigid copying of given spots or locations. After all, what one sees in the sunset or the dawn is only more interesting on the canvas, through the medium of the imagination and the emotions of the painter, who seeks to convey his thought. Truly, America should give the world of art her great landscape painters. For the American artist is in touch with Nature in her grandest and most beautiful aspects. The constructional genius of our country assures to the artist the faculty of expression. Material evidence is an absolute necessity to creative thought. There is no original creation without sincerity. There can be no material evidence without work. Inspired individuality and honest speech is the last word in Art.

THE LAST WITNESS

By Marie Madison

THOSE who followed the course of the great Morrow trial will never forget its strange and unexpected ending. For startling surprises and dramatic climaxes it eclipsed any criminal trial I have ever heard, and in my ten years' experience as a lawyer I have made it a practice to attend every celebrated case, whenever I had time to spare.

I think it is to this fact I owe the success which has come to me so suddenly and substantially, for at these trials I was enabled to make a close study of human nature, and this, in my opinion, is as essential to a lawyer as a knowledge of the statutes.

I had just begun my practice when Fate placed me in the cast of that great legal drama, the Morrow trial.

I shall never forget how my heart swelled with pride as each morning for a month I faced the office door and read the firm name:

DELEVAN AND DELEVAN,
Attorneys at Law.

John Delevan, Sr., and John Delevan, Jr., my father and I.

For some months, however, I was entrusted only with the most trivial matters, my father, as the experienced member of the firm, attending to all affairs of moment, much to my disappointment.

One morning the tide turned. It was that tide of which Shakespeare says: "A tide in the affairs of man, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

My father was suddenly taken ill, and I went to the office alone. Paramount to all other feelings was worriment over his condition; but I must confess it was mellowed by the sense of importance which filled me as I realized some share of the business must now fall to me, and the fledgling would be permitted to try his wings.

Reaching the office a little late I found a lady waiting who earnestly inquired how soon Mr. Delevan would arrive.

"I am Mr. Delevan," I answered, thinking it unnecessary to explain that the other and most important Mr. Delevan was confined to his bed.

I asked her to state her case, and for answer she produced a copy of the *Herald* of the day previous, folded in such a manner that I could only read the headlines of a murder committed that day.

I had read of it. Indeed, I devoured all the criminal news and mentally tried each case, for want of better practice. The story was of a beautiful woman who had been found dead in her apartments, presumably murdered, and her lover, one Richard Morrow, had been arrested on suspicion.

"You have read of this?" asked my client, in a subdued, trembling voice.

"Yes," I replied.

"And what do you think of it?"

"From all evidence so far collected the man is undoubtedly guilty."

"You must not think that!"

"And why?"

For the first time I studied my caller closely. She was young, pretty and refined, a perfect type of the well-bred, self-poised American woman. I noticed, also, that calm as she was to all external appearances she was really laboring under some great mental strain and had possibly been ill very recently.

She did not answer my question at once. Her lips twitched, but she did not speak, so I repeated my query:

"Why must I not believe him guilty?"

"Because I want you to defend him!"

She stopped, moistening her lips—

"I know you to be a conscientious, able lawyer, especially in criminal cases, and I feel sure he will be safe in your hands. I wish to retain you in his defence."

I felt somewhat guilty, for she was unknowingly draping me with the mantle of my father's greatness; but I only replied:

"Our firm has done some good work in that line. Tell me all you know about this affair. Is Richard Morrow a relative of yours?"

"No!"

"A friend?"

"No; a stranger!"

"A stranger! Then why——"

"Simply through philanthropic principles. I have wealth, and this man is penniless, from all I can learn. Why should I not help him?"

"Of course you believe him innocent."

"I know he is innocent."

"How do you know?"

"My woman's instinct tells me so."

"Woman's instinct does not hold good in a court of law."

"It shall hold good there to the extent of paying the expenses of the best legal services to be had. Will you take the case?"

"Certainly. But you must be honest with me. Make a clean breast of all your motives in every way. If you retain me you must trust me fully. The case depends upon it and whatever you say to me will be strictly confidential. Of course you know the prisoner."

"I do not."

"You have seen him?"

"I have never seen him."

"Then is your motive really entirely a charitable one?"

"Entirely. There are no questions you can ask me which I can answer other than I have. I have no motive but to help a man whose case has aroused my sympathy and because some strange intuition, so strong in a woman at times, tells me he is innocent. Here is a retainer fee. Is it sufficient?"

"Fully. To whom shall I make out the receipt?"

"To Richard Morrow."

"That is the prisoner's name."

"Certainly."

"But your name?"

"I prefer it should remain unknown. I will call again in a few days and bring more money with me, if you should need it. In the meantime, leave no stone unturned to prove this man innocent, cost what it may."

With that she arose and I escorted her to the door, thinking at the time how well philanthropy became a pretty woman, but how unkindly anxiety and sorrow could deal with her, and there was more of the latter evident in her demeanor than the former.

As she passed out of the office I drew a long sigh of happy contentment. My chance in life had come at last.

My first move was to read over the account of the crime.

Julie Bennet had been in New York but a year, during which time her conduct had brought her more attention than her beauty. For some months Richard Morrow had been her devoted admirer. The day of the murder they had quarreled, and Morrow had been heard to threaten Julie's life. That night she had been found dead, a peculiarly fashioned dagger lying near, and Morrow had fled. He was soon traced, however, and arrested, seemingly filled with amazement when confronted with the accusation and stoutly declared his innocence.

I cut the article from the paper, placed it in my note book and hurried away to the Tombs to interview Morrow, whom I found plunged into the depths of despair, from which he emerged as soon as I stated my business and told him of my mysterious client.

"Thank God I have a friend, at last," he cried, joyfully.

"Of course you know her, in spite of her avowal that you are strangers. A man cannot always talk of a woman as he would like, but it will be best for your case if you tell me the truth. Who is she?"

"Upon my soul you have me there. I am as much puzzled as you. In all the world I haven't a woman friend but my poor old mother, whose heart I have broken."

For an hour I questioned Morrow mercilessly, and ended by being convinced his unknown friend was right. The man was innocent.

He was a handsome fellow; just the type of a man to attract a woman of

Julie Bennet's make-up. Tall, blonde, manly, with unmistakable traces of good blood in his fair, patrician face.

He told me his story frankly and without undue struggle for effect.

He had loved Julie—truly loved her. He knew what her life had been, but his love was that ennobling kind which seeks to elevate its object, and he had tried for a long time to lead her away from her bohemian associates, even offering honorable marriage if she would consent to go away with him and see them no more. But Julie was fond of a gay life, and from day to day put off the hour of reformation, while she consumed innumerable packages of Turkish cigarettes, read erotic literature and drank good wine.

Jealousy formed no little part of Dick's feelings, and not without cause. He confessed he often felt an impulse to kill her and himself, and it was in one of these moments on the day of the murder, he had been heard to threaten her life. Realizing that his threat might be carried out if he remained in her presence, he left her forever, leaving a letter, saying he could no longer endure such an existence—that he would end by killing her and himself, and thought the only safe course would be to leave her. So he had gone away, intending never to return. This letter had been found on the floor when the crime was discovered, and formed the strongest link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against him.

"Have you any idea as to who could have done the deed?" I questioned, when he had finished his narrative.

"None in the least."

"Did she care for you?"

"In a way."

"Did she have any other visitor that day beside yourself?"

Morrow hesitated.

"One."

"A man?"

"Yes. An old friend."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I heard him enter the room. I was in the one adjoining."

"Did you overhear their conversation?"

"No, not distinctly; but I believe they quarreled. I could not understand a word that passed between them, but their voices sounded angry."

"Did you hear this man when he went away."

"Yes. He slammed the door after him. I heard him say he never wanted to see her face again."

"You saw Julie alive after that, of course?"

"No, I never saw her after that."

"How so? Did you leave at once?"

"Immediately. I wrote that letter they found in the flat, while Julie and the man were quarreling. I left it on the dresser and climbed down the fire escape. I never saw her again."

"Great heaven! man, why did you climb down the fire-escape? Was there no other way to get out?"

"Not without seeing Julie; and if I had seen her then, I should certainly have killed her, as they said I did."

"Did anyone see you climb down the fire-escape?"

"Yes. Some painters placed a ladder for me to descend from the lowest gallery to the ground."

"Didn't they ask you what business you had there?"

"No; they had been painting the house and had often seen me in Julie's flat. They thought I resided there, and I told them a man had come in whom I did not wish to meet, conveying the idea it was a creditor."

"This will go against you terribly at your trial."

"I know that; but how was I to foresee what would happen? If we could only look ahead into the future, there are many things we would not do."

"Do you know the name of this visitor?"

"Yes; but I don't think he knows any more about the murder than I do."

"That's not the question. I must not leave a stone unturned to clear you. What is his name?"

"Gerald Iniston."

"Of Iniston & Harris?"

"The same."

"You say he was an old friend of Julie's?"

"Yes. Julie often boasted of their friendship."

"Did he call often?"

"That is the only time I know of."

"Do you know why he came?"

"She sent for him. He would not have come, but she threatened him. She showed me the letter she had written him. It contained a threat, but so veiled no one unacquainted with them would have seen it. I believe he was afraid of her."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"Is there no other information you can give me?"

"None that I can recall now."

"Very well; I will come again to-morrow. If any little incident occurs to you, jot it down, and don't fail to tell me then. Every tiny clue will help. Be of good cheer. I feel as if you will come out of this all right."

So I left him and hurried away to the office of the coroner.

The body of Julie Bennet lay on a marble slab under a powerful electric light. Death had been merciful to her beauty. The stamp of licentiousness had been obliterated, and the face might have been that of some pure, sweet woman, who could have carried the pages of her book of life unsullied to her Maker.

I found the post mortem examination had just been concluded and was permitted to copy the report. The dagger which had been the instrument of death, lay on the coroner's desk. It looked more like a pretty ornament than so murderous a thing as it had proved to be. It was flat, thin and narrow, sharp on both edges and highly tempered. The handle was of brass, fashioned in curious Eastern design and evidently the work of Oriental hands.

Expert testimony seemed to me the height of legal tactics, so I hunted up my friend, Dr. Bird, and procured permission for him to examine the body of Julie. That night we had a long conference, and I confessed myself puzzled. The case was assuming an air of deeper mystery, and I foresaw the necessity of employing shrewder wits than mine to solve it. The next morning I sought out young Browdon, the sharpest detective I knew. We went to the doctor's office together, and there had another conference; but it did not help to clear up the mystery.

The only ray of light I could grasp was the fact that Gerald Iniston, the wealthy young broker, was in some way involved in this case, so I straightway resolved to seek an interview with him.

We had met often at the club, and I had once been his guest at a stag party given in his rooms a week before his marriage to the beautiful Virginia girl, who, report said, built up his unsteady fortunes with her bank account, until he was successfully launched upon the sea of success.

I decided our interview should take place in his home, where there would be little chance of interruption, and chose the half-hour after dinner for my call.

Iniston received me in his study.

There was a look of well-bred surprise on his face when I entered.

"Visits of lawyers seldom bode any good," he said, as he motioned me to a chair. "I hope you don't represent the law at this moment, Mr. Delavan."

"Unfortunately I do," I replied, drawing the newspaper clipping from my note book and placing it in his hand, adding:

"You knew that woman?"

He turned pale, but answered readily:

"I did."

"You saw her the day she was murdered?"

He did not answer at once. There was a pause of some seconds; then he said:

"Delevan, don't mix me up in this business. It would kill my wife. I had nothing to do with the matter."

"But circumstances throw suspicion upon you, Mr. Iniston."

"Upon me?"

"You were alone with her two hours before she was found dead, and it is known there was a quarrel."

"How do you know that?"

"There was another party in the adjoining room. You were both angry and your voices were easily heard. I will not order your arrest, which I could readily do with the evidence I have in my hands, but you will be called upon as a witness. I'm sorry; but you know the law is thorough."

At that moment a servant announced that Mrs. Iniston was ready and the carriage waiting.

I immediately arose to go and turning, chanced to see a case of curious implements of warfare and idols of Eastern pattern in a recess near the window. There were strangely carved gods, slender dirks and shapely swords. Mentally I placed the curious dagger which had been found near the murdered woman, with this collection.

"A fine assortment, that," I said, as I took up my hat to go.

"Yes; I brought them from India."

Then I passed out into the hall where Mrs. Iniston was waiting. I did not mean to be rude, but impulsively I looked up at her as I passed and our eyes met

I saw her flinch and draw back into the shadow; but it was too late. I had recognized her. She was my mysterious client.

I confessed myself puzzled. Back of Mrs. Iniston's philanthropy lay some motive far from disinterested. Wild theories presented themselves to be dismissed as quickly as conceived. The most reasonable of all, which I was tempted to adopt was this:

Iniston had killed Julie Bennet and had confessed to his wife, who, in employing me to defend Morrow, acted as her husband's agent. Iniston naturally wished to shield an innocent man from suffering punishment for his crime and had taken this means of doing so and at the same time covering up his own part in it.

On returning to my office I found a disappointment awaiting me. My star witness, Dr. Bird, had been called away to the bedside of a sick father and could not finish his part of the investigation. I immediately wrote him, urging his speedy return and co-operation. He wired me to the effect that he would do the best he could, and I might hope for his presence at the trial.

My next move was to call on Morrow and learn if he were acquainted with Mrs. Iniston, but he assured me he had never seen her.

I spoke about the curious dagger with which the murder had been committed, and asked him if he knew anything about it.

Yes; it belonged to Julie, who used it as a paper cutter. It had always lain on her desk. Gerald Iniston had presented it to her. This explained the connection I had mentally formed between this weapon and Iniston's collection of curios.

Leaving Morrow I secured permission to search Julie's apartment, Browdon, the detective, accompanying me.

Thereafter we worked together with indefatigable zeal, but the day of the hearing arrived all too soon for me. I felt unprepared and determined to seek a new trial if this one went against the prisoner.

There was one point upon which I placed strong hope. I knew that Iniston was strong, courageous and firm—that in fighting for his life he would be guarded in every move he made, would weigh each word before it fell from his lips, and that the possibilities of making him incriminate himself were exceedingly slight; but his wife was his confidante, and she was a high-strung, sensitive woman, upon whom the least human touch would strike a responsive chord; so I determined to place her upon the witness stand.

The day of the trial arrived. My father had recovered sufficiently to be present. It was his first day out of doors, and I felt no little anxiety over my début as a criminal lawyer, dreading a failure for his sake, more than my own.

The court room was crowded. Gerald Iniston and his wife, in obedience to the law's summons, sat near me, facing the prisoner. Iniston seemed to be unconcerned, but his wife regarded Morrow with a strange look, half of sympathy, half of terror. The doctor was not present, and I felt my one hope was in so playing upon the feelings of my jury as to cause a disagreement and thus the possible hope of a new trial, unless I could make Iniston betray himself, for in my heart I felt he was the guilty one.

The State made a strong showing and closed its evidence with the prisoner clearly convicted on circumstantial evidence.

I recalled all the witnesses, questioning and cross-questioning, but every word of their testimony remained a forged link in that terrible chain of evidence.

I next called the prisoner to the stand. He told his story in a straightforward manner, but it made little impression.

Now began my fight in real earnest. I called Gerald Iniston to the stand.

He testified to having known Julie Bennet at one time before his marriage. He had met her at a time when she seemed in great sorrow, and sympathy for her had won his friendship. Julie had just separated from her husband, a profligate fellow, who had married her for her beauty and soon wearied of her. She was struggling to support her little daughter—a beautiful child upon whom she lavished all the love of her nature, and Iniston had often helped her financially. After his marriage he had never seen her, but she still held letters which he preferred his wife should not see, and he had gone to her house the day of the crime, to purchase those letters, for which he paid her, by check, one thousand dollars.

I showed some torn fragments of paper which were so minute it would have been impossible to tell what they were, had they been other than a bank check. Iniston identified them as the remnants of the check he had given Julie, but whatever effort I made to make him incriminate himself, he easily frustrated. I was not surprised, however, for I had already estimated his courage and wit. One hope still remained. Mrs. Iniston must divulge her husband's part in this drama. I felt a thrill of compunction as I called her to the witness stand, but I looked at the prisoner's white face and remembered her words:

"He is innocent."

As she took the stand I saw Dr. Bird enter the court room. He came quietly forward and sat down beside me.

"Mrs. Iniston," I began, "I was retained by you to defend the prisoner. 'Leave no stone unturned,' you said, and in calling you to the witness stand, I am only turning one of the stones that block his way to freedom. I have secured evidence which proves you had another motive than charity when you sought my services. That motive was backed by a positive knowledge that Richard Morrow is innocent, and also a positive knowledge as to who really committed the crime. Before you answer me bear one thing in mind. Richard Morrow is at this moment a doomed man; all the evidence so far presented points to his guilt—and conviction means execution! Execution for a man you know to be innocent! Look at his poor old mother, Mrs. Iniston. Her heart is breaking. Can all your money restore that poor mother's son to her, when the law has taken its course?"

I paused. It was a desperate chance. My father looked aghast. I was myself convicting my client in order to clear him. An older and more experienced lawyer would never have done so rash a thing, but I was blundering into success, for I was playing upon that great instrument of justice—a woman's heart; and I did not play in vain.

Richard Morrow's white-haired mother rose tottering to her feet, to fall back, half fainting, in a stranger's arms, while the prisoner stretched out his arms to her with a despairing cry.

Leslie Iniston saw and turned as white as the handkerchief she pressed to her lips, to keep back the sob that rose to them as she turned her agonized look upon her husband, who seemed merely annoyed and angry at my words.

Iniston was a good actor, but I saw at once I could wring the truth from his wife, so I struck while the iron was hot:

"You know who committed the crime!" I said.

"Yes," in a scarcely audible voice.

"Who was it?"

Then a thunderbolt fell into that hushed court room as she answered, despairingly:

"I did!"

Not a sound was heard as Leslie Iniston told her story:

"On the day of Julie Bennet's death my husband received a letter from her which called him to her side. There were two letters in his morning mail. He dropped hers to the floor and afterward destroyed the envelope, probably thinking the letter was in it. I found it and read it, without thinking what I was doing. It was the first time my husband had ever received a letter addressed in a woman's hand, since our marriage, and the jealousy which seized me was as new as it was terrible. I hastened in search of Mr. Iniston, but he was already gone—gone to her. In a frenzy of rage and sorrow I followed to the address written on the letter. I found Julie Bennet alone. Gerald had just left her. We had a stormy interview. I—I—believe I was insane for the time. Julie did not tell me of the letters she had sold to Mr. Iniston, but showed me the check for a thousand dollars. The ink was scarcely dry upon it.

"The woman hated me; I could see it in her eyes. I cannot tell you—I would blush to tell you—all she said to me—the humiliating and insulting words she addressed to me, the wife of the man she had been blackmailing. She said the money was a gift. He still loved her! I was his dupe, his victim! while in the sight of heaven and in his heart, she was his wife. She taunted me with this thought—I believe she was intoxicated, for she poured out a glass of wine, and holding it before my face, said:

"'I drink to you, Mrs. Iniston, to the hours of folly when you believe Gerald Iniston loves you, while in reality he loves me—to your beautiful baby, purchased not with love, but with your fortune, for the whole city knows he married you for your money—I drink to the moment when you believe the marriage tie has made you holy to him, when he is only thinking of his worldly gain, do you hear, you slave—for you are his slave, since he loves me—me!'

"I ask if there is any woman in this court-room who would have listened to those words without avenging the insult. It burned into my soul and for the moment made a demon of me. I thought I should die, and staggered away from her, clutching the table for support. There my hand came unconsciously into contact with the dagger. Before I knew what I was doing, I had killed her, and as she fell the wine-glass broke at my feet. I seized the check, and as I fled tore it into fragments. That is all."

She staggered unmolested into her husband's arms and I, seized with an unaccountable regret, began to hate the success which had crowned my efforts.

Before the judge could speak, Dr. Bird leaned toward me, saying:

"I wish to be sworn."

"It is useless," I said. "The man is innocent; what more can we do?"

"Don't cheat the case of its expert testimony," he replied, smiling; so I called him, my last witness, to the stand.

There was some surprise. It seemed so unnecessary. Morrow was a free man —the drama had been played and another scene would seem like an anti-climax.

However, I swore Dr. Bird, and he began his testimony, which proved the most startling in the course of the trial.

He proved first that Leslie Iniston's dagger thrust had not caused death. He then produced a diary and read from the page for that fatal day, these words:

"To-day I looked closely into my mirror. Clearly my race is run. I might as well retire gracefully—I am so tired—so tired of life. When Iniston comes I shall demand one thousand dollars for the letters. That I shall pay for Grace's future care—my darling; better alone in the world than to have a mother whose life is so wretched she dare not meet her, for fear the dreadful tale written upon her face may shatter the happiness of that pure life—better off without such a mother. I have sent Susan for the drug and she succeeded in procuring it. That drug clerk does not know his business. I wonder if my nerve will hold out. It is firm now. Good-bye, old diary. These are the last words I shall ever write upon your pages; before me stands the wine glass whose sweet draught will bring to me eternal oblivion and peace—this is the last word I shall——"

That was the end. Evidently Leslie Iniston had entered at that moment. The doctor quickly concluded his testimony. In an empty vial and broken wine glass he found evidences of a powerful volatile poison, and Susan, the maid, testified as to how she procured it. In making an autopsy upon the body of Julie the doctor had found sufficient poison to cause immediate death.

The Morrow trial was ended. Julie had committed suicide.

LOVE'S VOICE

By Grace G. Bostwick

I HEARD a flute-like voice a-calling, calling at the dawning,
Come, Sweet, my heart, and stray with me throughout the wilding wood,
The lark is carolling his lay, the sun salutes the morning,
The earth was made for us, my own, and life is fair and good."

"Time yet," I laughed,
And closed my eyes,
For I was young
And over-wise.

I heard a voice of tenderness a-yearning in the even—
"Oh, Sweet, my heart, thou canst not guess what things I hold for thee;
A lover's lips for thy caress, a lover's arms, thy heaven,
A lover's heart to throb for thee throughout eternity."

The voice was low,
I strained to hear,
The last words floated
Faint but clear.

I heard a sobbing, sobbing in the dark gloom of the wildwood,
"Oh, Sweet, my heart, thou canst not know the sorrow in my breast,
For I am lost unless thou come and save me as thy life should,
Comforting and warming me, who am a-faint for rest."

Into the night
My quick feet sped;
Calling—searching—
Sick with dread.

I heard a sighing, sighing, like a mourning harp, wind-blown,
And low the words and faint the breath with lips yet scarcely warm,
"Ah, Sweet, too long thou waitest—love is weak," his voice made moan,
As I gathered to my bosom bare, close, close, his chilling form.

"Stay Love!" I cried,
"My heart will break."
He stirred and smiled,
"For thy dear sake."

MR. FRANCIS P. SAGERSON,
A READER OF CHARACTER THROUGH THE LIPS.

CHARACTER READING THROUGH THE LIPS

By Francis P. Sagerson

IN reading character it is my habit to take the mouth or "lips" as the keynote. I cannot give any special reason for this, for it had been my habit long before I knew Emerson said "God gives every man his features, but man makes his own mouth." It is perhaps intuition, for the true character reader is something of an occult. He cannot explain himself. In the parlance of Buddhism he is re-born with the gift of "human nature," which means he possesses the faculty to penetrate the outer or material hulk and get at the real or divine of an individual with whom he comes in contact. It is the soul or the real self that creates the atmosphere, or the so-called magnetism, repellant or attractive, of a personality. To this atmosphere—I believe it is called "aura"

MISS ETHELLE EARLE,
THE TYPE OF HARMONOUS BEAUTY

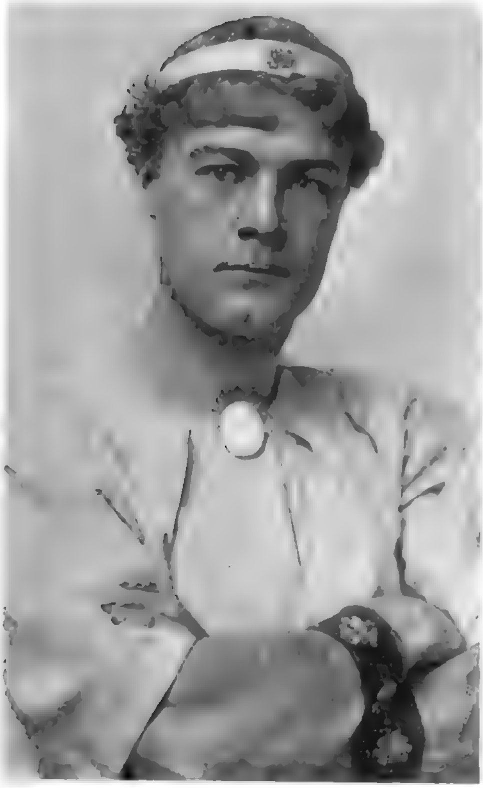
nowadays—the character reader is supersensitive. He feels first what he afterward attempts to explain.

It was only when I was called upon to account for revelations of character that came to me in a lightning flash, in glancing at a face, that I forced myself by retracing my intuitions step by step, to consciously understand why and how certain conclusions were thrust upon me as infallible. Then I discovered that the mouth—the modeling of the lips, the curves, the dimples, the lines and the formation of the chin, was in truth the law giver—the ruler of the countenance.

"Show me a man's eyes and I will tell you what he might have been; show me his mouth and I will tell you what he has been and what he is," remarks a famous student of the human face.

As a general rule small mouths in mature faces show weak and child-like characteristics. Large mouths indicate character if the lips are well formed; but a large mouth which is not firmly closed shows stupidity; a protruding underlip indicates selfishness; a droop in the corners of the lips shows a pessimistic, melancholy turn of mind, unless counteracted by a good brow and a sense of humor. A cleft in the chin is a characteristic of the artistic temperament. It belongs to the emotional and mobile nature. Dimples, by the way, are not an indication of weakness, unless the face be essentially weak. They show an amiable, merry nature, one that is capable of being touched by an appeal to the emotion. A strong, rugged countenance with a dimple to relieve its sternness is never seen on a man or woman of cruel or brutal tendencies. If I were selecting a jury to try my life, I should eliminate the man with no shadow of a dimple.

In reading women, I see the lips first, the hair second, and the eyes third. In men, I note first the lips, then the nose and finally the eyes; but as I said before,



HARRY WOODRUFF,
THE TYPE OF A MANLY MAN.

I have no set rules. I simply concentrate my faculties on the face before me. I *will* to penetrate the veil of flesh that shrouds the soul, and almost without further effort, knowledge comes to me in a flash. Indeed, so extraordinary is this gift even to myself, that I hold it as a consecrated possession, and have persistently refused to use it as a means of livelihood. Any money that comes to me through this medium has been, and always will be, devoted to charity.

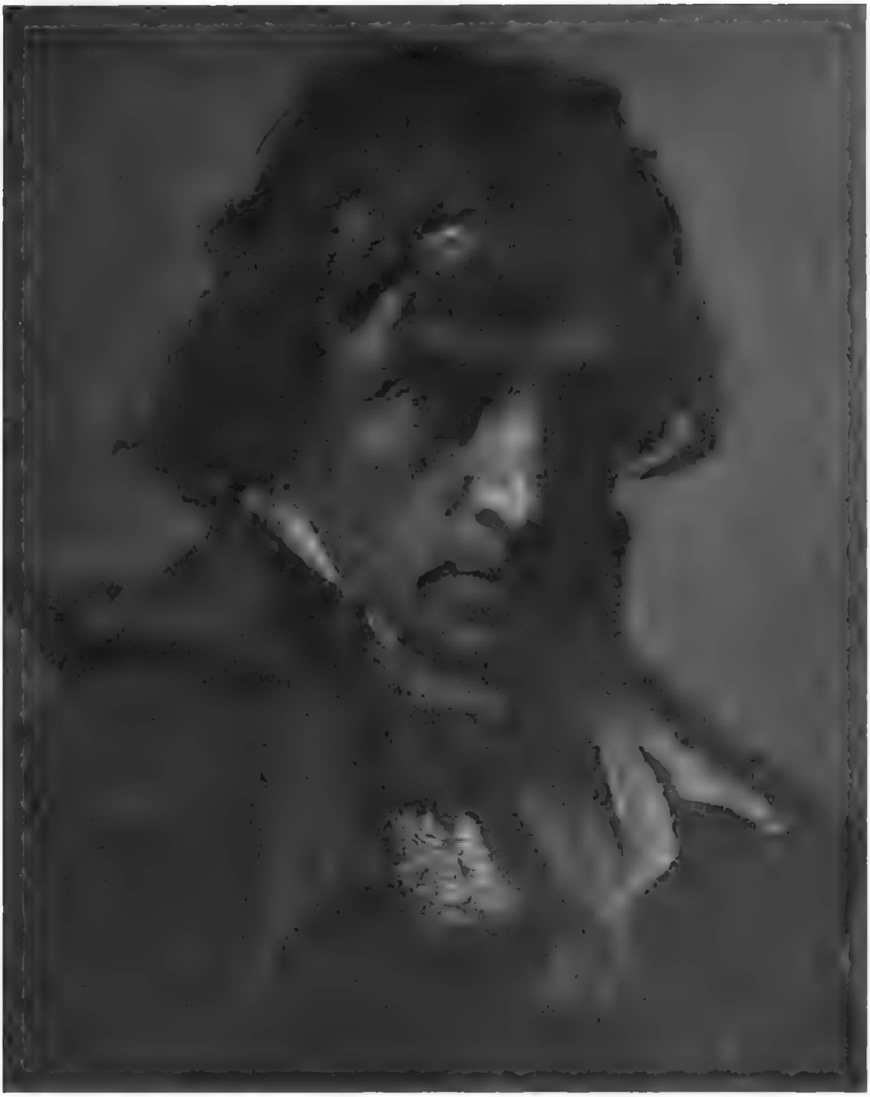
Men and women on the stage have always interested me deeply because of the dissimilarity in the type in spite of the same environment. The drama seems to be a noble and rational outlet for the woman of emotional temperament and strong individuality. On the other hand, it is a sad fact that the average man of the footlights is as much below the accepted standard of his race, as the woman is above her sisters of other professions, in intelligence, charm, humor and humanity. For the one it is a broad education; for the other it is a limitation.

If I select my character readings from those of my subjects who are followers of the stage, it is because, as I said before, they are extremely interesting to me, and better known to the general public.

Miss Ethelle Earle is a type of the purely beautiful woman. Beginning with a firm and exquisitely moulded mouth and chin, every feature is generously and harmoniously chiseled. The lips are sympathetic and strong; the chin denotes persistency; the nose is somewhat worldly; the eyes are soulful. The type is of a woman whose high ideals and sweet, wholesome nature rise superior to circumstances the most adverse. This kind of woman will work hard and with practical common sense to realize her ambitions; but she will never stoop to a petty action or suspect a petty motive.

Harry Woodruff is the type of a fine, manly man. He might be called the ideal handsome man. The lips—full, well-formed and straight—are the keynote to an honest, pure, direct nature, and

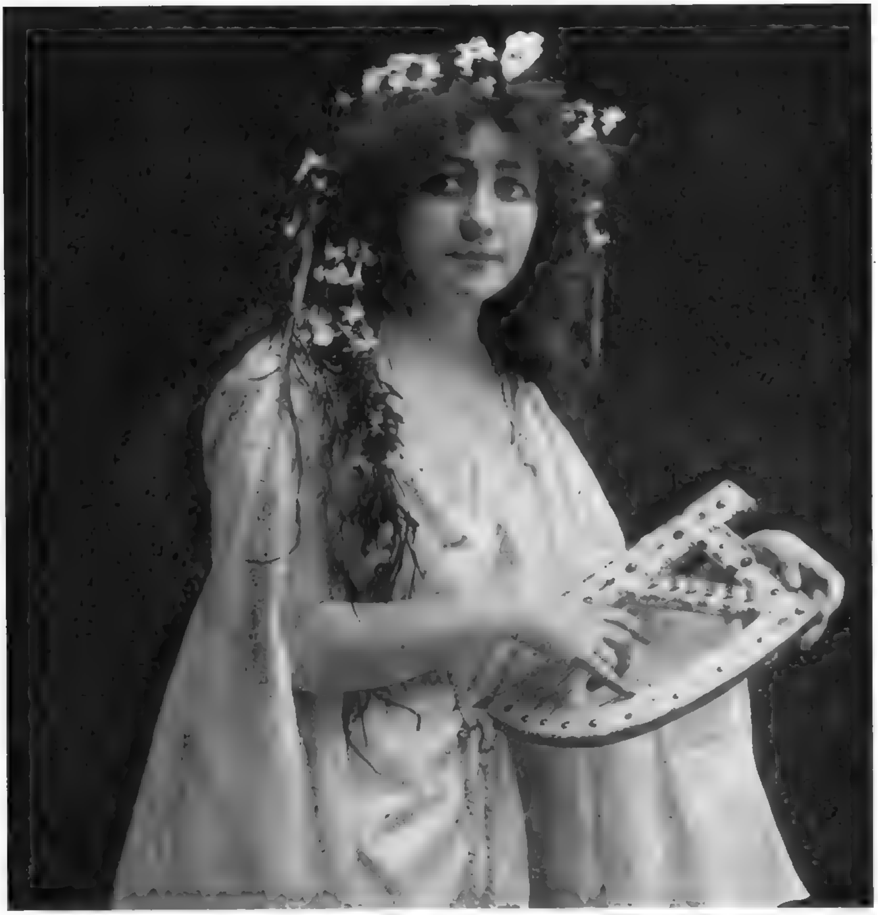
MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON,
THE TYPE OF EMOTIONAL GENIUS.



MARTIN HARVEY,
THE TYPE OF INTROSPECTIVE AND INTELLECTUAL GENIUS.

none of the other features detracts from the harmonious whole. The cleft in the chin denotes artistic tendencies, and this is accentuated by the distance between the eyes and the distended nostrils—the latter a sign of health, ambition and activity. The eyes, surmounted by good, well-marked brows, are large and well-formed; the gaze is steady, with something of a challenge. The perfect ears bespeak a thoroughly attuned and consistent nature. He is the kind of a man who has no special liking for warfare, but who has a healthy capacity for a fight if necessary to assert his rights.

Martin Harvey is a curious contrast to the Harry Woodruff type. The full, sensual lips, indicating a proneness to excess of feeling, are firmly closed. The long, well-formed nose, slightly Roman, with the highly accentuated nostrils, show a man of self-mastery, scholarship and high tension. The eyes are far apart, mystical, subtle and penetrative.



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS,
WHOSE LIPS DENOTE WITCHERY AND HUMOR.

They delve into things, and into the innermost recesses of his own soul. Martin Harvey's face is of the highest artistic type—that of the repressed and emotional completely mastered by the intellectual.

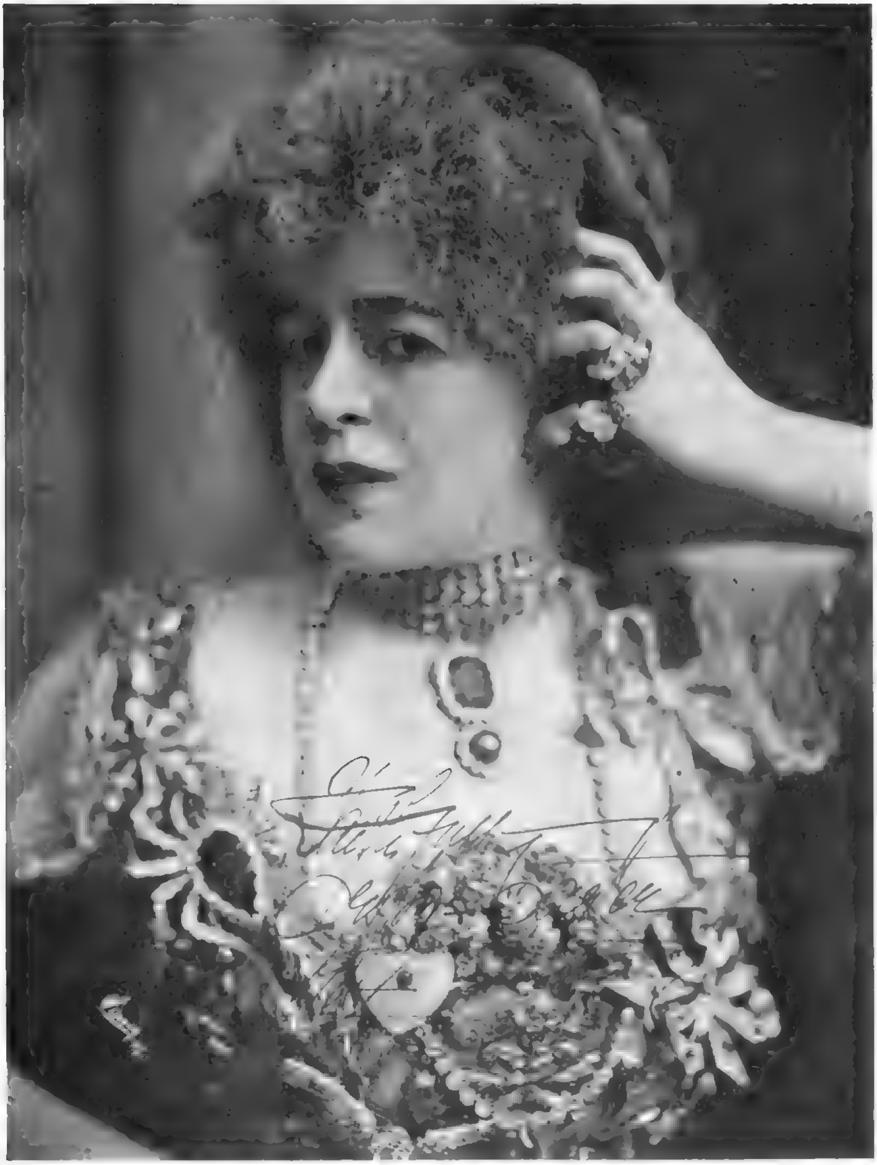
It will be interesting to turn from the face of Martin Harvey to that of Mrs. Fiske. In this case, starting from the lips, we find pride, self-mastery and intellect. The lips of a woman who suffers (for they are sensitive), but who has the courage to dissect her sufferings with the scalpel of a pitiless intellect. The chin denotes a love of the beautiful and a certain tenacity, almost brutal in attaining a purpose. The nose is womanly and not wanting in a woman's curiosity. Mrs. Fiske is interested in human nature and does not consider the little things of life beneath her notice. The nose shows a faculty for detail. The wonderful eyes almost dominate the face. They are the eyes of a sorceress, the eyes of the Sphinx, looking out upon the world with the knowledge of a thousand years. They are unfathomable, uncanny, and veil as much as they reveal. Mrs. Fiske is an intellectual genius. Carlotta Nillson, to whom I now direct attention, is the type of the emotional genius.

In Carlotta Nillson, the contour of the lips is pouting, almost child-like, without any suggestion, however, of immaturity. It is the mouth of the woman-child—of one who suffers quickly and deeply in big

MRS. FISKE,
ANALYTICAL, INTELLECTUAL AND WOMANLY.

things as well as small. The face, with its infantile curves, the psychic, child-like eyes with the wide space between the brows, is especially interesting as the type of the pure emotional genius—in contrast to Martin Harvey and Mrs. Fiske, who, each in a different way, indicate the predominence of the intellectual over the emotional. Carlotta Nillson, and her kind, are not thinkers or philosophers. They reach their conclusions through their feelings and intuitions. An artist of this type goes out into the world with the faith and confidence of a little child. Disappointments are inevitable, for the natural genius is without mistrust or calculation. In spite of rebuffs, it goes forward and conquers.

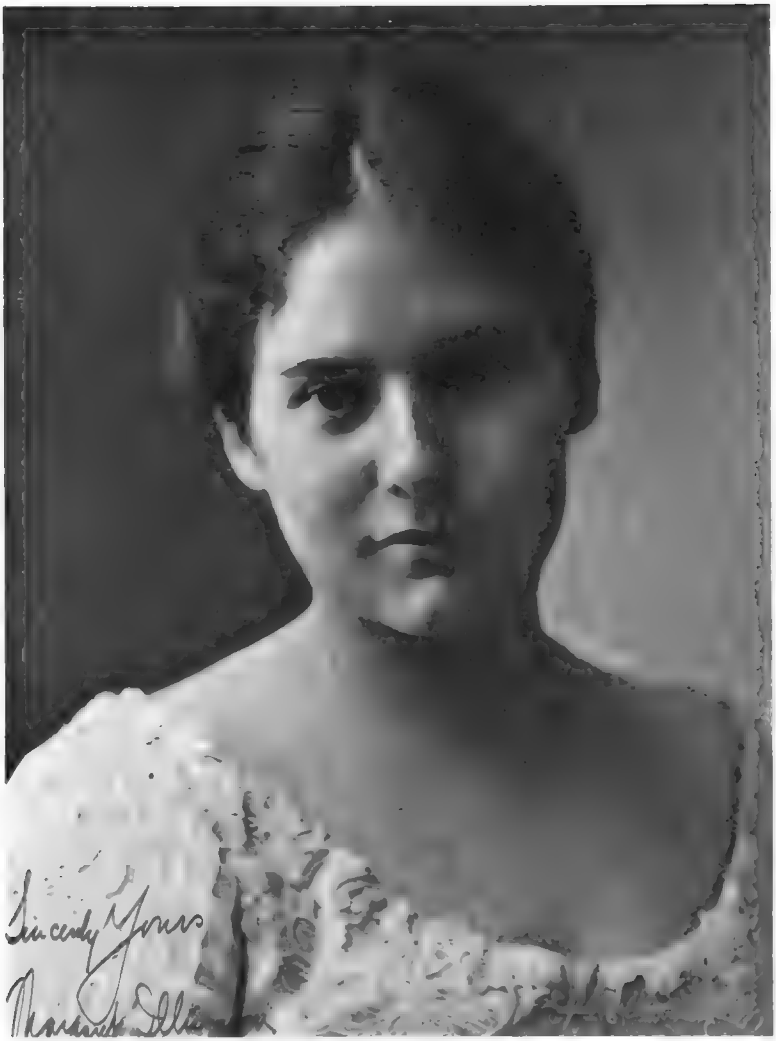
Leslie Carter, on the other hand, has a mouth indicating the genius of force, virility and courage. The possession of superb physique is shown in the strong nose, and in the masses of heavy and rich-toned hair crowning the generous brows. The cheekbones are somewhat pronounced—the eyes observant and humorous. These eyes, with their sidelong glance, see in every direction; nothing escapes them, and they are more apt to forgive and smile at human nature than to judge and criticize. If it were not for the intensity and force of the lips—lips that



MRS. LESLIE CARTER,
THE TYPE OF STRENGTH AND COURAGE.

show their owner to be a dynamo of human emotion, Mrs. Carter would be an observer of life rather than an interpreter. The whole countenance is strong and noble. There is nothing of the cat, much of the high-bred steed. In truth, an aristocrat of genius.

Cecilia Loftus is of the witching, pensive type. The eyes smile with a certain pathos. The face is dreamy, yet the wide-open, side glance of the eyes shows powers of keen observation, a sense of humor, with an added sense of the ludicrous. Her nature is wonderfully pliable and tactful. This endows her with subtlety rather than force. The exquisitely mobile lips of Miss Loftus, allied to the wide-open, laughing eyes, explain



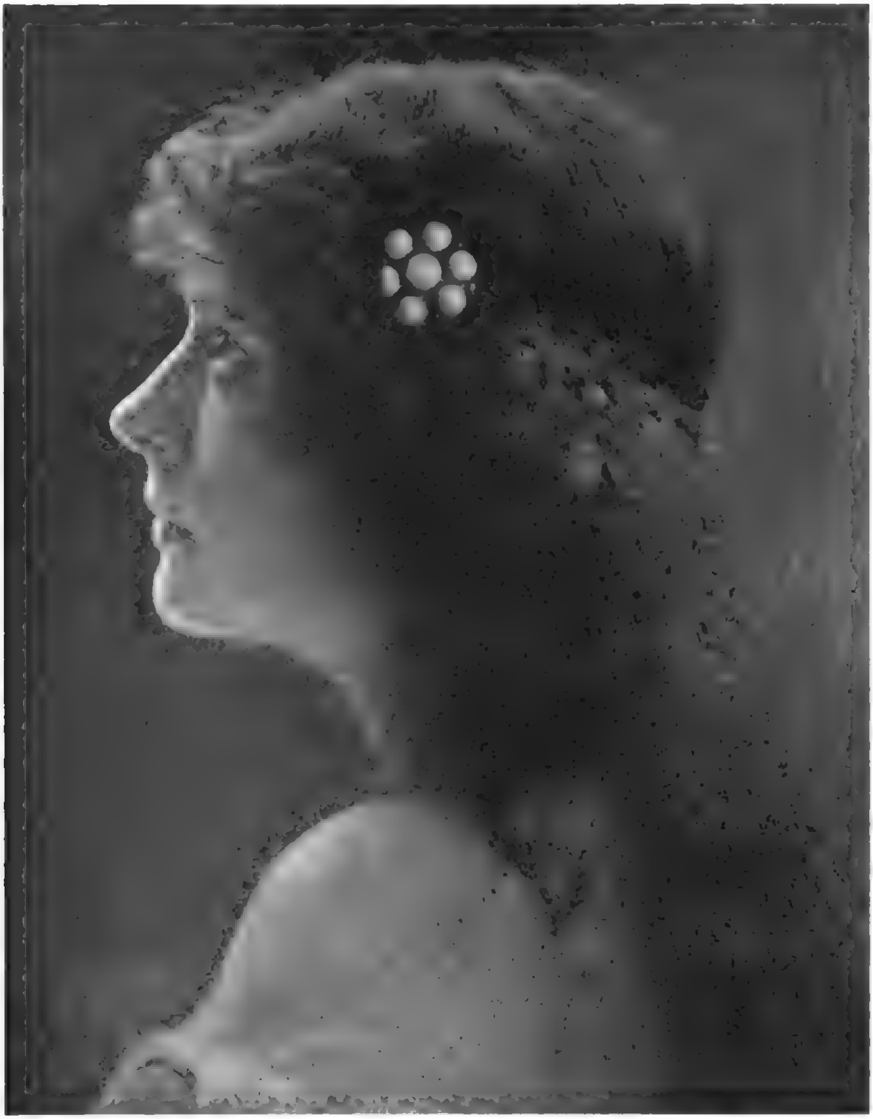
MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON,
THE TYPE OF SUPERB PHYSICAL AND MENTAL POISE.

her extraordinary imitative talents.

Margaret Illington is essentially a contrast to Miss Loftus. The mouth, in a way, is perfect of its kind—strong, sweet, courageous. The formation of the lips indicates ambition, the modeling of the chin persistency and fearlessness. The eyes are frank and clear seeing. They have the glance of a perfectly healthy mind and body. They are steady, keen and a trifle diplomatic. They have a rare capacity for sizing up human nature, and that rarer capacity of sizing up her own. Miss Illington's face, from forehead to tip of chin, shows tremendous reserve force, finely poised nerves and what might be termed a "well set up" organization.

Bertha Galland's lips show a composite type of Miss Loftus and Miss Illington. One finds in them the direct, wholesome nature of a child, with the subtlety and wisdom of one who looks upon the world with thorough understanding. It is the ideal combination. The result is an exceptional wholesome and lovable character.

The lips of Edna May bespeak grace



MISS BERTHA GALLAND,
A COMPOSITE OF GUILELESSNESS AND WISDOM.

and charm, but without effort or calculation. The nose shows plenty of common sense. The eyes are a trifle pensive, and the even brow denotes a calm, well-poised, unimaginative turn of mind. Miss May has a level head; she is not given to flightiness, exaggerated ideas of what she is, or what she is to be.

The lips of Orrin Johnson show good nature, finesse and understanding. His bright, sparkling eyes shine with kindliness. He has the eyes and nose of the humanitarian, of the man who recognizes no classes. The rich, the poor, the ignorant all have for him a point of interest and affection. The eyes and mouth both denote wonderful vitality and good spirit. They indicate a man without moods or caprices, while the dilated nostrils betray an emotional and sensitive temperament.

It must be understood that in all char-

MISS EDNA MAY,
WHOSE FACE DENOTES GRACE, CHARM AND "HORSE SENSE."

acter readings one must seek, or rather, feel, the ideal possibilities of the face. One recognizes the minus—(the qualities that should be strengthened or cultivated)—the plus—(the qualities that should be restrained). This attitude is the only creed—the only method of one who has received the gift of "human nature."

Each and all of us need encouragement, and if we could be taught from infancy the power of right suggestion in our judgment of others the world of humanity would be far more virtuous and far happier. I recall on one occasion reading the character of a musician—a young woman violinist of great distinction and powerful individuality. Her strong, yet womanly, face, radiant with feeling and sympathy, yet marked with as much ruggedness as poetry filled me with delight. I waxed enthusiastic as I read its lines as I would the phrasing of a fine sonnet.

"You idealize me, Mr. Sagerson," she burst out with a sudden beautiful modesty. Then after a pause she added, seriously, almost solemnly: "But you are right. All you say of me is true. It is

ORRIN JOHNSON,
WHOSE LIPS INDICATE GOOD NATURE AND FINESSE.

the truth of my highest, my best self. I am grateful to you for revealing me to myself!"

In the legends of the Catholic Church the story is told of a holy man who while walking through the streets was apostrophized by the street urchins as "thief," "murderer" and any number of other opprobrious epithets. His companion turned toward him in surprise.

"How is it," he asked, 'that you, who are so saintly, should thus permit yourself to be mocked by this rabble?"

"I am grateful to these dear children," replied the good man, "for they but read my face, and discover what I am, save by the grace of God!"

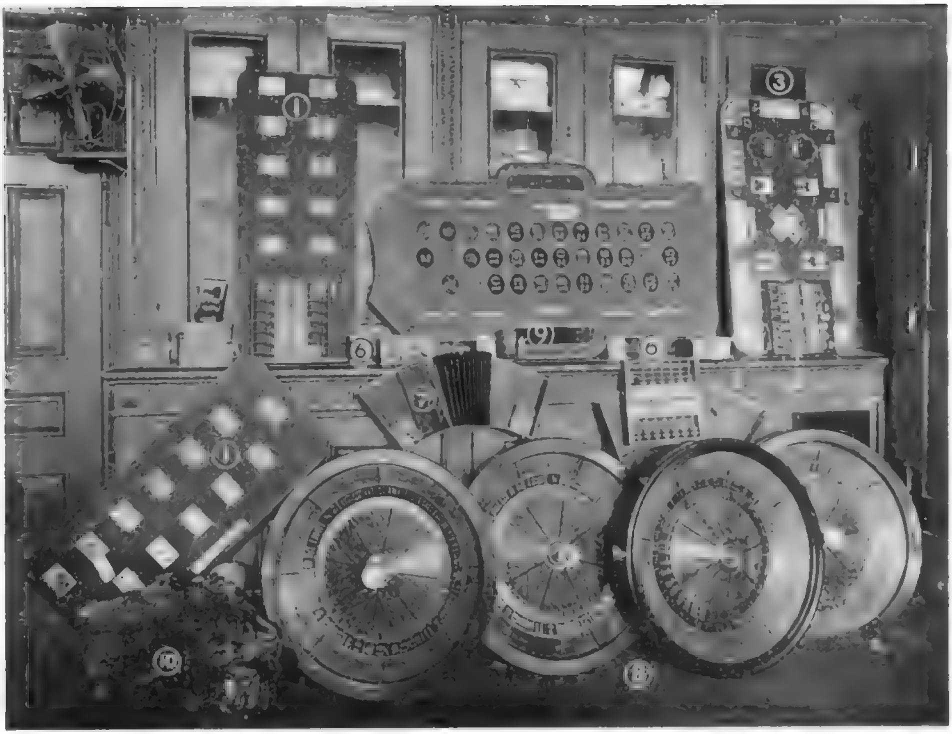
These two examples serve to show that in every countenance one may discover the highest and the lowest possibilities of the man.

It lies within our own power to make or mar that casket which is the mirror of the soul within.

AN EASTER CONUNDRUM

By Susie M. Best

Her Easter gown is very smart,
A triumph of the modiste's art,
A symphony in brown;
She goes to church a little late,
Looking just like a fashion plate;
And as she enters in high feather,
I catch myself conjecturing whether
When psalter, hymn and psalm are taught
She'll give the service half the thought
She gives her Easter gown.



GAMBLING OUTFITS CAPTURED BY DIST. ATTY. JEROME.

1. Faro Layout, with counter and deal box; 2. Roulette Layout; 3. Rouge et Noir Layout; 4. Counters; 5. Cards in packs and unopened packs; 6. Faro deal box; 7. Dealer's wallet; 8. Roulette wheels; 9. Dice box; 10. Bag of chips.

MAKING ROULETTE AND FARO LAYOUTS

A Secret and Death Dealing Trade

By Charles S. Lebright

NOT all the tragedies involved in games of chance are recorded in the blotters of the police stations. The man who places his last chip on a losing number at roulette gets a line in the precinct record, but the public does not know that the maker of the layout is dying from consumption contracted in the manufacture of the cloth. Nor does he know that the victim of his chosen trade is one of five men who, alone of all the makers of gambling devices in the United States, know the secrets of the production of the fine grades of faro and roulette layouts.

In making roulette wheels and deal boxes and the exquisite tables that are used in the palatial temples of chance, the skill of the joiner and the cunning of the artisan who can inlay ivory and mother of pearl in mahogany and satinwood are required; the deft fingers of artists finish the paraphernalia that is to be used to lure money from those who would multiply their coin without effort, and risk it to the turn of the wheel or the dealing of the cards. These men are well paid, and just as bartenders seldom drink, so they rarely gamble, and live in luxury. They are in no fear of the police, for there is no law against the manufacture of gambling apparatus. It is only when the roulette wheel is spun around to decide wagers that it becomes an unlawful object, subject to seizure by the police and to destruction.

But it is in the making of roulette and faro layouts that the tragedy lies, for consumption is the penalty that the artist pays for preparing the green cloths on which the gay youths of wealth and the desperate devotees of chance place their wagers; yet these men so jealously guard the secrets of their deadly trade that they will not employ helpers in their work, nor will they part with the knowledge of the materials and the processes that they employ, even at sums that would make them financially independent of the trade that is sapping their lives.

While there are many who make the cheaper layouts that are to be found in the gambling houses of the East Side of New York, and in the resorts of Harlem, there are only five men in this country who can produce the layouts that are required in the first-class gambling houses. The dean of layout makers lives and works in Pawtucket, R. I., and some of the finest products of his skill were confiscated in the raid made by District Attorney Jerome on Richard Canfield's place, where the gilded youths of Fifth Avenue staked and lost fortunes to while away the tedium of aimless lives.

In Boston there is another of these layout makers. Chicago and San Francisco each have one of the possessors of the secrets of this curious trade, and the fifth dwells and wears away his failing life where he can look out over the city in which the District Attorney in three years has seized some three score of the five thousand faro and roulette layouts that afford diversion to those who seek excitement in the metropolis of America.

In a little New Jersey village high up on the Palisades will be found one of the cleverest makers of gambling layouts in this country.

"I am a painter," says this slight, frail Hungarian, whose pallor attracts attention, because his thin cheeks do not simply lack blood, but seem whitened unnaturally.

In truth he is a painter, skilled in the use of brush and colors, for it is only an artist of rare delicacy of touch that can paint on a cloth so that his work will not crack if the layout is hurriedly rolled up at the advent of a party of raiders.

But it is in the work that precedes the laying on of the colors that the health of the layout maker is impaired, for this little man and the rest of the quintette of American layout makers do not waste their skill upon the comparatively cheap layouts that are made with green oilcloth, covered with a coat of varnish, upon which the painting is done.

He makes only the layouts that are to accompany the beautifully inlaid roulette wheels that cost from $700 to $1,500, or the silver-mounted deal boxes that vary in price from $35 to $250. The layouts to match such expensive apparatus are made from a peculiarly fine green cloth that is manufactured only in Belgium, at a cost of $7.50 a yard wholesale. It is this cloth, surcharged with arsenic in the process of dyeing, that carries ill health and ultimate tuberculosis to the layout artist.

When he receives an order for a roulette layout he takes out his roll of this deadly cloth and cuts a piece eight feet four inches in length and three feet nine inches in width. This he carefully fastens to a table made for the purpose, stretching the cloth just enough to ensure its being perfectly flat and unwrinkled when completed. Here comes in the first cunning of the layout maker. To know just how much to stretch the cloth is the foundation of success. Drawn too tight or not taut enough, all the labor spent upon it will be wasted, for it will not lie flat when it is spread out in front of the roulette wheel to invite the chips of the players.

Then the stretched cloth is treated with a chemical preparation the composition of

THE LAYOUT MAKER OF FORT LEE.
TOUCHING UP A ROULETTE WHEEL; ROULETTE LAYOUT IN BACKGROUND.

which is one of the chief secrets of this exclusive trade. Following this comes a tedious scraping and rubbing down of the cloth, which fills the air of the workroom with a fine, highly poisonous green dust, which dust the layout maker perforce inhales, saturating his system with arsenic. Herein the explanation of his peculiar pallor and the ultimate yielding of the strongest system to consumption. This rubbing down of the surface of the cloth is continued until a perfectly smooth surface is secured.

Upon this foundation the more strictly artistic part of the work is done. The surface of the cloth is carefully divided into thirty-six spaces, each four and a quarter by three and a half inches. The measurements are made to a hair's breadth, so as to leave no possible chance for players to dispute losses on the ground that the layout has been inaccurately marked.

The painting of the layout then begins, the artist using colors the ingredients of which are so secret that they are not all bought at the same house, for fear some one might learn their composition. These colors are compounded so as to gain three results—to prevent their fading, to make them proof against the constant rubbing of the chips falling upon the numbers, and to ensure the cloth's rolling up without cracking the paint, however hastily the layout is gathered up.

The numbers are painted in red and black. Then the lines separating the spaces are painted in, the odd and even spaces are filled in, and the layout is completed. For this tedious work, involving the breathing in of quantities of arsenic and the long hours of skilful handling of the painter's brush, the layout maker receives from the dealer in gambling apparatus from $50 to $75.

The faro layouts are produced by similar processes, the cloth, however, being cut smaller, the standard size being forty by twenty inches, and in place of the figures of the roulette layout, the thirteen spades of a deck of cards are painted in the spaces. This work gives the maker more opportunity to display his artistic skill, especially in the painting of the face-cards.

"It is a terrible business, a terrible business!" is the summing up of one of the most famous layout makers in this country, when asked to tell of the making of roulette and faro layouts.

"I mean," he added, in a burst of confidence, "it is so very destructive to one's health to breathe the green dust that comes from this cloth when it is being prepared for the painting. If one succeeds in throwing off the effects of the arsenic poisoning, he may yet become a wreck from the nervous strain of the exacting and trying work that is required in lining out the cloths to a hair's breadth and painting in the figures with nice exactness. There is no free stroke of the brush. Every touch must be just so far and just so much paint, for there can be no overlaying of colors, else the layout would crack when rolled up.

"Before I went into this business seven years ago I was robust. I never had an ache or a pain. Now look at me. I am saturated with arsenic and am constantly under the care of a physician. Often I have to take to my bed. There are five of us in the business in this country, and yet we cannot keep up with the demand. I could be busy day and night if I chose. I work all that my strength permits, and yet I have to refuse orders. It is roulette that is most popular. It is not only in gambling houses that they spin the wheel, but in the homes of the rich. Some of the finest roulette layouts that I have made have been for private houses. Of course I do not know just where they have gone, for the orders come to me through the dealers, but I know when I am making a layout for a private house, for it is usually made smaller. The regulation size is too big for a drawing-room. I believe the most conspicuous homes in Fifth Avenue and over there on Riverside Drive have their roulette outfits, and possibly most of them are using my layouts.

"The secrets are too valuable to run the risk of engaging an assistant. The business is worth $200 a week, working only part of the time. If others were to learn the secrets there would be competition, the dealers would force down our prices, and we should have to give our health and strength for little. Now we get enough to have some luxuries and to lay something by."

As a matter of fact this business is the only real trust, for there is no competition whatever. Each one in the business receives what he asks for his work, and the dealers are begging the men to turn out more work at their own prices.

When I asked this frail layout artist, on whose waxen face the doom of an early death was already visible, to whom he intended leaving the secrets of his trade, he replied, with unconscious pathos:

"To my son. I am already training him to follow in my footsteps."

Olive Fremstad

MISS OLIVE FREMSTAD
IN HER FAMOUS IMPERSONATION OF "CARMEN."

THE WORKING LIFE OF ART

By Olive Fremstad

An American Prima Donna at the Metropolitan Opera House

IT is not one's art nor one's self, but one's *work* which stands as the real thing of importance. Hard work accomplishes all things for all people, whether artists, or scientists. With me it has been hard work ever since I can remember, and I am only beginning to learn.

When, in Minneapolis, as a child, my father and mother, both musicians of ability, were my teachers, and their demands were rigid in the extreme. During all my life at home I was cut off from social intercourse. My parents made me a concert pianist and organist. I held two church positions. It all seems so strange to me now! But I am grateful for that early foundation for future study.

The longing to find my voice became too strong to be ignored; also the desire to know life, struggle, people, values—all the life of life which appeals to the temperament of one—and I left the home, never to return, telling only my mother that such was my intention. Ostensibly I was simply to have my voice tried in New York; but my mind was fully made up to go, thereafter, my own ways alone; and all my girlish personal treasures accompanied me on that journey. It was the beginning of the end, and one incessant toil until I had accumulated just enough money to take me abroad. Learning to sing a little had inevitably brought the realization that to interpret operatic rôles was the artistic ambition of my life.

Of course the first few years abroad were an endless struggle to win bread and keep the music going. With all my might I endeavored to make steady growth in vocal and dramatic art, yet, as I have already said, I am even now just beginning. Even "Carmen," in which rôle I first won European approval, is but beginning to open itself to me, although I am sure of what I believe should be the proper interpretation of the character of the wild cigarette girl.

My first "Carmen" incentive came when I was a mere baby, in Norway. A band of gypsies came to our town. Their feathers and ruffles were gay enough to take the eye of any youngster, and they took mine; but not so much as did their fast horses, and the wild, spirited freedom of the gypsies themselves. These people used to race along on their steeds, half-naked, riding bare-back, their beautiful brown bodies held stunningly upright, and often one arm raised high in the air in a splendid pose. Oh, they were superb! I loved them, and felt that I understood them. It was dramatic, and although I was too young to know anything about the drama, and had never even been inside a theatre, my nature responded to the call and recognized a decided kinship with those people of natural, wild living.

So it is that when "Carmen" came into my life, she seemed an old friend. Just one of my wild gypsies. Her experiences, her instincts, even, were to me as my own. Rather a strange sympathy for a woman who, as a child, had been brought up in the strictest nursery and schoolroom routine.

I hope I shall be rightly understood when I say that it always seems to me that any woman of common sense would act "Carmen" as I do. I have studied—diligently studied—those Spanish zigeurner girls. They are gypsy creatures. "Carmen" is a child of nature; a nomadic spirit. The wild life is in her veins. She is not a Paris cocotte; indeed there

MISS FREMSTAD,
IN THE RÔLE OF KUNDRY.

is nothing wilfully bad in her life. On the contrary, her tendencies are purely elemental, and she has never known how to distinguish between right and wrong. Surely, there should not be anything too finished in the interpretation of such a nature's child. She should not stand out as a possible girl of the drawing-room at any stage of the drama, but should melt into the general scheme, and only as one of the zigeurner girls—one of their very own, only more so. If I can make my "Carmen" express these things, I shall some time learn to be more satisfied with what I accomplish in the rôle.

However in my natural self-dissatisfaction I do not lack in appreciation of the kindness of my critics, both here and abroad. I realize that the quiet approval and encouragement given an artist by Americans means just as much, to their natures, as the more enthusiastic ovations one receives in Europe. For instance, one night at the Cologne carnival, that most brilliant fête, the men, recognizing me through domino and mask, rushed forward and bearing me aloft, passed me from group to group throughout the vast crowd. And right here I am tempted to tell a rather comical experience I had the night of my last appearance as "Carmen" in Munich.

It was the closing night of the opera season. My trunk left the Opera House with me, and I wondered at the length of time it took to make that box secure. Ordinarily I should have been of an enquiring mind, but the evening had brought great fatigue, and closing my eyes, I leaned back in the carriage to

MISS FREMSTAD,
DURING HER FIRST SEASON IN GERMANY.

rest. After a while, hearing much excited, yet muffled, talking, I looked out, and saw several prominent nobles of Munich in the shafts of the carriage. They had taken out the horses, and themselves proceeded to drag me to my hotel, one sitting on the coachman's box, shouting: "Make way for 'Carmen'! Make way for 'Carmen'!" Naturally, I was pleased and saw only the pretty side of it, until I became aware of my maid sitting opposite me, as usual. Then the picture of the trunk perched up behind flashed across my mental vision, and leaning back again, I laughed until that mood passed. Suddenly, feeling outraged at the thought of the maid and the trunk I attacked the former.

"Himmel und die Welt!" I cried, "why did you come in the carriage? Did you think the nobles of Munich were in need of any more avoirdupois to drag than the trunk and I could furnish?"

"Oui, madame," she replied, with subtle French innocence. I gave her up. She was far too clever for me. However, we

all safely arrived at the hotel, and I shall forever value the devotion which kept those nobles game to the end of the journey.

But all this is digression. The one thing to do, in the artist life, is always to work a little harder to better deserve such honors as my Munich friends were giving me. Besides the work there must be experience, and the one great tear which never leaves the eye. The death of a dear sister brought that tear to me, and I may truly say that the operatic world lost a great promise when she died. Her big contralto voice, temperament and physique were entirely those of an opera singer-to-be, while her work was a prophecy of great things.

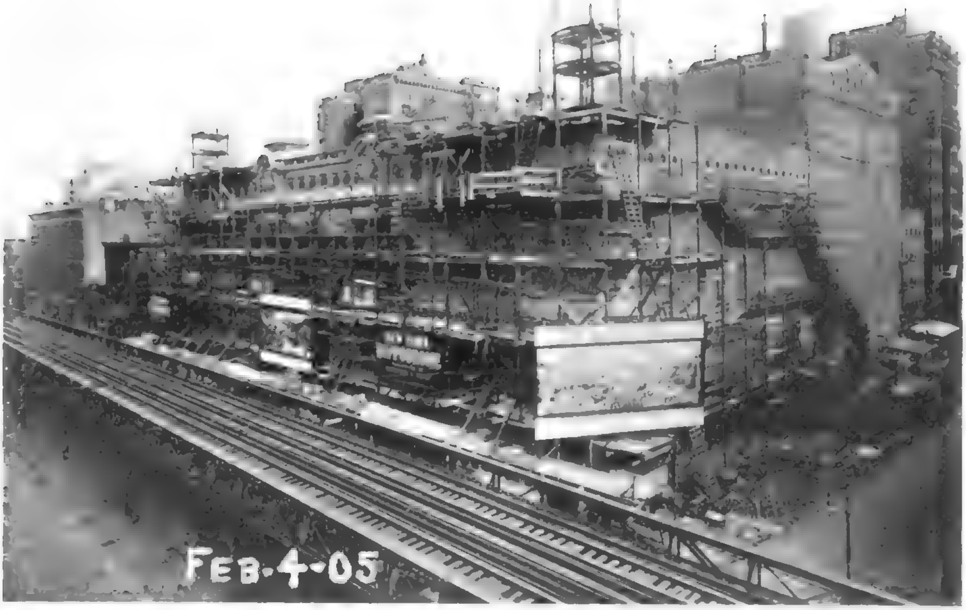
Then there is always the dissatisfaction with one's progress. *That* keeps me, for one, in a perpetual unrest; and, faithful to my desire to accomplish, I leave most of the "having good times" to others, although I am as fond of such things as most. Although reports have had it otherwise, I am seldom in at the champagne supper. In reality, everything is grist to the mill of my ambition, and in my own way I try to preserve the sense of values—seriousness, humor, pure grit and endless ambition, with only occasional relaxations, save that contained in the quiet intercourse of friends and a daily walk; trying, again, to make all these work harmoniously, rhythmically. Rhythm! *That's* the secret of success. Work is only the practical machine which makes rhythm possible.

An opera singer should be philosophical. It is not great to interpret operatic rôles. The greatest part of that is sometimes to put into the interpretation of a rôle more than the composer has succeeded in working into its composition. And it is to that end I struggle along, eating my little midnight suppers of oatmeal porridge and apple sauce, after returning from the opera, following the meal with a bit of reading to quiet the nerves, even if the eyes do smart. At such times my philosophical friends — Schopenhauer, Plato, Nietzsche, Marcus Aurelius and Herbert Spencer—help me. When overstrained by an evening's hard work, a light story is like candy to me, while philosophy makes me feel level-headed and ready to sleep.

If I have attained any degree of genuine artistic merit, some of the credit must be given to whom it rightfully belongs.

I refer to Mme. Lilli Lehmann, that past-mistress of vocal dramatic art, and whom I am proud to name as my only operatic instructor. This great woman's art and life were the best possible influences. It is not what she says, so much as what she does, together with her magnificent conception of dramatic music, and her masterly singing of it, which count for the fortunate learner in her studio. And whatever approbation I may have won in America I am the more grateful for, since in two instances it seemed best to disobey certain injunctions of older artists. After all, one is one's own guide, you know. "Never create a rôle in America," they instructed me, adding, "Whatever débuts you are called upon to make, let them be made here in the Old World, and take the reputation of success across the water with you."

Circumstances led me to sing, at the Metropolitan Opera House, my first attempts at interpretations of "Kundry" in "Parsifal," and "Sieglinde" in "Die Walküre," and on the whole New York was kind to both. An adverse criticism, when coming from real sources, acts always as a spur to the ambitious artist, helping him or her to do better service by-and-by.



THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME IN THE PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

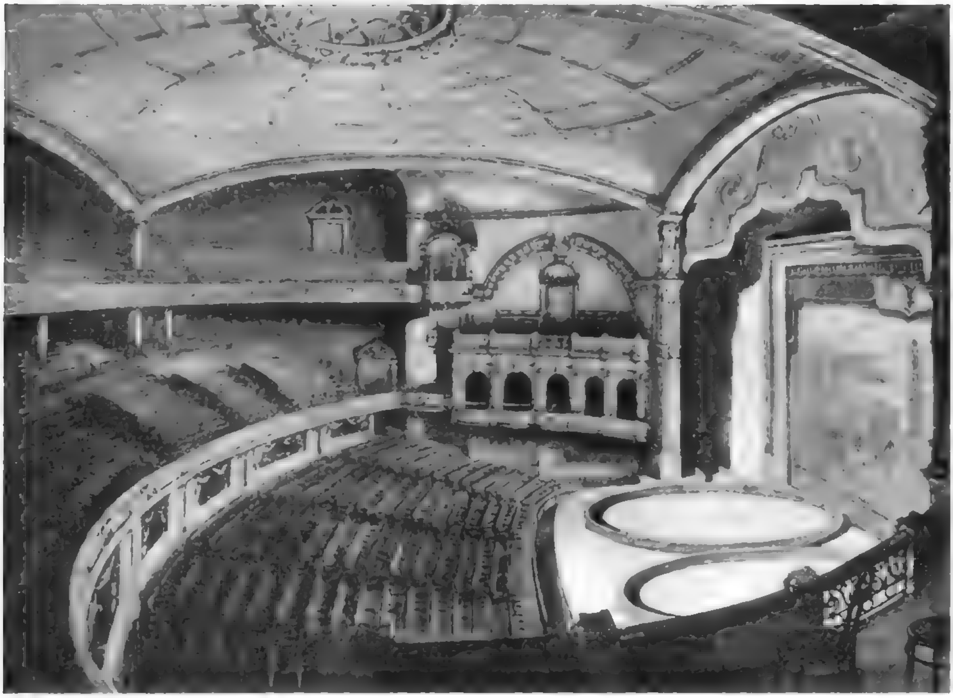
Manhattan's New Amusement Palace for the Masses

By Harold Ackermann

STATISTICS prove that fully 85 per cent. of Manhattan's three millions and more of inhabitants never enter a place of amusements. The clientèle of the Broadway theatre with its prohibitive prices and epicurean repertoire is necessarily limited to audiences that are bound to repeat themselves. The few low-priced houses on outstanding and unfashionable avenues are patronized by what might be called "localities," inasmuch as they are frequented by persons residing in the neighborhood, who wait for Broadway productions to come their way at reduced rates.

But the great outstanding masses—that strenuous and well-to-do class which flocks to Coney Island in the summer by the tens of thousands—that class which wants its money's worth, has been, until the recent building and opening of the New York Hippodrome, completely ignored in its eager demand for amusement, and its possible resources as a financial speculation.

The Hippodrome is not a new idea even as to its theoretical establishment in this city. The success of the Paris Hippodrome, fifty years ago, as a centre of amusement for the people led to the building of similar places—a combina-



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HIPPODROME, SHOWING THE AUDITORIUM AND STAGE.

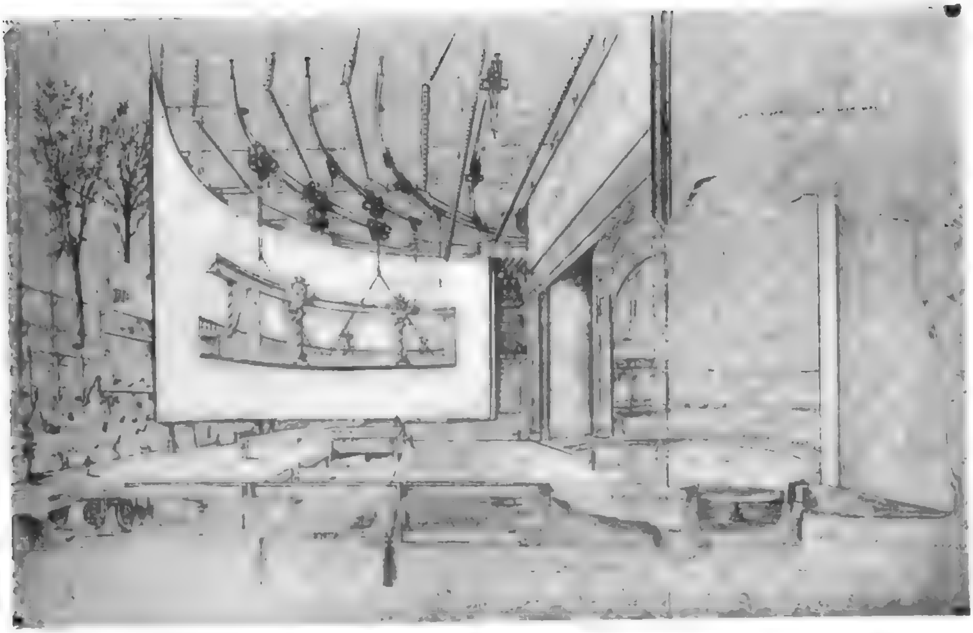
tion of circus and vaudeville in London and Berlin; but the old London Hippodrome, as well as the recently completed and more modern Coliseum, the Nouveau Cirque of Paris, and the "Rietz" of Berlin, are mere pigmies of construction in comparison with the superb and gigantic proportions of the New York structure.

The great building, which stands completed on the Sixth Avenue block extending from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street, is of brick, marble and steel throughout. The length on the Sixth Avenue side is 200 feet, and it approaches Fifth Avenue on Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets 240 feet.

The masses to the number of 5,200 individuals can be seated in the vast auditorium at each of the two performances a day. The chairs are scheduled to be twenty-one inches wide, four inches wider than the usual accommodations vouchsafed to suffering humanity in the average playhouse. Behind fourteen rows of orchestra seats are the stalls which are common in the European theatres. Then come a line of boxes encircling the promenade, in which place one may indulge in the luxury of a cigar or a cigarette. In the extreme rear can be seen the plate-glass cages confining the small army of trained animals, which cages are connected by underground passages to the stage. It must also be noted that for the convenience of hungry humanity, the necessity of a popular restaurant has been seriously considered. One may breakfast, lunch and dine in solid comfort between acts without leaving the building.

The two daily performances are a combination of all that one may see in all types of other theatres. It is not an "indoor circus," as was a popular preconceived idea, but a blending of spectacles, pantomime, circus, musical comedy, drama, aquatics and animal and equestrian exhibitions.

In the second half of the performance, which deals with a stirring war melodrama, there are as many as 600 men



MECHANISM OF THE HIPPODROME STAGE, SHOWING HOW TONS OF SCENERY ARE LIFTED.

The entire stage raises and lowers as a unit, sections leaving no vacancy except the trap and this for its own apparatus. The pumps for producing the pressure are electrically operated. The "dogs," which automatically slide in position to lock the stage, are withdrawn by motors, an ingenious mechanical arrangement which retires thirty-two "dogs" at the different points with two motors. In removing scenery traveling electric hoists are employed which operate on overload tracks.

POSITIVELY
NO SMOKING
ALLOWED

A TRAINED ELEPHANT AMUSING THE MASSES BY BOWLING.

"FANNIE," A HIPPODROME STAR, THE ONLY HEAD-STANDING ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD.

and women and 150 horses occupying the stage at periods.

There are the heroes, villains and pretty girls of the other New York attractions, and a pretty love story to keep interest sustained. The man who made the scenery calculated the other day that if the pieces were set up in sequence they would stretch three miles long, and loaded would fill twenty-five sixty-foot cars to completion. The biggest spectacle now running in New York, he figured, would not occupy more than six cars. The paint-frame used by scenic artists in their work is twenty-eight by fifty feet. Filled once, it usually provides the entire "ground-row" for an attraction. He has loaded the frame six times for each "ground-row" for a Hippodrome scene. Each is a block long.

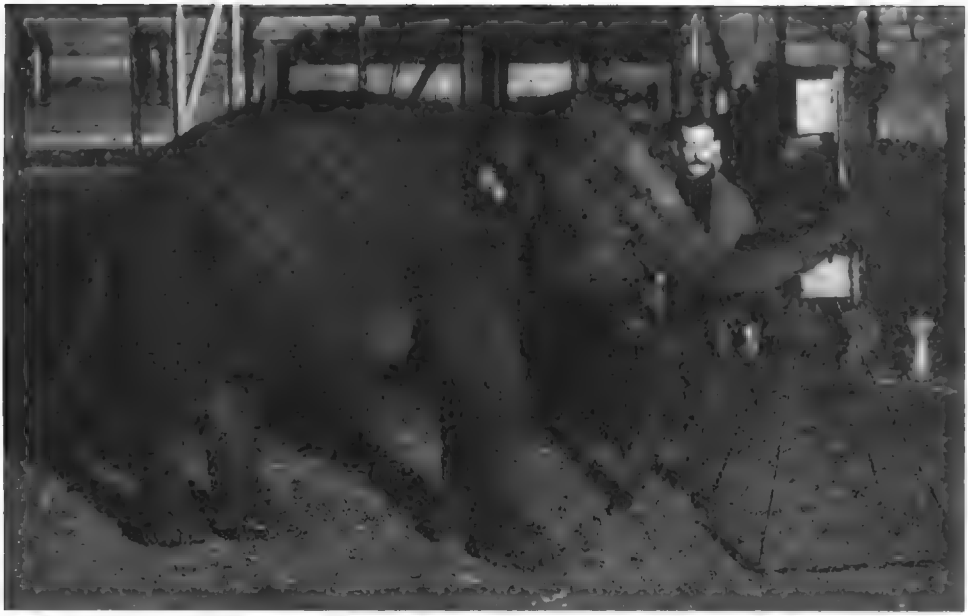
In construction, appliances and manipulation, the stage installed in the Hippodrome is entirely novel, originating with Mr. Thompson, one of the managers.

It weighs 460,000 pounds, unencumbered, and is flooded, raised, lowered and divided with ease and despatch. It is a block wide, and 110 feet deep. Six hundred persons and 150 horses tread it simultaneously at periods of the performance. Some of its scenic pieces weight ten tons. A 5,000-ampere electric switch had to be designed for its 22,200 electric lights.

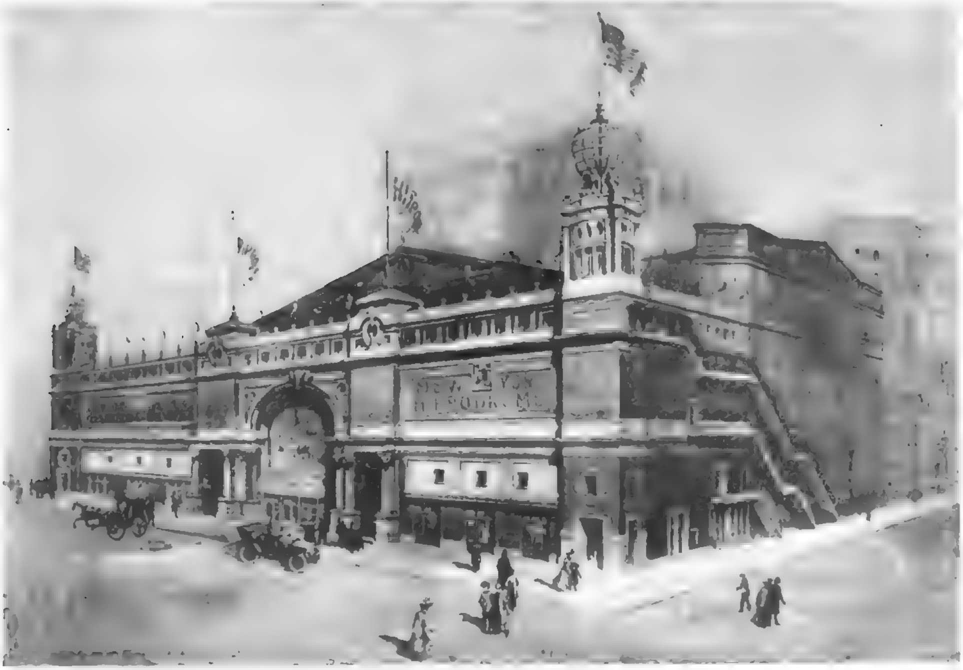
London is priding itself upon the size of the Coliseum, the great playhouse opened there this month. Two stages like the Coliseum's would not much more than fill the Hippodrome's scene of performance. The English stage is but seventy-five feet by eighty feet, and it weighs with a heavy, intricate system of eccentric rings, no more than half of the massive area of the new local theatre.

The Hippodrome stage, in plain figures, is 200 feet wide between the walls and has a total depth of 110 feet. Properly its visible depth is 50 feet, but an "apron" which has been made a part of it extends 60 feet into the body of the playhouse. On this will be produced the water spectacles of whose novelty and beauty the American who has not been abroad has no conception; and it will be devoted, too, largely to the circus department of the enterprise. Two circus rings of the regulation forty-two foot diameter will occupy it when it is not in use for marine purposes.

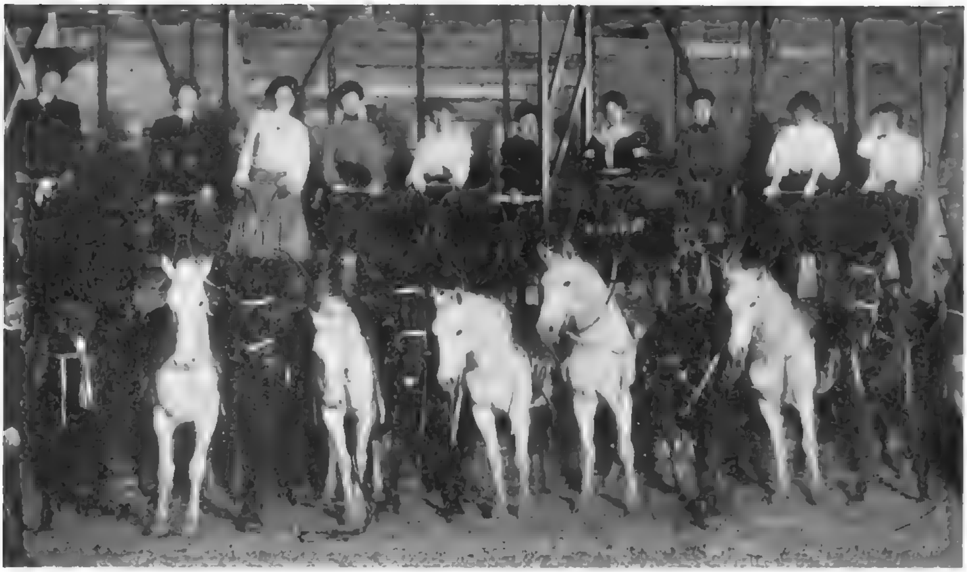
There is no "gridiron" on the Hippodrome stage. The massive scenery, some of which weighs as much as eight tons, works to and fro in pockets at the sides



A TRAINED ELEPHANT AT THE TELEPHONE. FROM THE MENAGERIE OF THE HIPPODROME.
THE TRAINED ANIMALS ARE KEPT IN PLATE-GLASS CAGES WHICH CONNECT BY UNDERGROUND PASSAGES WITH THE STAGE.



NEW YORK HIPPODROME, AT THE CORNER OF FORTY-THIRD AND FORTY-FOURTH STREETS AND SIXTH AVENUE.



EQUESTRIANS AT REHEARSAL.

of the auditorium. In all other theatres the movement is a vertical one. Mr. Thompson has installed a system of electric cranes which pick the pieces up bodily and convey them to and fro with no apparent effort. Human hands play little part in the stage operation. The stage itself is operated by hydraulics, and traps by counterweights.

Pumps with a capacity of 4,000 gallons a minute are utilized for flooding the reservoir, which will be 12 feet deep, 160 feet long and 110 feet wide.

Modern possibilities in the utilization of electricity are nowhere better exemplified. In removing the towering scenery and its setting for the following scene—a dark change with the curtain up—traveling electric hoists are employed, which operate on overhead tracks. These hoists all run on rubber-tired wheels with oak strips along the rails for silent traction. To secure noiseless operation all gears employed are of the worm type. These hoists are enabled to move out above the stage, drop their hooks into a ring on the scene placed to receive it, and carry it to the scene-pockets at either side of the stage.

They will pick up with ease and despatch a piece weighing two tons and convey it off at a rate of 300 feet per minute. Arranged on both sides of the stage on rigging-galleries about thirty feet above the floor are a series of electrically operated winding drums used for handling or raising the scenery, the asbestos and other curtains. These drums each have a lifting power of one ton, eighty feet per minute, and are operable in either direction with an automatic limit stop both up and down.

Three electric-driven centrifugal pumps, having a capacity of 15,000 gallons per minute, furnish the water for an immense mountain torrent used in one scene in the first production.

As a matter of detail, it is said that the girls heat their curling irons by electricity, and that huge pots of "make up" are combined in proper complexion tints by electrical apparatus.

This great building fills a long-felt want. Its prices are for the public. Its vast proportions make its appeal for patronage thoroughly sincere and honest. The plan of amusement is of that human sort that makes the whole world kin.

JOSEF HOFMANN, THE EMINENT POLISH PIANIST, NOW CONCERTIZING IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE PIANO

By Josef Hofmann

I RECALL a certain occasion during my student days when I played a prelude of Chopin in the hearing of my beloved master and friend, Anton Rubinstein. At a given point indicated by a double fortissimo I considered the moment ripe to let loose the full strength of my young, unbridled muscles. I succeeded in drawing a thundering volume of tone from the concert grand, and was secretly delighted with this evidence of my unmistakable genius for double fortissimo. I was quite convinced that Rubinstein himself could have done no better at my age. A sharp tap on my shoulder brought me to an immediate halt.

"What's the meaning of all this vehemence?" asked Rubinstein.

I pointed, somewhat crestfallen at his stern voice, to the score. I was subdued but not convinced. Rubinstein, for answer, pointed to the title word.

"Remember," he said, "that the dynamic proportions of a prelude or nocturne are not the same as those of a Liszt rhapsody."

I realized then for the first time the limitations of the piano. Its brutal ingratitude for the amount of labor expended upon its unresponsive wood and metal! As a matter of fact the pianist must create his own medium—tone, atmosphere, color, proportions. Out of the one instrument he must create a dozen. Every effect that he achieves is brought about through a conscious effort and mastery of all his intellectual and emotional forces. As to his fingers—there is infinitely more than the highest degree of technical dexterity. His fingers are his instrument—the piano is but the sounding board.

I do not know a better way to define the limitations of the piano than to call it an inhuman instrument. An isolated note upon the most beautiful piano ever sent out from the factory, struck by a Rubinstein or a Liszt, would make no sort of an appeal to the hearer; but a single note sung, for instance, by such a man as Caruso, makes an instantaneous appeal to the ear and the heart. The quality of the voice is of paramount importance. The simplest of melodies possesses an irresistible charm. Your little American folk song, "Home, Sweet Home," when sung by a Patti, will bring tears to the eyes of thousands.

The value of a composition played upon a violin or a 'cello is infinitely enhanced, and every effort of the artist is abetted, by the quality of the instrument. Allowing a certain amount of technical dexterity, the instrument sings with its own voice. A Stradivarius, the price of which reaches into the thousands adds an equal ratio of beauty to the composition, which is lacking if that same composition were performed by the same artist upon a cheap and rasping instrument.

It must not be forgotten, either, that the voice is divided into restricted classes which it is never called upon to overreach. We have the dramatic soprano, the coloratura, or with males, the basso, the baritone, and the light and heavy tenor. Each lyric artist has his appointed repertoire, according to the brand of instrument he discovers within his throat.

But the piano, or rather the pianist, must be all of these in one. At one moment his instrument must whisper in the dreamy reveries of a nocturne; the next, it must swell and thunder with the reverberation of an orchestra. It must sparkle and scintillate. It must sound the depths and soar to the heights through every intervening shade of gradation.

Throughout the entire repertoire we have as our medium of expression an instrument of a certain timbre. I have often thought I should like three or four instruments of different quality, and use them at a recital according to the demands of the composition.

I sometimes dream that the piano of the future will be invented with a mechanical contrivance by which the pianist can at will manipulate its dynamic proportions or balance. What a Herculean amount of labor this little contrivance would save the overworked musician who has selected this monster of wood and metal for his medium of speech! He would gloat over his conquest of those base materials which have to be utterly subdued before he can enter the first portals of the realms of pianistic art.

The piano, beyond all other musical instruments, makes an intellectual and impersonal appeal. It presupposes an audience already prepared to receive its message, through various preliminary stages of intelligence and culture. There must be a receptive audience, and as a matter of fact the piano, in its highest classical composition, is the final musical appeal. It has none of the sensuous beauty of the voice or the stringed instruments. It lacks the rich tonal coloring of the orchestra.

Yet to a keenly sensitive musical nature the piano holds within its musical compass a life of deep emotion.

Richard Schmidt

JOSEF HOFMANN IN AN AUTOMOBILE OF HIS OWN DESIGN.

I remember, when I first came to this country, a mere child, while listening to the playing of a certain pianist, I burst into a passion of tears and sobs. It had often happened to me before, but I recall this instance, as it seemed to excite undue attention among the little gathering of musicians assembled in our rooms. A few hours later I discovered that I had lost my toy engine, and much to the discomfiture of those who insisted upon seeing in my intense emotion while listening to a musical composition a sign of precocious genius, my later grief was just as poignant and noisy. The musician lives his life in a world that is expressed by music. As a child his depths are stirred by the loss of his toy. Music as well as his little toy treasures sound the same depths. As a man, he finds in music the expression of his deepest sentiments.

It is a serious mistake, however, for a musician to interpret through the medium of an emotion. His experiences enrich the soil of his entire being. No one experience can be applied to any one composition. Music must be interpreted as music—as the melodious symbol of the essence of the thing and not as the thing itself. The Sonata Pathetique is the expression of the *Weltschmertz,* the sorrow of the world, and must be interpreted as such, and not from the viewpoint of a personal loss or grief. The "Warum" of Schumann is not Schumann asking the father of Clara Wieck his reason for refusing him the hand of his daughter, but the infinite pleading and questioning of love unfulfilled.

For a few weeks in my life—the coincidence has taken on a humorous perspective—I thought to bring a more soulful quality into my music by playing to a very pretty face, which I endeavored, by a great effort of the imagination, to hang before my mental eyes in a frame of rose-colored mists.

I shall merely add that for three weeks of that season I played very unsatisfactorily. I at once banished that pretty face and all other future pretty faces in rose-tinted frames from my musical interpretations.

Music will not permit her devotees to

approach her with undue familiarity. All experiences must be purified of their material elements before they are permitted to enter into her august presence. The actor who himself weeps upon the stage rarely has the power to make others weep. The medium used to convey an emotion must be as keen and clear as the electric wires of a battery.

The piano is the one instrument where the highest musical expression becomes meaningless if clogged with emotional and sentimental accessories. It delivers a speech, and from its very construction necessitates a sane and dignified handling. It has no other beauty save that which is conveyed to it through the musician who conquers its ivory keys.

HOW HE FOUND OUT HER PAST

By Virginia Leila Wentz

They had been so recently married that there was something of the honeymoon feeling still left. One morning, while the rusty-breasted robins were hopping about the lawn, and the crab-apple trees were a splash of pink in the orchard beyond, she came to him with a tiny furrow between her dainty brows.

"Dicky," she began, "I've written a story, and—"

"For heaven's sake! Greta," he interrupted, dropping his eyeglasses.

"—and I want you to suggest a title," went on Greta immovably. She swung gracefully into a hammock and beckoned him to a low wicker seat opposite.

Dick had been turning up the rich earth around the roots of a rose-bush; but now, to humor her, he threw down the trowel and rose from his knees.

"The story hasn't much plot," pursued Greta. "It goes in more for being a bit of character painting. It's the picture of a young, innocent country girl, who's very beautiful, and all that," (Greta waved her hand comprehensively) "and there are five men who are wildly in love with her. She scarcely knows what the word 'love' means." (Greta glanced at her husband for approbation.) "You see," she added, in an explanatory tone, "she was rather childish."

"Evidently," assented Dick, tapping his forehead significantly.

"The men are drawn from life," continued Greta, "and may be taken as types of—"

"Hullo!" cried Dick, adjusting his eye-glasses, "have you written the critique, too?"

Greta had the grace to blush.

"The story ends," she concluded, ignoring his question, "with the girl acquiring the knowledge that transforms her from a child into a woman. Now what would you suggest for a title?"

Dick was silent: he was thinking how merrily the sunbeams played over his wife's pretty hair.

"Don't you think quotations are rather nice for titles," suggested Greta timidly, pushing back a stray curl.

"Very nice, indeed," agreed Dick; for once started on quotations he felt on safe ground. "You might call it, for example, 'Oh, the Pity Of It!' " he said on the spur of the moment.

"Does that refer to the men falling in love?" Greta looked at him dubiously, and pushed back another breeze-disturbed curl.

"Oh, dear no," said Dick reassuringly. "It refers to the girl's ignorance of the fact."

Greta bit her lip. "It won't do," said she decidedly.

Then Dick received another inspiration:

"Why not call it 'A Plethora of Lovers'?"

"Ple—what's that mean?" asked Greta, arranging some pillows behind her head.

"It means too many," returned he, leaning forward to tuck her muslin skirts about her, as she changed her position in the hammock.

Somehow, his remark seemed to afford Greta much food for thought.

"I don't think five too many, do you?" she observed, impartially.

"For an innocent, quiet country girl!" exclaimed he.

Greta espoused her heroine's cause warmly:

"Now, look here, Dicky, if a girl is pretty, and—and very attractive, you know, isn't she just bound to have a lot of lovers and a lot of proposals?"

"She may be bound to have SOME," corrected Dick, "not a lot. A girl who allows her proposals to run up—well, into five, proves that she is neither more nor less than a flirt."

Greta did not seem inclined to argue the point any further; she turned over in the hammock, and her face was hid from her lord and master.

"I don't care one little bit for your titles," said she, aggressively. "I'll find one for myself."

"Do," said he, with relief. And they relapsed into silence, while the robin hopped over the velvet lawn, and a catbird in the crab-apple trees beyond sent out a glorious bubble of song.

Presently Greta gave vent to a long-drawn, tremulous sigh.

"A good title's the deuce," threw in Dick, sympathetically.

"That isn't what's bothering me," said she, with a suspicion of quiver in her silver voice. Dick couldn't stand out against the quiver.

"What is, sweetheart?" He bent over the hammock, and tenderly turned her toward him. Her little oval cheeks were surging with color; under her long lashes her eyes were moist. But the dimples played bewitchingly as she whispered almost inaudibly to the man bending over her:

"Dicky dear, I—I don't like you to think me neither—neither more nor less than a flirt!"

Now, what the man wants to know is, whether that is the correct way for a young wife to acquaint her husband with the number of her past love affairs?

AFTERWARD

By Troy Allison

SHE removed the handkerchief from her face and sat up suddenly. She had been half asleep for several stations past, and her heavy eyes languidly noted the changes that had taken place in the car.

The seat in front of her was now occupied by a man with a newspaper, and she unconsciously commenced at the top of his head and studied him with that minuteness of detail one adopts when trying to escape self-boredom.

The stiff, short brown hair that would not lie straight, caused a vague feeling of familiarity. When she saw the little brown mole on the right ear, she suddenly recovered from her fit of absent-mindedness and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of his profile.

"Martin!" she said, standing up and bending over the seat in front.

The man's paper dropped to the floor.

"Winifred!" he exclaimed, rising in astonishment, and grasping both the hands she held out to him. "After five years! But I should have recognized your voice if a whole eternity had passed."

She was the first to become conscious of the curious gaze of their fellow-passengers.

"Let's go in the dining-car and talk over—everything," she said, calmly. "I haven't had my dinner, and there are some things I've been waiting to say to you for five years."

He led the way to the dining car, and found there was only one occupant beside themselves.

"We must order an elaborate dinner to cover five years' conversation," he said, joyously. "Don't even look at the bill of fare; let me order for you, for I assure you that I remember your taste exactly."

She smiled rather wanly.

"I'm glad it is the season for partridge." He scanned the menu boyishly. "You always liked them broiled, and were sure to say to the waiter that you couldn't eat them if they were the least bit rare."

Her eyes smiled with him, but there was a pitiful curve to her lips that the man at the other table noticed.

"And we will have pears, ice cold, before our roquefort and coffee," he continued, happily. "Do you know, Winifred, that never in all these five years have I been able to pass a fruit stand where there were any pears, without feeling that I positively must go back and buy some for you. Do you remember how you used to search my overcoat pockets for them? You were such a child, Winnie."

She was leaning on the table with both her elbows, her chin supported by her hands, and there was in her eyes something she had always shielded from him before.

"Martin," she moistened her dry lips from her glass of sherry, "five years ago I was shy and timid, it was only the childish side of my disposition that you saw. The womanly side was so new to me that I wasn't able to express myself—it was so strange, and strong, and sweet that it frightened me—the real woman you never understood."

"I know that—now, dear," his own face had turned somewhat pale, "a man can learn a great deal in five years, too."

She moistened her lips again and continued hurriedly, as if the pent-up feeling of five years were trying to express itself in one sentence.

"And when I first got the idea that you cared less for me, instead of telling you that I had any such fancy, I simply grew more reticent, and each day widened the distance between us. When you insisted that I should not break off our engagement, you did it with so much hauteur and dignity that I thought it was because you knew I loved you so; that you wanted to marry me simply for my sake."

The man half rose from his seat to go to her side of the table, but she motioned him back.

"Now I know better"—she continued —"know that you loved me, and that it was only an unreasonable girlish sensitiveness that came between us. After I realized that, I felt that I could never feel content until I had told you. I determined that I would tell you the truth if it shocked every existing worldly propriety. I had not learned to express my feelings then, Martin, and now that I *can* express them you shall hear the whole truth. This shall be my truthful hour. Martin, can you imagine how I felt when I received your mad, incoherent letter a few days after we parted, telling me you had married your cousin?"

The man leaned his head on his hand and groaned.

"I lay awake night after night," she continued, "with a heartache that would not even afford me the relief of crying, it was so stony and silent. Whenever I fell asleep I would dream you had come back, and could hear you whisper 'Little girl' just as plainly as you had whispered it thousands of times. Then I would dream I took your head on my breast and stroked your hair and asked if you liked to rest your head there. You would always make the same reply, 'Better than any place on earth, Winifred.' I would wake up to that stony grief that was worse than grieving for the dead, for I felt humiliated to realize I was grieving for another woman's husband."

She moistened her lips again with the sherry, and continued bravely, her face flushed and her gray eyes dark with emotion.

He watched her enlarged pupils; it was one of her well-remembered charms, that under any excitement the pupils of her eyes grew so large it gave her the weird effect of having black eyes with a rim of gray around them.

"I want to tell it all to you, Martin, and then perhaps I can feel more content than I have in the past five years. You know I have been in Europe with my aunt during that time. I think the feeling was worse on the holidays, when one expects to be happy. On the first Thanksgiving Day after your marriage I thought 'Now he is taking his first Thanksgiving dinner in his home with her,' and at Christmas the same thought came again and mocked the peace and happiness to come with the day. This is the first partridge I have eaten since the last lunch we had at Sherry's," she added, irrelevantly. "Then after awhile, there came another thought that hurt worse than all."

Her face had lost its flush and was now perfectly pallid.

"I thought perhaps there might be a baby at your house, Martin, and if there was, I wanted to snatch it away from the other woman and hold it to my breast and cry that it was mine, mine—and that no other woman should touch or claim your child. *Is* there a child, Martin."

The man leaned toward her, his face transfigured with adoration.

"There is a little girl, Winifred—and we call her Winnie," he stopped as if he could say no more.

She leaned her head on both hands and every nerve in her body seemed quivering with the hurt of it.

He looked at the other table and thanked heaven the man had finished his dinner and had left them alone.

The waiter came to the door, but he slipped something into his hand and motioned him out.

He went to her side, put his hand beneath her chin and lifted the oval face until her eyes looked into his.

"Sweetheart, there *is* such a thing as heaven on earth, regardless of all opinion to the contrary. It has been heaven for me to hear your dear reticent lips tell me that you have felt exactly as I have felt during those five years. Never during that time have I known the rest I used to feel when I laid my head on your breast and said, 'Better than any place on earth.'"

He stooped down and put his face against hers.

"I have a little girl, Winifred, but I

would like better than anything on earth to give her to you. Her own mother died a year ago."

She sprang to her feet and stood panting like a wounded animal.

"God!" she panted, the breath coming with painful force between her set teeth, "I thought I had felt every heartache before now, Martin, but I didn't know——"

She grasped the back of her chair and supported herself by it.

"I thought you knew," she added, wearily, and the pupils of her eyes grew small and faded, "I married John Dunham in Europe a year ago."

THE SUCCESSFUL DEBUTANTE

By Grace G. Bostwick

They met at Madame Grundy's place with all the heat and elbow space
And tea and talk and gossip and tale-bearing and the rest;
And her smile was sweetly simple as she showed her deepest dimple
When she led him to a corner there to put him to the test.

She was anything but witty, but she was so deuced pretty
That he thought to look into her eyes, why, he could spare the time;
When she found a quiet, cosy place, with such a pleased and rosy face,
He counted on an hour with a listener sublime.

She knew he was a learned man; that ancient lore he'd quickly scan;
That modern wisdom ope'd its doors whene'er he raised his hand,
So she gave her best attention, looking wise at every mention
Of the deep and abstruse knowledge that she couldn't understand.

When he talked about the true in art, she said she had a tender heart,
And couldn't bear to hurt a fly which he thought was strange indeed;
And when he mentioned tenements, she said she hadn't any sense
When it came to philanthropics, and he thought she had no need.

He discovered when she dropped her eyes a thrill that gave a queer surprise,
And a pleasure keen enwrapped him when she let her sweet smiles bask
Upon his lined and whiskered face, with a demure, wistful grace,
That made him suddenly grow bold the question great to ask.

He had never dreamed of wedding; the effulgent beams outspreading,
To enclose him in their glancing shine, was but an idle thought;
When this foolish man discovered what his careless words uncovered,
He was overwhelmed with huge dismay at what the hour wrought.

Now this simple debutante had a fond and doting auntie
Who to wed her darling niece aright would give her ancient head,
And when she grew suspicious of intentions not auspicious,
Why, she took this learned man in hand and he followed where she led.

The Moral is too plain to say: If romance carries you away
Some night in a dim corner in an odd, sequestered place,
Let the thrills go flutt'ring o'er you, but the knowledge keep before you
That the knowing angler's fishing with a sure and wary grace.

THE THRALDOM OF STAGE TRADITIONS

By Frank J. Wilstach

FROM time immemorial certain "business" has been expected as a part and parcel of each classic rôle: if the actor neglected to employ it, he was ridiculed for his ignorance and pronounced a dangerous innovator; if he did use it, he was berated for a lack of originality and as being a conventional bore. In this particular the actor has long stood quivering between his satanic majesty and the sapphire sea.

With the purpose in view of killing off for good and all this tradition incubus, springhtly Max Beerbohm, whose lucubrations leaven the leaden *Saturday Review,* of London, made what might be termed a practical suggestion. Dangerous diseases, dangerous remedies, and lively Max has one ready at hand to dart into the suffering patient. It is his plan that the classics, like the seal fisheries, should enjoy a "close time." He says that "Hamlet, Romeo and Macbeth will never 'live again' unless all managers—metropolitan, suburban and provincial—enter into a solemn compact not to revive them for a period of thirty years." It is Max's idea, very likely, that the auditor will then have such a crick in his neck that he can't look back! "When a play becomes a classic in drama," says Mr. Beerbohm, "it ceases to be a play; it becomes a mere pretext for comparative criticism. The play is dead. The stage is crowded with ghosts, every head in the auditorium is a heavy casket of reminiscence. Play they never so wisely, the players cannot lay those circumambient ghosts, nor charm those well packed caskets to emptiness."

It will be worth while relating at this point what some of the absurd traditions were which terrorized the early players, and which in part, have come down to our own time. Up to Garrick's day the actor essaying a heroic rôle was expected to face his audience with three enormous plumes or feathers cocked in his hat. Garrick used the two miniatures in "Hamlet" in the scene with the Queen at the passage, "Look upon this picture and on this," and so when Henderson ventured to improve the point by throwing away the portrait of Hamlet's uncle after the odious comparison, the admirers of the great Garrick rose in their might and cried that the master had not dared to do so! In later portrayals of the melancholy Dane, Henderson retained the miniature in his hand, and was then ridiculed by the Garrick faction on the ground that if he was right the first time he was necessarily wrong the second. The same actor was also condemned because he did not manage his hat as Garrick did on seeing the ghost, and for refusing to upset the chair in his agitation—as Garrick had done—and so placed himself beyond the confines of esteem.

Powdered wigs were then in vogue, and it was not considered an absurdity if the actor should be so attired when appearing as a Roman soldier! Those who had ventured correctness of costume were regarded as dangerous innovators. Garrick had not the temerity to revolutionize these matters. He was once asked why he did not reform the costume of the stage, and he replied: "The audience would not stand it; they would throw a bottle at my head if I attempted any alterations." Garrick had won his triumphs under the old system, and was disinclined, very likely, to risk any change.

A curious tradition of the past was that actors in comedy should wear long flaxen hair, and that in tragedy the villain should appear in a jet black periwig. For over a century this continued to be one of the hirsute laws of the drama. The absurdity of this tradition was apparent to Charles II, who demanded:

"What is the meaning that we never see a rogue in the play, but odds-fish! he always claps on a black periwig, when it is well known that one of the greatest rogues in England always wears a fair one!" This reference was, of course, to Titus Oates.

Davies, describing certain actors, said that when they "were cast in the parts of conspirators, traitors and murderers, they disguised themselves in long black wigs, and distort their features in order to appear terrible. I have seen Hippesley act the first murderer in 'Macbeth'; his face was made pale with chalk, distinguished with large whiskers and a long black wig." The chalked face of the first murderer was the most tenacious of life of all traditions. Lloyd, in his famous poem, "The Actor," published in 1762, hit off these customs in the following: "To some prescriptive right gives settled things—black wigs of murderers, feathered hats to kings." Garrick brought into fashion a wig worn low on the forehead, with five crisp curls on either side, and known as the "Garrick cut." This matter of wigs has held sway even to our day. What comedian would dare to appear in else than curls of an unnatural flaxen, and the comic countryman in locks a brilliant tomato catsup? There may be such a thing as a brunette country bumpkin, but an audience would never allow him to appear upon the stage, thus shattering one of the most highly prized of all traditions.

When a young actor essays a classic rôle for the first time, the old stager pushes him up against the dead wall of stage tradition. He is told that the great Mr. So-and-So did this and that in such a place; that he "wore a red wig with three hairs sticking down on his noble brow, and his left shoe was only half buckled." If the youngster refuses to follow this advice he is looked upon as a lost soul and beyond the pale of reason. Any claimant for dramatic honors who dares to "disregard the wisdom of the ancients" and present a character in accordance with his own conception and not on the lines which some actor of a past generation had conceived to be correct, he is generously berated for his trouble. Hammerton has wisely remarked that "There is nothing more at variance with the true conception of the art of acting than that an actor should be expected to do certain things for no better reason than that some one more famous than himself has done them many years before"; and another writer has said: "The young actor must be careful that in evading the Scylla of tradition he is not sucked into the Charybdis of bizarrerie." This is excellent advice—if you are able to understand what it is all about.

The English stage, during late time, has been attempting manfully to throw off the yoke of tradition, and at the same time avoid the calamity of Max Beerbohm's plan of bracketing the classics with the Alaskan seal. But of all classic plays, "Romeo and Juliet" is the one held tightest in the clutch of tradition. A nurse in this play who should omit the famous "business of the fan" would be considered as woefully lacking in dramatic art, while if she does use it, it is pretty certain that she will be reminded of her commonplace efforts. It was not so long ago, either, that a famous performer attempted to impersonate Romeo as he thought he had good reason to think "according to Shakespeare." As the conception of the character happened to differ with that common to the stage, the actor was soundly berated. It was the actor's idea that Shakespeare pictured the last of the Montagues as a youth about whom a cloud of tragedy always hovered, until the warmth and glow of his passion for Juliet "made all the world one glory of gold through his passion-fired heart." The actor gave as his reason for his early simulation of melancholy the following lines spoken by Hamlet's uncle in noting the young prince's brooding sorrow:

"Away from light steals home my heavy son
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his window, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night."

"Now," asked the actor, "how may any man believe that the Romeo who so resembled a heavy Hamlet in love, is until he meets Juliet, the light-hearted creature we should like to have him? His very first speech denies such a conception. 'Is the day so young?' he sighs in answer to Mercutio's 'Good morrow, cousin.' 'Ah, me! sad hours seem long.' Even to Juliet's ball this young man goes with melancholy speeches of:

'My mind misgives;
Some consequences yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night revel.' "

"How may one conclude," asked the actor, "from Shakespeare's lines that Romeo was a light-hearted Veronese blade out for a revel in the garden and palace of the Capulets?"

However, an actor could give a thousand reasons why a classic rôle should be played in a given way; but should those reasons conflict with tradition he would still be considered in error, for tradition, like habit, is a stubborn thing.

AFTER MUCH WANDERING

By Hilton R. Greer

Some day when you're tired of the toiling,
And sick of the stress and the strain,
When you've mingled Life's rue with its hyssop
And eaten the fruit with the husk,
You will follow the footprints of Fancy
Down some old-fashioned garden again,
Where the hollyhocks flame and the roses
Gleam white on the breast of the dusk!

And you'll think on the years that were wasted
For the place that you purchased with peace,
And how empty a bauble is glory—
How fleeting the guerdons you gain—
And your eyes will grow blind with the blurring
Of sorrow that knows not surcease,
Some day when you're tired of the toiling
And sick of the stress and the strain!

For the world may be yours for the winning
And the prospect stretch broad to the view,
But the fruit that shone fair in the distance
Seems shrunken, when grasped in the husk;
And your spirit—God knows!—will be weary
And you'll long for the peace that you knew
Where the hollyhocks flame and the roses
Gleam white on the breast of the dusk!

SWAMI ABHEDANANDA, (BLISS THROUGH UNITY), WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF THE VEDANTA SOCIETY IN THIS COUNTRY.

VEDANTA AND THE SWAMI IN MANHATTAN

By Adelaide Louise Samson

AMIDST the commercialism and materialism of so strenuous a centre of activity as the city of New York, that a little gathering of people should be banded together for the avowed purpose of studying and practicing the ethics of "highest wisdom" might well seem to the uninitiated an anomaly too great for serious credence.

It is an interesting and curious phase of the many-sidedness of Manhattan that the asceticism and mysticism of the Hindus, that their scriptures, the vedanta, that their spiritual teachers, the Swamis, should have secured a following so fundamentally strong that a brotherhood should be recognized, and that the Vedanta Society, on a solid financial basis, should be housed and equipped with lecture hall, meditation closet, classrooms and finally cloister-rooms for the priests.

Vedanta is the name of the most ancient system of philosophy in India. The word itself means literally "end of wisdom," and the philosophy to which it is applied explains what the end of wisdom is, and how it can be attained as well as applied in one's daily life.

In 1893, on the occasion of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago, Swami Vivekananda, of India, was delegated by his people to expound the ancient philosophy of the Hindus to the people of the West. It was then discovered that the East was the great spiritual teacher of the world. In all that pertained to commercialism and to practical sciences, the West maintained its superiority, but even the foremost exponents of Christian orthodoxy were silent and amazed in the presence of the spiritual heights of thought and living to which the Swami had attained.

As a fundamental principle of Hindu philosophy, all religious instruction is given without price. The greatest exponents of the Vedanta, the "Yogis," those who have "attained the life" lay no special claim to the rank or privileges of "teachers," but the reputation of their holiness and their spiritual attainments spreads over the country, and those who are seeking the end of wisdom flock to them for advice.

The word "proselyting" is unknown to the Swami, for he is taught that God is the divine mother, and all things are a manifestation of the divine motherhood. The worm that crawls is his "little brother"; in every sect, in every church, he sees only the seeker after wisdom.

At the close of the Parliament of Religions, Swami Vivekananda began a course of lectures in New York which continued without interruption until 1896 when he was succeeded by Swami Saradananda, who came from Calcutta to carry on the work. Upon the latter's return to India, in 1898, the Vedanta work had increased so rapidly, and its followers were so seriously convicted, that the brilliant young teacher, Swami Abhedananda, then lecturing in London, was invited to New York. Shortly after his arrival, and following a series of lectures throughout the States, the Vedanta Society was regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Headquarters for the office and the library were established, enormous quantities of Vedanta literature were published and circulated, and the lectures were transfered from rented halls to the handsome and appropriate building, 62 West Seventy-first Street, which edifice is now the settled home of the society.

Swami Abhedananda is in charge of the work. He delivers the Sunday morning discourses, conducts the Yoga classes, while his co-worker, Swami Nirmalananda, takes charge of the daily meditation, as well as a course of Sanskrit which has been recently started. These Swamis, who have been pupils of the holy men in the great temple at Dakshineswara, about four miles north of Calcutta, India, receive their names from their teachers in the temple, as indicative of the qualities through which they can most readily attain the "end of wisdom." In other words, his name denotes his point of contact with the spiritual—the quick path to God.

"Abhedananda" translated is "bliss through unity." "Vivekananda" is "bliss through discretion." "Nirmalananda" indicates in the student or disciple a soul that will most quickly reach bliss, through purity.

The Swamis, as has been already mentioned, are vowed to poverty and abstemiousness. Those who learn from them hold it a sacred duty to see that their modest wants are supplied. They are housed, fed and clothed. As a matter of fact, the Swami in his own country wanders barefooted from hamlet to hamlet, sleeps on the ground, and eats sparingly at his one repast. These spiritual teachers in India are reverenced by the people who gather about them in public places or on the roadside to question them concerning the great truths that lead to wisdom.

"India is the only country in the world where a man can be poor and happy," is the conclusion of Swami Abhenadananda. The Swami is young, buoyant, humorous and healthy. A type of fine manhood. It seems almost incredible that this young Hindu should have willingly sought the long and arduous apprenticeship of twelve or fifteen years necessary to reach the knowledge and self-mastery of the Yogi.

"For years," he continues, "I have slept under the stars. If I were to do that here I should be considered a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. It is our custom to conform as far as possible to the habits of the country in which we are living, for spiritual wisdom comes from within and is not manifested in the outer man. A member of our 'Vedanta Society' here wished to enjoy the pleasure of walking to California. By the time he had reached Alabama he had excited the suspicions of the authorities as a dangerous man and was arrested and detained until he had proven that his desire to use his two legs instead of a Pullman palace car was a harmless eccentricity."

"We do not proselyte," continued the Swami. "Those who have reached that point in their spiritual growth where they are ready for what we have to give find us without trouble. The door is open. A welcome is assured; the word is spoken. It is only a question of seeking and finding. The spiritual life is one of absolute liberty. There are no rules, no restrictions. What is offered can be refused or accepted. Twelve years ago when our Hindu teachers returned to India from the Parliament of Religion they expressed amazement not at the great commercial enterprise of America—that they did not see—but at the extraordinary spiritual activity of the people. 'Every little village,' they said, 'has three or four churches, each church representing a band of honest souls seeking spiritual enlightenment by different paths. America is in a condition of healthy spiritual fermentation.'"

The Sunday morning lectures have an average attendance of about five hundred, drawn from varied ranks of life. The banker, the broker, the man of letters, the artisan, the woman of fashion, and the wage-earner.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE VEDANTA SOCIETY, 62 W. 71ST STREET.

It is noted at the Society House that there is a large demand for Vedanta literature from miners and ranchmen. It seems that living close to nature develops a quality of introspection that leads to serious speculation. In fact, one cannot tell on what soil the seed will bring forth a sturdy growth. It is related by the librarian that an extensive and costly relay of Vedanta literature was ordered

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.
(BLISS THROUGH DISCRIMINATION), WHO CAME FROM INDIA TO REPRESENT THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS IN 1893.

for a Fifth Avenue mansion. The messenger was amazed when ushered into the presence of the Danish cook who had ordered the books and who announced her earnest desire to join the society.

On another occasion a man in the uniform of a trolley motorman purchased a number of pamphlets not only for himself but for the "boys at the power house!"

The Yoga classes are formed for those who wish to master the arts of concentration and breathing.

The Hindu teacher lays stress on the fact that in breathing the body inhales a certain quantity of "Prana"—the principle of life. In obtaining perfect control of breath one controls this life-sustaining force, and is therefore master of his body. This one faculty of storing "Prana" is known to certain animals and is known to the Yogi who lets himself be buried alive without evil consequences.

From the outward manifestations of nature—the things that are seen—the Hindu seeks to trace the workings of the things that are spiritual and unseen. This is Vendanta, the End of Wisdom.

NEVER ALONE

By Reginald Gourlay

IT was long, long ago, since the crime was committed. I was no millionaire then, but a poor miner in the Rockies, and he—he was my partner.

We had found gold at last in a lonely ravine—enough to make us rich men in a few weeks—after many a month of weary and dangerous prospecting in that barren, awful land.

I can scarcely remember how the quarrel started—about some mere trifle at most—a thing we would have laughed over at any other time; but we were crazed with toil, hunger and excitement—and our revolvers were handy.

I packed his body on one of our horses to a great torrent that wound through one of the neighboring gulches, which carried it off like a feather. Then slowly and in pain, for I was hurt in the arm by one of his bullets, I collected specimens, put up my claim, and then packing specimens enough on his horse, I mounted my own, and leading the other, picked my way slowly down to the plains, and rode to the nearest town to register my claim, and get some solid men for partners, for I was not rich enough to develop it alone.

But always, whatever I did, I had the fancy that the dead man was close beside me, having his say in everything, just as if he was alive. I thought this a mere mad fancy then—I've known better since. Soon I *knew* that he was always with me, invisible but ever at hand. I was an iron-nerved, reckless ruffian then, and at first it wasn't so bad.

"It was a fair fight," I would say to myself. "He drew on me first. Even if the whole thing was known, nothing could be done to me."

But the continued unseen presence was awful—awful even then, when I was young and strong and bold. In everything I did—in everything I planned—that unseen presence was behind me, that subtle whisper was ever in my ear, urging, suggesting, commanding, and always to evil, not from a worldly point of view, for nearly always his diabolical plans led to financial success, but always through evil ways.

What he fought for was to wreck my soul.

Well, I interested capitalists, and developed the mine. It brought me in great wealth. I increased it. I embarked in many speculations—always driven—always haunted—by my terrible adviser.

I became a multimillionaire—one of the richest men in America, and one of the most hated—and with reason. Yet I swear before Heaven that every evil deed, every cruel grinding down of the poor, every great financial scheme of mine that made thousands of widows and orphans beggars, was his doing, not mine.

At first I tried hard to resist him. It was no use, and he grew stronger and stronger as I grew older and weaker. And the dreadful horror of his presence, and of his devilish promptings, grew more awful as the hour when I must die and meet him face to face drew nearer and nearer.

It was he that made me wreck those railroads and spread wide ruin over six States. It was *he* that urged me on, and kept me from doing what was just during the great strike in my iron works, where fifty starving workmen were shot down like dogs, and their wives and children left penniless to the cold and famine of the coming winter.

At last, here in Paris, this last fatal illness fell upon me. And then—then the presence became unbearably horrible. I could feel its hand on my shoulder. I could hear its footsteps behind me; it knew that its prey was almost in its grasp, and exulted.

Then in despair, I consulted some of

the greatest doctors and specialists of this great and wise city. I spoke of the horror that beset me, and asked if they could help me. You see, I clung (though my reason—though my soul knew better) to a faint hope that this thing might be the offspring of monomania—of a touch of madness.

And they talked to me as scientists and school men talk. They spoke of the hallucinations of an overworked brain—of nervous prostration, and such jargon of the schools.

So (it was but yesterday) I received them in a small unfurnished room, the floor of which I had covered an inch deep with fine sand. They came, four of them.

"Tell me," I said, to the eldest and greatest of them, as he stood at the threshold, "what marks see you in the sand just behind me?"

"The prints," he said, turning pale, "of two naked human feet."

I moved towards them.

"What follows me?" said I.

"Still," he said, shuddering, "the prints of naked human feet!"

"Now, tell me," I shrieked, "shall I ever be alone?"

And the school men gave a low cry, and fled panic-stricken from my apartments.

Enough! There is no help for me! As I write these lines, I know I must die in a day or two at most—and *he*—he is in the room with me.

SHAKESPEARE AS NEWS

By Edgar White

"THE Sunday editor, like Pilate, is often perplexed about what's best to be done," remarked Ed. R. Hughes, sporting editor of the Daily and Sunday *Times*, of Seattle, who was here on his annual furlough this week. "Ours bumped up against something he thought was a great idea a few weeks ago, and turned the whole force loose on it. In the *Times* office the conception is now known among those who will discuss it as 'by cable from Shakespeare.' Some erratic Chicago editor had turned the trick first, and our editor, supposing it had worked all right there would go on the coast just as well. The scheme was simply to feature Shakespeare's tragedies under the modern rules for handling a big news story. The police reporter caught 'Julius Cæsar." 'The Merchant of Venice' was passed out to me. 'Othello' went to the society editress. The man who helps me on the prize fights drew 'Romeo and Juliet' out of the assignment grab-bag. The balance was divided sights unseen among the reporters, stenographers and sub-editors. I think the office boy had a take, but don't know what he did with it. Still reading it, I guess.

"The boys kicked on the scheme because it meant extra work. The Sunday editor told 'em he'd put their names at the bottom of their stuff, and that they'd be famous as Shakespeare himself if they took pains and spelled the words right.

"Well, we hammered away at the thing, each fellow following his natural bent on style and slang, and turned the mess in. The head-writer did himself proud. Cæsar was 'Stabbed in the Forum,' on the first line, and the second explained that it was a vital spot. Over my gem he tried a pun about an old Jew who 'Sold his Soul for a Pound of Flesh.' 'Monarch Offers to Swap Kingdom for a Horse' was the way the head genius started 'Richard III.' 'The Bride of Death' was the title introducing the love story of 'Romeo and Juliet.'

"The mixture made a page and under six-decked heads, topped off 'By Special

Cable from Europe' in red paint it looked like something might be doing in Seattle when the circulators had completed their early morning tramp.

"The editor told us to knock around and see how it took with the people. I dropped in on a merchant friend in the forenoon and he opened the ball himself.

"'Hell was poppin' in Europe yesterday,' he said.

"'Yes,' I remarked, encouragingly.

"'Blamed outrage of them Nihilists killing that man Cæsar the way they did,' he went on; 'from what I gather he was one of the greatest presidents that miserable country ever had.'

"Then I saw the date had escaped him and as far as he was concerned Shakespeare might as well have put in his time shoeing mules.

"'Did you read the cable from Venice?' I asked, being personally curious to know how 'Shylock' took.

"'About that Jew per cent. man? Well, I reckon, and of all the fakes I ever run across that was the prize offering. Now, say—you're a fellow of some sense if you are just a sporting chap—what do you think of a man giving his hide as security? And that girl in man's clothes coming into court and pronouncing a sentence without regard to judge, jury or witness—why, it's the thinnest rot I ever heard of. They'd give a nigger in Alabama more show than that. Do you fellers pay telegraph on that sort of stuff? Why, you couldn't make even a digger Indian believe it was so!'

"I moved on. The next man took exceptions to the ghost in 'Hamlet,' and said he guessed the old world would begin cabling stories from Mother Goose by and by. Some read it and took it all in without question. These discussed it excitedly. I never met a man who had bothered about the date of the terrible happenings. They noticed that the whole saturnalia was across the water somewhere, and skipping the first paragraph, dived head first into the meat of the horror. To them it was fresh and startling. It didn't occur to them that there was anything odd in the fighting being done with battle-axes, pikes and spears, and that there was more talk of castles and moats than houses.

"The paper found it necessary next day to explain the source of its 'scoop.' It had to be done to allay the anxiety of those who had relatives in the Fatherland.

"From that time on I never heard a citizen say a word about it. I think the people rather resented the idea of firing Shakespeare at them that way, and the more I think of it the more fixed is my belief that they have a cause of action.

"Every writer about the office is doing his best to forget the whole thing, but there's one fellow who won't put it away till we hang him. About the time the forms are closing on the Sunday morning edition the foreman sings up through the tube:

"'Any cable from A-von to-night?'

"He thinks Avon's a town, but as we all know what he means it's just as annoying as if he said Stratford."

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

A SCENE FROM "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By Geo. C. Jenks

IT is not for nothing that we speak of the "eternal feminine." Endless are the possibilities of woman for good—and evil, and infinite are the opportunities she affords the professional dramatist in his efforts to produce a play that will grip the soul, or at least hold the attention for two hours.

It is strange that playmakers do not seize these opportunities oftener. While it is safe to say that nine out of ten dramas are built upon the foundation of a woman's weakness or strength, or both combined, it is equally true that eight of those nine dramas have the fundamental weakness of false premises, or present truths in unattractive aspect. Either shortcoming is fatal in stage literature.

There are a few contemporary playwrights who know women. Pre-eminent among these gifted seers—on this side of the Atlantic—is Clyde Fitch. In making a woman for one of his plays, his touch always is that of a deft artisan. His understanding of her is sympathetic. He compels himself to make her point of view his own. He knows her little fads and twists. While appreciative of the greatness of her moral nature, he is not blind to the trifles of her every-dav existence. In brief, she is always the woman, even though she may be a tragedy queen at some great moment when her emotions are stirred to a climax.

This and much more to the same purpose comes to the mind in connection with "The Woman in the Case," the most effective offering from Clyde Fitch since he wrote "The Climbers." Simple story that it is, it bears the impress of original treatment. The means used to demonstrate the devotion of Margaret Rolfe

SCENE FROM "ABIGAIL."

to a husband who is, after all, only a commonplace individual, are startling, if not downright audacious. Yet they seem plausible enough as set forth by the dramatist.

A man named Philip Long has been shot mysteriously. Through the machinations of a blonde young woman who blooms in the electric lights of the Tenderloin, the bosom friend of Philip, Julian Rolfe, is arrested, charged with homicide. Julian has just returned from a honeymoon trip of three weeks, and is in poor health, threatened with pneumonia. The blonde young woman's name is Claire Forster. At one time Julian had been under her influence, as he confesses to his wife and a lawyer who is also a close friend of the couple. It is shown that Philip might have married Claire but for the influence of Julian. That is reason enough for her hating him vindictively.

The young husband is dragged from his home at night and taken to the Tombs. You see the waiting room of the jail in the second act of "'The Woman in the Case," and a gruesome place it is. Margaret Rolfe here learns that Claire holds the key to the mystery of Philip's death, and overhears her boast to the lawyer, Mr. Tompson, that she can cause the conviction of Julian.

It is now that Margaret decides on a course which probably never would have occurred to her without the aid of Clyde Fitch. She will go to Claire Forster's house, take a flat there, and become one of the circle to which that volatile young woman belongs. So we see her in the next act, smoking cigarettes, using coarse language and drinking champagne with an abandon that finally deceives Claire, suspicious as she is with all the depth of her cunning nature. The purpose of Margaret has been explained to the audience. She means to worm herself into the confidence of Claire Forster, and extract from her a confession that Julian did not kill Phil Long.

The wife wins. Claire becomes intoxicated and admits that the man killed himself. Then Margaret throws herself upon the wretched creature, driveling in alcoholic sentimentality, and chokes her with such hearty good-will that apparently it is only the opportune presence of the lawyer, coming in from an adjoining room, that prevents a homicide there and then.

This is the story of "The Woman in the Case," told lucidly by Mr. Fitch, and splendidly enacted by Blanche Walsh and her company. It is refreshing to see Miss Walsh in a clean play, after the horrors of "Resurrection." True, the pres-

GRACE GEORGE, AS "ARIGAIL."

entation of a Tenderloin flat and midnight orgy does not suggest anything wholesome, but the scene of debauchery is so entirely subordinated by the dramatic reason of its presentation that you accept it as a necessary frame to an artistic living picture. That it is not offensive must be credited primarily to the dramatist, who is telling a vital story in a powerful way, and after that to the convincing representation of Margaret Rolfe by Blanche Walsh. The sympathy of the audience for the devoted wife throws the flat and all it implies into the background.

There is no use in dwelling on the fact that Blanche Walsh is one of the few women stars who hold their position by right of talent. I believe the first time I ever saw her on the stage was when she played Queen Elizabeth, to the Amy Robsart of Marie Wainwright. From that day to this, she has always been the thoroughly *safe* actress. There never could be a question whether any certain rôle would fit her. She has not required

MRS. LESLIE CARTER,
AS THE BLIND PRINCESS IN "ADREA."

her playwright to make parts to measure for her. She fits herself to the character, instead, whether she plays a British queen of Shakespeare's time, a Du Maurier model in Paris, an outcast in Russia or a true-hearted American wife in New York. It is because she is so thorough an artist that I would not venture to say she never appeared to greater advantage than in "The Woman in the Case," whatever I may think.

Dorothy Dorr, as Claire Forster, gives a dreadfully life-like study of maudlin drunkenness in her one important scene, and for the time holds the audience so firmly that not a sound is to be heard in the theatre except the thick tones of the champagne-soaked cocotte as she tells the truth about the death of Philip Long. It is a fine bit of character work.

Robert Drouet plays the husband like a gentleman. That is about all that is required of him. George Fawcett is impressive as the astute bachelor lawyer, Tompson, and Samuel Edwards amusing as the racketty old "rounder," Louis Klauffsky.

Grace George is fortunate in her new play, "Abigail." This for several reasons. One is that the title rôle fits her charming personality, another that she has an opportunity to develop a character not cut-and-dried, and still another that it is a box-office success. It is hardly likely that the commercial side of it appeals particularly to her, but it does to her manager, shrewd W. A. Brady, so it is all in the family.

So far as the principal character is concerned, "Abigail" is essentially a drama of evolution. When you see her gradually expand from a prim little New England girl, in the first act, into a self-possessed, stylish New Yorker, in the fourth, the process is so smooth that you take it as a matter of course, unless you compel yourself to remember that the young woman is an actress, who has wrought out the development by well-weighted method, aided by the elusive gift we call "artistic sense."

The timid country maid, who laughs nervously when spoken to, and is generally overwhelmed by the boisterous camaraderie of the artist crowd that make a public thoroughfare of her bedroom when she first comes to New York, has become almost one of them three months

Photo by Sarony.
JULIA DEAN,
AS HELEN SHERWOOD IN "THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA."

later. Some of her Massachusetts scruples still cling to her, but lightly. She shrinks from being embraced by a young man while trying the "two-step," but is anxious to learn to dance, notwithstanding.

She is growing into metropolitanism, and is evidently none the worse for it. In the three months she has discovered that the young men with long, shaggy hair, and funny slouch hats and neckties, and the girls who paint or write, call a spade a spade, and refer to themselves as "Bohemians," are more harmless than they look, and that their good nature is more real than their apparent affection for baggy clothes and general disregard of conventionalities.

When we find Abigail, in the fourth act, in a luxurious home in "Millionaires' Row" up town, magnificently gowned, and with all the rough edges gone, we are not astonished that she fits so easily into her new sphere. We can see in it the natural outcome of her own quick understanding, based on her New England common sense, and fostered by conditions set forth in the play. The fact that she has become the possessor of twelve million dollars by inheritance is only incidental to her social cultivation.

The story of "Abigail" is simple, and the author—a brother of Haddon Chambers, who prefers to call himself Kellett Chalmers in dramatic authorship—has worked it out in simple fashion. John Kent, who deserves the nickname of "Booby," given to him by a plain-spoken young artist woman named Sylvia McCann, thinks he is in love with a singing teacher, Theodora Robbins. He entrusts Sylvia with many bunches of violets to be given to Theodora, but Sylvia somehow allows them to fall into the hands of Abigail, who supposes they are intended for her. She has fallen in love with John Kent—for some inscrutable reason, for he is a good deal of a cad—and is delighted with the violets.

In one bunch Kent has stuck a note,

Photo by Sarony.
MABEL TALIAFERRO,
AS DOLLY IN "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Photo by Sarony.

EDWARD MORGAN,
AS JOHN HARKLESS IN "THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA."

bearing the fateful words, "I love you." Abigail finds the note, and responds to the message by falling into the arms of the young man. He has not the nerve to undeceive her at the time, and complications arise which are disentangled by his brutally plain disavowal three months later. This gives Miss George an opportunity for her "strong third act scene." It is effective enough, but nothing like so convincing as the climax of the second, when she believes she is loved by the confounded jackass who does not seize his happiness until the final curtain.

Everything comes right at the end, of course. The dénouement is brought about by a capital telephoning episode, in which Miss George proves that the overworked stage telephone can be used without being tiresome under rare happy circumstances. This telephoning is one of the best things in the play.

Louise Closser, as Sylvia McCann, the artist, gives a picture to the stage that certainly is new, because it is not exaggerated. Girl painters have been seen in other plays, but you could not believe in them as you can in Sylvia. Selene Johnson, as the music teacher; Mrs. Hone, as the icy society matron, Mrs. Gormally, and Annie Woods, as the rough-and-ready, loquacious keeper of the cheap boarding-house, are all people you remember afterward.

Photo by Coover, Chicago.
CHRYSTAL HERNE, IN "RICHTER'S WIFE."

Among the men there is nothing better than the Featherstone Wilkes of Henry Mills (he used to be "Harry" in his "Girl I Left Behind Me" days). Wilkes is a good-natured, wealthy chap, such as is welcome in a studio or anywhere else. You ought to see him giving Abigail a dancing lesson. It is worth the price of admission. Joseph Coyne, as the ricketty Duke of Gadsbrook, is so amusing that you are sorry he is only in the last act. It is a burlesque, perhaps, but so laughable that you take it at its face value, and are glad to get it. "Abigail" is peculiar in that it is a play without a "leading man," as the expression is ordinarily understood. Conway Tearle is the John Kent, but he is not particularly interesting, and Arthur Forrest, as a colorless young man, is hardly worth while.

"Abigail" is well staged, as are all Mr. Brady's productions, and the artist's studio, designed and arranged by Kate Carew, is a feast of color and graceful decorations.

In building a comedy from the Gibson pictures of "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Augustus Thomas has done his usual adroit work. It is as smooth as the drawings themselves. The Pipp family might almost have stepped from the pages of the periodical in which they first appeared. Not only do Mr. and Mrs. Pipp, and their two tall daughters, look as if they had been carefully selected and dressed by the artist—as indeed they were—but their characters have been trimmed so intelligently by the dramatist, that you do not experience the disappointment which often comes from the staging of folk you have known and

MISS MARION DRAUGHN,
ONE OF THE GIBSON GIRLS IN "THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP."

liked in print.

Digby Bell, as Mr. Pipp, has recalled the henpecked husband he used to play in comic opera, and dressed him in modern clothes. The rest is easy for him. Mr. Pipp is only Don Bolero, of "Giroflé-Girofla," after all. He comes from Pittsburg, it is true, but he might have been born and raised in Spain, just as well.

Kate Denin Wilson, who is the Mrs. Pipp, is the ambitious, vulgar matron she has represented in so many other comedies in the course of her career, and a capital characterization it is. She and Mr. Bell are the real Gibson people. The same may be said of the young women who represent the daughters—Janet Beecher and Marion Draughn.

The other characters are Mr. Thomas's

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS,
IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT."

LOUISE LOVELL.
PLAYING ROSIE IN "MERELY MARY ANN."

entirely. Count Charmarot, the rascally French adventurer, who is teaching Mrs. Pipp his language when the curtain goes up, and who is brought to grief only just in time to prevent his robbing the Pipps of large sums of money and valuable jewels, and who would have married Mrs. Pipp if his scheme to poison Mr. Pipp had been successful, belongs to the plot of the play, if not to the Gibson pictures. W. S. St. Clair is the Count, and there is no better work done by any member of the cast.

There is nothing particularly skillful in the plot of "The Education of Mr. Pipp," nor is it as lucidly set forth as in some of the Thomas plays. But that does not matter. It is clear enough for all ordinary purposes, and, after all, the chief reason for the comedy's being at all is to show us J. Wesley Pipp, the retired steel manufacturer, as he is dragged from Pittsburg to Paris, via New York, by his ambitious wife, and to give us the comforting assurance that beautiful and wealthy American girls occasionally are saved from the clutches of bogus counts and malodorous dukes.

"The Education of Mr. Pipp" affords two hours of light, wholesome entertainment, and you can enjoy it even if you never have paid much attention to the Gibson pictures.

Maude Adams, in the short play, "'Op

Photo by Sarony.
EDYTH CARTWRIGHT,
IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT."

o' Me Thumb," has shown us that her art is far-reaching enough to take her away from the gallery of gentle, refined young women into the sordid realms wherein nature itself seems like a caricature. She is a workhouse-raised drudge in a laundry in London, with her poor little love romance shattered and shivered at last.

New York took her to its bosom. The same tale is repeated now in other cities, where " 'Op o' Me Thumb" has repeated again and again the sensation it made at the Empire Theatre in New York.

William Gillette, in a revival of "Sherlock Holmes," is at the Empire Theatre, at present, for a limited engagement. Perhaps the bringing to life of the famous inferential detective in print is responsible to some extent for his coming before the footlights of New York again.

As is usual in the spring, just about Lenten time, there have been several new productions in New York within the last week or two. Among them must be mentioned Mary Mannering, in "Nancy Stair," by Paul M. Potter, at the Criterion; Virginia Harned, in "The Lady Shore," by Lena R. Smith and Mrs. Vance Thompson, at the Hudson; Miss Ellis Jeffreys, from London, in William Boosey and Cosmo Gordon Lennox's comedy, "The Prince Consort," at the New Amsterdam, and Amelia Bingham, in a modern society comedy-drama, "Mlle. Marni," by Henri Dumay, at Wallack's.

Special matinée performances have given weary play-goers opportunities to see something different, and sometimes they have found it worth while. This may be said of the presentation of "Richter's Wife," in a series of matinées at the Manhattan, with Julie and Chrystal Herne in the cast. The play was written by Julie. The girls are the daughters of James Herne, who wrote "Shore Acres." Though "Richter's Wife" is hardly the sort of thing that will live, it has some good moments, and suggests that Julie has not been entirely unheedful of her father's methods. The girls are both

Photo by Hall.
FRANCES STARR,
WITH THE CASTLE SQUARE STOCK CO., BOSTON.

Photo by Armstrong, Boston.
NELLETTE REED,
AS PRINCESS MERAH IN "THE SHEPHERD KING."

beautiful and talented, and they made the play more entertaining than it would have been without them, most likely.

"Adrea," with Mrs. Leslie Carter, is still drawing large audiences to the Belasco Theatre, and the same is true of Mrs. Fiske, in "Leah Kleschna," at the Manhattan.

If there is a Bernard Shaw cult in New York, it is due to the increasing popularity of "You Never Can Tell" at the Garrick. By the way, it is worth while to see this comedy a second time if only to admire the finished work of Miss Jeffreys Lewis as Mrs. Clandon, the statuesque British matron, with her own ideas of bringing up children, and especially daughters.

Fritzi Scheff has an opera now in which she seems to have taken a firm hold of the affections of New Yorkers. It is not a new one. Indeed, it is the old-time Von Suppe work, "Boccaccio," in which Miss Scheff appears in the title rôle, with Louis Harrison to help her in the leading comedy part. The Broadway Theatre has been Miss Scheff's home for some months, but it was not until she reached "Boccaccio" that she seemed to have found the particular rôle she wanted.

Du Souchet's breezy farce, "Who Goes There?" held forth at the Princess Theatre with fair success for some weeks. Walter Perkins, Florence Rockwell, Gertrude Swiggert and other stage people of reputation were in the cast. The farce has been on the road all season, but came into New York, as many clever things do, to get a metropolitan endorsement. Having got it, "Who Goes There?" is again making the round of other cities, and successfully, according to all reports.

"Fantana," which has been the attraction at the Lyric for some time, will be at the Casino when the theatre is rebuilt, although "The Earl and the Girl" are also underlined for production at that old-time favorite Broadway house.

By the time this number of the BROAD-

MABEL CARRIER,
IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

THE GREAT CLIMAX ACT OF ADREA.

ADREA DEFIES THE SENATORS AFTER HAVING HERSELF KILLED KARSO TO SAVE HIM FROM DEATH BY THE HORSES.
THE NEW BELASCO PLAY, IN WHICH MRS. LESLIE CARTER IS STARRING IN THE TITLE ROLE,
AND IN WHICH SHE IS WINNING ONE OF THE GREATEST TRIUMPHS OF HER CAREER.

ACT III, "THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP."

ADELAIDE SHARP,
AS THE KID IN "FANTANA."

WAY MAGAZINE is issued it is possible that Thompson & Dundy's new Hippodrome in New York will be open. At this writing it is nearly ready, but not quite.

The opera season closed in a blaze of fashion and financial glory at the box office. The organization is now tapering off prior to its return abroad with a few weeks in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Under the Grau regime this work was sandwiched during the regular New York season, the company making hurried trips to the provinces on "off nights." This method led to a series of bronchial troubles, not to mention disorganization in the cast unknown since the management of the German impressario. It is announced that the more important of the singers return for next season.

It is fitting at this time to note the death of Mr. A. M. Palmer, the veteran theatrical manager, on March 7, after a day's illness following a stroke of apoplexy. Mr. Palmer had been identified with the development of histrionic art in this country for the past thirty years. Under his auspices many of the most popular and important dramas of the last twenty-five years have been staged and produced with stars discovered and trained through his perspicuity. His last notable act in the theatrical world was the revival of the "Two Orphans" with an all-star cast, which production is now touring the country with great success.

Mr. Palmer was buried on Friday, March 10, from the "Little Church Around the Corner." His pallbearers numbered among them many of the veteran stage managers and actors of the metropolis.

THE ARTIST FINISHING A DEMON HEAD.

A WONDER WORLD OF PAPIER MACHÉ

By Nina Carter Marbourg

IF in any way you doubt the truth of the axiom, "distance lends enchantment," visit New York's wonder shop and change your opinions.

There are objects in this shop that nearly every one has repeatedly seen at a distance, but in all probability never before at close range. Here you find, in all the bareness of the work-a-day world those papier maché wonders that appear in glowing colors across the footlights, or in a circus ring or an extravaganza have been grotesque enough to provoke laughter from a veritable ogre.

In this place, too, when the visitor first opens the door he is filled with a dull feeling of horror, the kind Poe must have known when he wrote "The Black Cat," for all to the layman seems particularly grewsome. Such things as one-man elephants, flying fishes, demon's heads, papier maché giants, mummies, dogs, cats, and various portions of the human anatomy meet your gaze; whether you want to or not you may be forced to wonder whether it was really ten last evening rather than three this morning when you quietly fitted the latch key into the vestibule door. If you are hungering for something new, a sensation that you have not yet experienced, visit the wonder shop. There, for a time, you will find this character of entertainment.

It is in these wonder works that all the papier maché figures that are seen on the stage and in the circus ring are made. Whenever a theatrical manager wants a "property" made of this light, yet dur-

WHEN THE "ONE MAN ELEPHANT" DOESN'T FIT.

able, composition, he takes a trolley to the shop and finds in the work of the shop's master a panacea for his troubled spirit.

This is just what Mr. Richard Mansfield did, when once, only, perhaps, he took a hansom. It all came about in this way: Mr. Arthur Greenaway was playing the part of Julius Cæsar; everything was progressing satisfactorily in the company when suddenly a ripple appeared in the lake—Mr. Greenaway struck. This actor absolutely refused to lie on a bier for the dear public; he declared that as he had established a reputation for being a careful and conscientious actor, he would not mar that fair name by having his olfactory nerves play him false and make the dead Cæsar sneeze; neither did he wish to betray to the audience that, most of the time when he was supposed to be dead, after that last unkind cut, he was really thinking of something very humorous, and as his risibles might yield to the tugging of his nerves and produce a grin on the face of the dead emperor, he absolutely refused to play the part of Cæsar after he had ceased to live.

This being the situation Brutus Mansfield and Cæsar Greenaway hied themselves to the papier maché shop; here a mask was taken of Mr. Greenway's face, his measurements entered in the "dummy book," and an order left for a figure of Cæsar to be made to correspond exactly to the proportions of the striking actor.

The figure was made, and now there certainly exists a ghost in the Mansfield company, and when he is not walking or fooling the dear public, he is folded in a very little bundle and put away with the other properties. This manikin is jointed; the papier maché form covers a jointed and fully articulated wooden manikin, such as you often find in the artist's studio. So perfect was the result of the experiment that not even the actor's best friends knew that it was a papier maché dummy rather than Cæsar Greenaway who occupied the bier.

The construction of a papier maché figure is not at all as simple a matter as

CONSTRUCTING THE HINDOO GOD, "GANESHA."

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING IN "WONDERLAND."

it may seem. For instance the figures must all be so substantial that they can stand a great many hard knocks; they must not be too heavy, for many times they are worn throughout an entire evening. Above all, a perfect fit is required.

Mr. Walker, the wonder man, is not only papier maché figure builder, but is necessarily artist and sculptor. He is a sculptor, because the first step in setting up a figure is that of making a clay statuette; this is done on the regular inch to the foot scale that all sculptors employ in making a figure. When this miniature model has been completed, it is then enlarged to the desired proportions; from this clay figure is taken a plaster mould; the clay is then destroyed. From the plaster mould is cast a second figure; this being placed in the "property gallery" to be kept in case something may happen to the original mould.

After the hollow and seemingly shapeless mould taken from the clay figure has been made, the real papier maché work begins. Of course the mould is in several pieces just as you find it in case of a piece of statuary. If an amateur undertakes to fit a papier maché mould together he makes a very dismal failure, for nothing in this world of wonders is quite so grewsome as a misconstructed figure.

To proceed with the papier maché work, the first layer of paper is a cream-colored glazed sheet; this is soaked in water and when perfectly pliable is placed in the mould. In laying this first sheet most of the difficulty is encountered. There must not be a wrinkle in it; neither must there be a hole. Some times an expert must lay many "first sheets" before he obtains a perfect result.

When this sheet is laid, then it is covered with a paste made especially for the work; quickly, before the paste dries, another yellow sheet is pressed to the mould, and so on, layer after layer, first of paste, then paper, until there are eight layers. After this several sheets of newspaper are used; then the last paper is heavier than the rest that it may hold the

THE PAPIER MACHÉ DEAD CAESAR.

lighter pieces in form. When this is done the mould is set away to dry. In two days' time the paper has shrunken away from the mould, and the papier maché figure is lifted from the cast, the various portions assembled and carefully stitched together; then the figure is set up in the studio.

We have seen the papier maché man as sculptor and paper moulder; now we find him playing the rôle of artist, and he enters his studio with paint pots and brushes and sets to work coloring the figure.

To color an artificial cat of immense proportions and still have it look natural is somewhat difficult. It takes a great deal of time, study and patience to accomplish this last part of the work; but when it is complete and a cat's head rests on an iron standard, its white teeth gleaming at you and its brilliant paper eyes flashing as they catch the sun's rays, then you say it is worth the effort and time.

Now, the man in the papier maché shop does not always find things clear sailing. There was a flurry among the giants and lilliputians not long ago when the one-man elephant didn't fit. This one-man elephant didn't fit because the man for whom it was made was ill when he should have been measured for the animal. He sent another man in his stead. As luck would have it the substitute had a longer back than he who was to play the part, so when the real man appeared the elephant didn't fit at all, and there was nothing to do but piece him out and patch him up as best as possible, for the company went out of town that night. In fact, it was a very gay and giddy elephant that appeared on the stage, for to cover up the lacking four inches of papier maché elephant it had been necessary to use a decoration of red, green and gold cloth. He looked not unlike a perambulating cozy corner in disguise.

You know, after all, a one-man elephant, or a cat, or a wolf, or cow, or any other animal made of papier maché doesn't see out of its papier maché eyes at all, but out of all sorts of places where you would not expect to find eyes. The

GILDING PAPIER-MACHÉ IDOL.

TAKING A CAST FROM AN IDOL.

eye in the one-man elephant is generally just over its trunk; that is where the man's eyes usually come. The place cut to enable air to enter is under the trunk; each orifice is covered with a screening and so carefully colored that you may not perceive that there is the least aperture. A calf's eye is in the middle of his head; in fact he is a very Cyclops of a calf, and when it comes to a cat, sometimes tabby sees through her mouth or under her chin; no telling where a man's head is going to come, for some have long necks and some short; all this must be taken into consideration by the man who makes the paper shell.

There are five little wolves' heads in the shop that Mr. Walker prizes highly; these are the original heads made for Davy Crocket Mayo, and well may Mr. Walker feel as he does regarding them, for if ever there was a much-loved actor it was Frank Mayo, and there is something about those dusty wolves' heads that means more than all the other wonders combined. Such is the power of sentiment.

There is a department in this shop that is peculiarly interesting, for it belongs to a portion of an industry that few persons know of: in this room idols are manufactured for exportation.

That idols are worshipped in some countries we all know, but that they should be made in our United States and exported seems weird and almost uncanny; yet such is the case, and here in the very heart of the metropolis gods for the heathens are every day being made.

It has been found that such figures can be made in the United States at far less expense than in any other country. In England there was once an idol factory, but this failed inasmuch as the idols made there were of metals and the shipping rates were high. An enterprising man introduced the idol manufacturing here not so very long ago and since that time the trade has been flourishing.

These idols are made for China, Japan

MAKING A DESIGN FOR AN AFRICAN IDOL.

and India, some are sent to Africa, but the greatest idol consumers are the East Indians, and many a strange god do they worship.

The desire for wisdom with these people seems great, although apparently they make but little effort, save that of praying, to obtain it. Their god Ganesha, part elephant, part man, the God of Wisdom, is immensely popular, and many of these idols are made in this shop.

In Japan the demand for the idols is not so great. The work must be very fine on the gods sent to that country of little men. They will not accept the goods that the Hindoos will praise. Their gods, in fact, must be in form and workmanship quite perfect.

All the gods sent to Japan have the appearance of work done in bronze. This effect is obtained by using a shellac and a dark powder. The result is very satisfactory indeed, and only when placed beside a bronze work can the difference be distinguished.

The models for the Japanese idols are generally obtained from abroad; but sometimes they are found here. In the Yamanaka collection are several very exquisite pieces of work. Plaster moulds have been taken from these and from them the papier maché work has been done. Four men are required to move one of the smaller bronze idols in the Yamanaka collection, while the idol reproduced in papier maché can be carried by a child. Of course the papier maché idols are not made for the temples. They are used in household shrines and in home decoration.

Not long ago this maker of gods received an order from Africa for a figure which might be used by one of the missionaries. She wanted a figure that would represent light and unity, one with which she could gradually wean her followers from their belief. She had found that to gain their confidence she must work slowly and not denounce their religion, but present different methods of worship to them.

The idol maker was in a quandary for a minute, but fortunately he has a very obliging hall boy, and an ingenious artist who attends to the making of the new designs. Both artist and hall boy were called in consultation, and the result was, that an old candelabra served to hold in one hand and a fancy lamp globe, spherical in shape—that it might represent unity—in the other, and with this the artist set to work. The result was that a figure of a black god, holding in one hand a seven-tipped candlestick, and in the other a sphere, was sent to Africa, and the report was satisfactory.

AN APRIL SNOW-STORM

By Aloysius Coll

The bloom was on the apple bough,
  And a bloom on my lady's lips
And the fire of April in the touch
  Of her dainty finger tips;
For a trial of her budding heart
  I thought it not amiss
To pluck a blossom—for a sign—
  And tease *it* for a kiss!

"Queen of the springtime orchard folk,"
  I pleaded soft and low,
"Let me print a kiss on your blushing cheek,
  And one on your brow of snow?"
No answer spoke the timid flower
  That trembled in my hand—
My lady said: "I'll speak for it—
  It cannot understand!"

When she made her proxy answer, turned
  With a maiden's subtle art,
I knew that she had read the wish
  I had hinted from my heart:
"Be true," she said, "the summer through,
  Till the snow is come again,
And the boon that you have craved—perhaps
  You shall not ask in vain!"

Then came a little stir of wind;
  The orchard grass was sown
With the fallen petals, by the breeze
  Through the apple branches blown—
"Winter again!" my lady cried,
  With accent sweet and plain;
"Behold how fast the flakes of snow
  Whiten the ground again!"

A MARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENT

By Mary Barrett Howard

MISS MYRA PETTINGILL, on her way home from "evenin' meeting," paused irresolutely in front of the lighted windows of a small shop.

"I know it's awful wicked to encourage that heathen Chinee in his sabbath breaking by buying a newspaper of him," she murmured to herself, "but I shan't get a wink of sleep to-night if I don't decide on something I can do for a living, and they do say that a body can find most any kind of a situation advertised in the New York *Sunday*. I wish't Miss Jones hadn't stopped me comin' out of meetin' to tell me that since Mr. Dodge's books have been examined they find there ain't five cents on a dollar to pay the creditors. And me with every cent I got in the world in that busted bank! Seems 's if she might of waited till to-morrow; troubles don't look so big by daylight. But that's Susan Jones all over; she can't never let the sun go down on her without lettin' her friends know all the bad news that's comin' to 'em."

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the opening of the shop door to admit a customer, and Miss Myra, catching her breath, dashed desperately into what seemed to her a veritable haunt of iniquity, for the place was filled with men who were purchasing tobacco, fruit, confectionery and the city papers as nonchalantly as if it were not the Sabbath, a day which all her peaceful, uneventful life the little spinster had "remembered to keep holy." She gasped once or twice before she managed to ejaculate the words "The New York *Sunday*," and her fingers trembled nervously as she counted out seven cents from a collection of small coins tied into the corner of her handkerchief. The Chinese proprietor, a worthy man according to his lights, beamed blandly upon her as he handed her the paper, whose lurid colored supplement, covered with grinning red and black imps, seemed to poor Miss Myra's affrighted vision fit symbols of the depths of humiliation and suffering into which she had been plunged by this sudden change from modest affluence to downright poverty.

She hurried home, and not even pausing to remove her bonnet, she laid the voluminous sheets on her little mahogany center table, and turned eagerly to the "want" columns, giving a sigh of satisfaction at the length of those under the caption of "Help wanted; female."

"I can find a situation to suit me here, for certain," she mused, "and I'll write a letter and apply for it this very night."

A few minutes later she threw down the paper with a gesture of despair.

"My soul and body!" she exclaimed, "there don't nobody want no one but girls under twenty-five, an' me thirty-nine my last birthday. I think that's a great note! Here I be stronger and better able to work than ever I was when I was a girl, an' I'm sure I've got a sight more sense, and yet those city people won't have me 'cause I ain't some giddy young thing with no responsibility 'tall. What am I a-goin' to do? I can't never earn my livin' in this little town where everybody does their own work."

She rested her elbows on the table despondently, and as she did so, her eye was caught by an advertisement marked "personal," which ran as follows:

"A lonesome rancher, aged twenty-two, living in Western Kansas, wants a wife; a lively, pretty, slim blonde in her teens. She will have an easy time, for he's well off and has a Chink to do the housework. Photographs exchanged. Box 199, Sunday Office."

"Land o' Liberty!" snorted Miss Myra, "the fools ain't all dead yet! What kind of a girl will that feller get for a wife? Some huzzy that's no better than she should be, I'll warrant. He'll wish he'd stayed lonesome. Anyhow, that ain't what ails him. He thinks he's lonesome, but prob'ly he's got despepsy with no one but a Chinee to cook fer him. I've a good mind to answer that advertisement and give that foolish feller a piece of my mind, and offer to come out there and keep house for him."

Then she shook her head, dejectedly. "It wouldn't do a mite of good. He'd never answer a letter unless 'twas from someone like that pert minx he's wrote about." The next instant, struck by a sudden thought, she cried: "Why shouldn't I write to him and purtend I'm that kind of a girl? If I could see him once, I'd risk makin' him see what an awful reckless thing it is to advertise for a wife, an' if he could once get a taste of my cookin' he'd never want any other, though I say it as shouldn't. Mr. Atkins was preachin' this very night on everybody havin' some mission, and I shouldn't wonder one mite if this was mine. That ranchman may be awful mad at me for deceivin' him, but I'll tell him I done it for his own good, and that I'll be a real mother to him."

Whereupon Miss Myra, with a "do or die" expression of countenance, proceeded to write a letter in which she represented herself as the embodiment of the ranchman's ideal wife. But on re-reading the advertisement to make sure she had the correct address, she noticed the paragraph relating to the exchange of photographs, which she had overlooked, and for a moment she gave way to discouragement. She arose to regard herself gloomily in her little mirror which reflected the image of a stout, comely, middle-aged woman with brown hair and eyes.

"I s'pose I could have a picture taken that would look young enough," she meditated, "for Smilem is a great one for flattering folks up. Miss Jones' last one doesn't look a mite over twenty, though she's fifty odd, I'll bet a cooky. But that rancher wants a slim girl, and I don't s'pose even Smilem could pare me down so 't I'd look slim——"

She broke off abruptly, and running into the chilly "best parlor," returned with the portrait of a pretty, roguish-looking girl.

"I declare," she said, scrutinizing it sharply, "if this ain't the very thing. I'm sure niece Marion's pretty and highfaluting enough to suit any man, and as she lives way off down South, that ranchman couldn't trace her out even if he wanted to after he's had a taste of my cooking."

Two weeks earlier this woman would have deemed it inconceivable that she could take such a step as she was now contemplating. But Miss Myra's pride was her strongest characteristic; it warped an otherwise well-balanced nature, and made her begin the weaving of a tangled web of deceit, rather than appeal to her friends for help and counsel in her misfortune.

In less time than she had thought possible, she received an answer to her letter, accompanied by a photograph of a handsome young fellow in rancher's costume. Her photograph, the writer said, more than realized his expectations, and he would have come at once to claim her, but that it was impossible for him to be absent from the ranch for so long a time at that season of the year. He hoped, however, that she would not keep him waiting, and he enclosed a sum of money for her expenses to Topeka, where he would meet her, and they would be married, going on together to her new home. "If, when you see me," the writer added, "you do not like my looks, I will furnish you with money for your return and no harm done."

"What's the matter of his looks?" mused Miss Myra. "I don't see no sign of a hair lip—but that's neither here nor there, for as I ain't a-goin' to marry him I don't care if he's homely as a hedge fence."

She thereupon sold off her household goods and made her other preparations for departure with skill and despatch, for she was not wanting in executive ability, maintaining throughout a reserve as to her future plans that drove the more curious of her friends to the verge of madness. The utmost that her questioners could elicit was that she was going West to live, possibly for years, so that when one bright June day she waved farewell to a group of acquaintances from the windows of a Pullman sleeper, she left her native village a seething caldron of baffled curiosity.

Miss Myra, in spite of her years, was fond of good clothes, and she had devoted a part of the proceeds of her sale to the purchase of a complete outfit from one of the big city department stores, so that during the long journey many glances of approval were turned on the modish brown traveling suit that was so becoming to the wearer's brown hair and eyes and the wholesome flush on her cheeks.

When she stepped off the train at Topeka, the girlish flush had faded, and she was as pale as the white carnation which the ranchman had asked her to wear as an additional mark of identification. In spite of her valorous attempts to revive her courage by reminding herself of her "mission" to save a foolish young fellow from an awful fate, it was not an easy thing to present this man with a "mother" instead of the wife of his dreams. She clutched nervously at the photograph of the handsome young rancher and looked anxiously around for the original. She saw no one at all resembling it, however, and she was feeling more and more forlorn and deserted when she caught sight of a tall, sunburnt man with iron-grey hair, who also held a photograph in his hand, and who was gazing eagerly at the passers-by. To her amazement he wore in his buttonhole a white carnation. For a moment she hesitated; then, her woman's wit suggesting a solution of the problem, she marched boldly up to him, demanding:

"Be you John Martin's pa?"

The man stared at her in unbounded astonishment. Then, espying the white carnation on her breast, he stammered:

"Where's Myra Pettingill—ain't she comin'? Be you her ma?"

"No, I ain't—I'm her!" snapped Miss Myra, crossly.

The ranchman's jaw dropped. "And I'm him," he said, dazedly.

"Well, of all wonders!" cried Miss Myra, "you're fifty if you're a day. If you ain't the deceivin'est——" She checked herself abruptly. She was hardly in a position to throw stones at this perjured individual.

The ranchman was magnanimous. He made no retort, but explained, apologetically:

"I know it was an awful tricky thing to do, but it's so lonesome out there on the ranch, and I thought if I could get some pretty young girl, one kinder playful and kittenish, it would make things real lively."

Miss Myra sniffed contemptuously.

"I never knew any girls, and I was too busy to hunt one up. I was afraid if I told how old I was in the advertisement, that no one would answer; but I thought if I could once get her to come out here, I might coax her to marry me even if I am an old fellow," and the ranchman straightened his broad shoulders with conscious pride.

"But it is all right as it is," he said, manfully concealing his disappointment. "You're a real pleasant-appearing lady, Miss Myra, and now we'll go over to the minister's and get married."

Miss Myra sat down heavily on the nearest bench.

"I'll have you to understand," she exclaimed, with righteous indignation, "that I've been a church member for twenty year in good and regular standin', and I didn't come out here to marry no man that I never set eyes on before."

"By—thunder!" ejaculated the ranchman, helplessly. "What did you come out for, then?"

"Well," began Miss Myra, "of course I didn't s'pose you was such a deceivin'—I mean I s'posed you wan't but twenty-two, and I figured out that if you didn't have no one but a Chinee to cook for you, you prob'ly wasn't love-sick 'tall, but your stommick was upset by heathen messes, and you'd mistook the symptoms or lonesomeness. So I thought I'd come out here and tell you how awful reckless you was to advertise for a wife, 'cause no decent girl would answer such an advertisement, and then I was goin' to offer to do for you—an'—an' to be a m-mother to you. But you're too old, and I don't know what I shall do," and Miss Myra, burying her face in a very clean pocket handkerchief, burst into tears.

The ranchman bent over her, patting her shoulder with clumsy kindness.

"Now don't feel bad," he said; "why can't you keep house for me just the same, if you don't want to marry me?" There was distinct relief in his face as he spoke, for though Miss Myra was not unattractive, she certainly was far from answering to the specifications which he had sent out.

Miss Myra looked up hopefully; then she blushed doubtfully, for though in her quiet village home social conventions were almost unknown, yet she instinctively felt that it was one thing to "mother" that mythical boy, and another to live on a lonely ranch with a man so near her own age. But as she hesitated, there came to her an inspiration.

"Is there a orphan asylum in this town?" she inquired, with startling abruptness.

The expression of wonderment worn by the rancher ever since his encounter with this remarkable woman, deepened almost to imbecility.

"An orphan asylum?" he repeated, blankly, debating as to whether she was about to propose herself or him as an inmate.

But Miss Myra continued, unheeding:

"If you ain't set on keepin' that Chinee——"

"I ain't,' he responded, with alacrity; "he's the worst cook I ever did see, and the house looks like a hog's nest."

"Jest what I expected," said Miss Myra, with satisfaction. "What wages do you pay?"

"Ten dollars a week," he replied.

"Well, three dollars is considered good wages where I come from, so if you'll get rid of the Chinee, we'll go to the asylum and get an orphan for me to train. You can pay us each three dollars a week, save money and live like a Christian into the bargain. All is," she added, "mebbe they won't let us have an orphan without knowin' us."

"Oh, that'll be all right! They know who I am," he assured her, modestly refraining from mentioning that he was one of the asylum's most generous supporters.

They drove to the asylum and without much difficulty found a girl whom Miss Myra decided looked "real smart and teachable."

Within a week the inefficient Chinaman had been discharged, wonderful changes had been wrought in the appearance of the ranchman's house, and the three people, so strangely brought together, had settled down, as Miss Myra termed it, "to live like folks."

Six months later, the ranchman and Miss Myra were sitting in front of an open fireplace, one of the recent innovations, which gave to the big living-room a cheery, homelike look.

Miss Myra, who was knitting a red "golf jacket," remarked briskly:

"You folks out here are al'ays complainin' of dry weather, so I should think it would be an extra good place to raise turkeys, for the young ones are al'ays gettin' their death o' dampness back East. I believe I'll try my hand at it next summer if you're willin', Mr. Martin."

John Martin had been gazing rather moodily into the fire, but his face brightened as he said, admiringly: "I declare if you don't beat all for having smart ideas, Miss Myra. Of course you shall have turkeys if you want 'em and make all the money you can for yourself by 'em."

She flushed with pleasure at his look and tone, for in these few months Miss Myra had learned to love the kindly ranchman with all the fervor of a warm-hearted woman, who hitherto had had few objects on which to lavish her affections. But the ranchman's face soon lost its animated look, and he turned away from Miss Myra with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Miss Myra, "it wasn't despepsy, after all. He chirked up amazing when I first come and seemed to think my cookin' was jest about right; but lately he's been bluer 'n indigo. He's fell in love with Marion's picture, and I know he's thinkin' about her the whole endurin' time. I s'pose

I'd oughter ask her to come out here and visit me, and then things would come about naturall', for he's a man any girl would be proud to marry, if he is risin' fifty."

But at the thought of Marion with her fluffy golden hair and kittenish ways flitting about the place which she had worked so hard to make pleasant, a feeling which Miss Myra had never before experienced clutched her by the throat.

"I presume I should feel bad to have to find another place as housekeeper," she mused, groping for a dignified explanation of this strange sinking sensation. "I don't believe, after all, I'll say anything to him about Marion, for when all's said and done, I can make him a sight more comfortable than a highty tighty girl ever could."

But true love is unselfish, and another glimpse of the ranchman's face turned Miss Myra's jealousy to a maternal yearning to bring the happy light back to those sombre gray eyes at any cost to herself.

"I've been thinkin' that it would be a good plan to ask my niece Marion—the one whose picture I sent you," she interpolated with a blush—"out here for a visit," she said, in a curiously strangled voice."

The ranchman looked up quickly.

"Why, sure," he responded, cordially; "I've been afraid you'd be lonesome out here."

This was too much and Miss Myra retorted, with something of her old spirit:

"Nothing of the kind. I never was one to want the ground under my feet cluttered up with folks. But it's plain to be seen that nothin' but gettin' married is goin' to satisfy you, and I'm not a-goin' to wear myself out cookin' for a man who meeches around from mornin' till night and don't eat enough to keep a sparrer alive. You said you'd fell in love with Marion's picture, and I s'pose that's what ails you. So I'll ask her to come out and visit me, and if you court her in a decent and Christian way she'll prob'ly have you. But there's one thing," ended poor Miss Myra, defiantly, 'her biscuits ain't nigh so light as mine are."

The ranchman straightened his broad shoulders.

"I didn't know I'd been 'meechin' around, but I don't know 's it's anythin' to be ashamed of if I have fallen in love," he began, and Miss Myra's heart sank at this confirmation of her fears. "But I ain't in love with that picture. I'm in love with you"—Miss Myra gasped—"if I hadn't been such a darn fool as to write that advertisement, mebbe you a-liked me—but if I hadn't done that I'd mebbe never a-seen you. What a h—— of a world this is, anyhow," he concluded, turning again to the fire for consolation.

But a faint voice said: "Oh, John!" in a tone that made the ranchman spring to his feet with a joyous exclamation. For the first time in Miss Myra's life, strong arms, and a faint odor of tobacco smoke, enfolded her, while mustached lips were pressed to hers as she sobbed, wildly:

"Oh, John! you said you wanted a—a kitten!"

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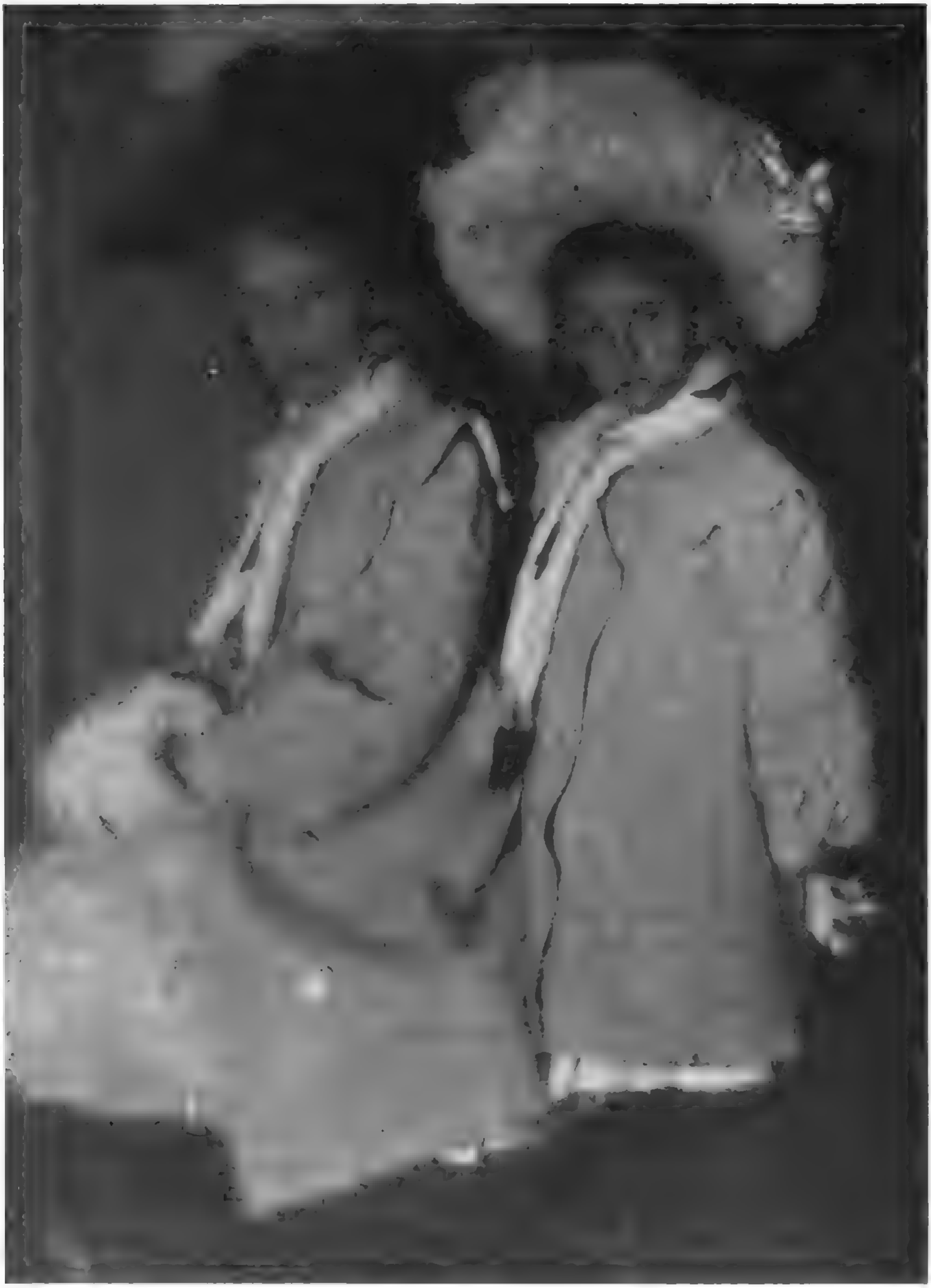

Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

THE SISTERS.

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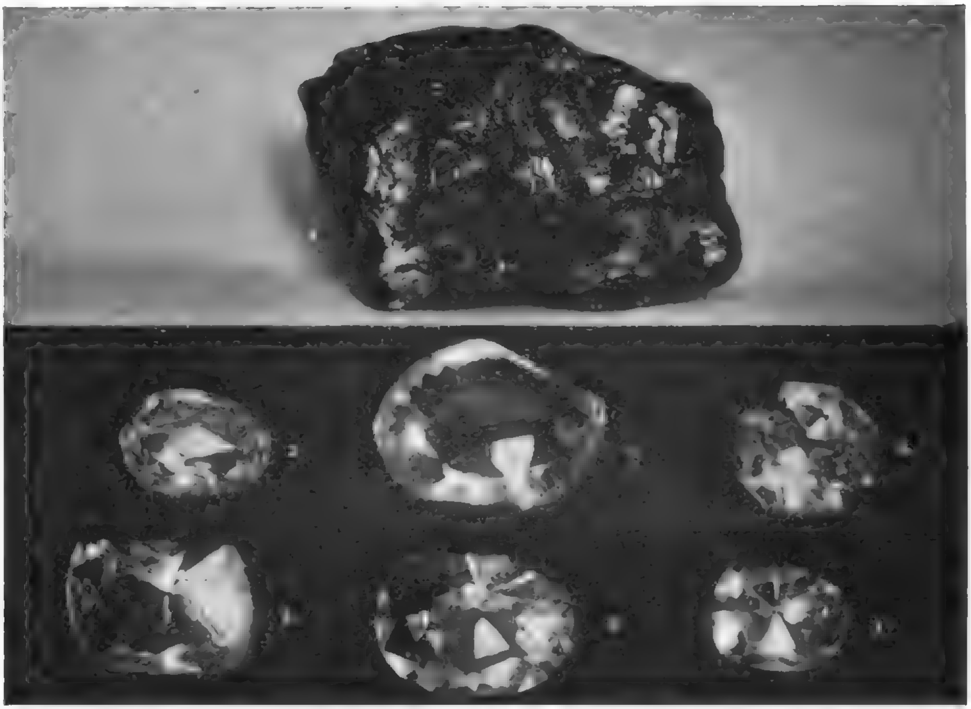
ASSORTING DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH 900 FT. UNDERGROUND IN THE DE BEER MINES.

DOWN IN THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS OF KIMBERLY

By John Lewis Altman

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the diamond mines of Brazil were the only ones in active operation. They alone supplied the markets of the world. The mines of India were conceded to be in an exhausted condition; their contribution was desultory and unimportant. The great historical diamonds of this country that occasionally changed ownership, supplied a story of pillage and thievery, to which time has now lent a kindly halo of romantic interest. The famous "Kohinoor" ("mountain of light"), supposed to be the long-lost "Great Mogul," the "Derea-i-noor," or "ocean of light," was stolen by the English from the treasure house of the Rajah of Lahore, and presented to Victoria, the then young bride Queen of England. From that day it has been the crowning glory of the royal coronet.

The "Orlav" that tips the sceptre of the Czar of Russia was ravaged from the eyesocket of a sacret statute of Brahma in the temple of Scheringan by a French



1. DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.
2. "EMPRESS EUGENIE." 3. "KOH-I-NOOR" (1ST CUTTING). 4. "SHAH OF EGYPT."
5. "LANCY." 6. "KOH-I-NOOR (2ND CUTTING). 7. "STAR OF THE SOUTH."

grenadier. Purchased by Prince Orlov for almost three million francs, it was deemed a fit offering for her Imperial Majesty, Catherine II of Russia.

The "Pitt," or "Regent," considered the most perfect diamond in existence, was found in the Parteal mines, and was for years a part of the crown jewels of France. It was stolen by a slave and concealed in a wound, self-inflicted in the calf of his leg. The English skipper to whom he offered it in exchange for his liberty, lost no time in drowning the confiding native in mid-ocean and taking possession of the jewel. After disposing of it for a thousand pounds, he was overcome by remorse and committed suicide. The stone finally came into the hands of a certain Mr. Pitt—great-grandfather of Sir William Pitt, who sold it in his turn to the Duc D'Orleans.

Stories, *ad infinitum,* have been gathered relating to the adventures and vicissitudes of the world's great diamonds. There is the famous green diamond in the state cap of the King of Saxony. The "Braganza," until recently the largest diamond in the world, weighing 1,680 karats and valued at about twenty-six million francs, is owned by the King of Portugal. Worthy also of mention are the "Nassak," the "Shah of Egypt," the "Polar Star," the "Southern Star"—the latter the largest and most famous of the Brazilian diamonds, and finally, the "Star of Hope," or the "Dudley," one of the most recent of the great brilliants. Its history is the story of Kimberly and the diamond fields of South Africa.

The Kimberly of to-day is a thriving and even beautiful city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, with handsome residences, public buildings, clubhouses, parks, driveways and a racecourse. In the outskirts of the city are the famous mines, an area two and a half miles in diameter, but composed of the precious blue ground, which durlng the last thirty

THE FAMOUS WESSELTON MINE, SHOWING THE WASHING GEAR.

years have yielded a return in diamonds valued at thirty millions of pounds. As an example of the extent of present operations, it need only be said that some 9,000 tons of blue ground are daily hauled up to the surface, the manipulation of which demands not only extraordinary problems in engineering and costly machinery, but the employment of about 13,000 native workers and a staff of nearly 3,000 white men.

Thirty-five years ago the present site of Kimberly and the diamond mines beyond was a desolate region on the upland veldts beyond the Vaal. The territory was occupied by a number of sturdy Dutch farmers, whose ancestors had departed from Cape Town at the time of its seizure by the British.

These farmers tilled the arid soil, noting as a freak of nature that enormous pillars of clay shot up every now and then from the surrounding rocks, like great filled-in chimneys having their foundations in the very bowels of the earth.

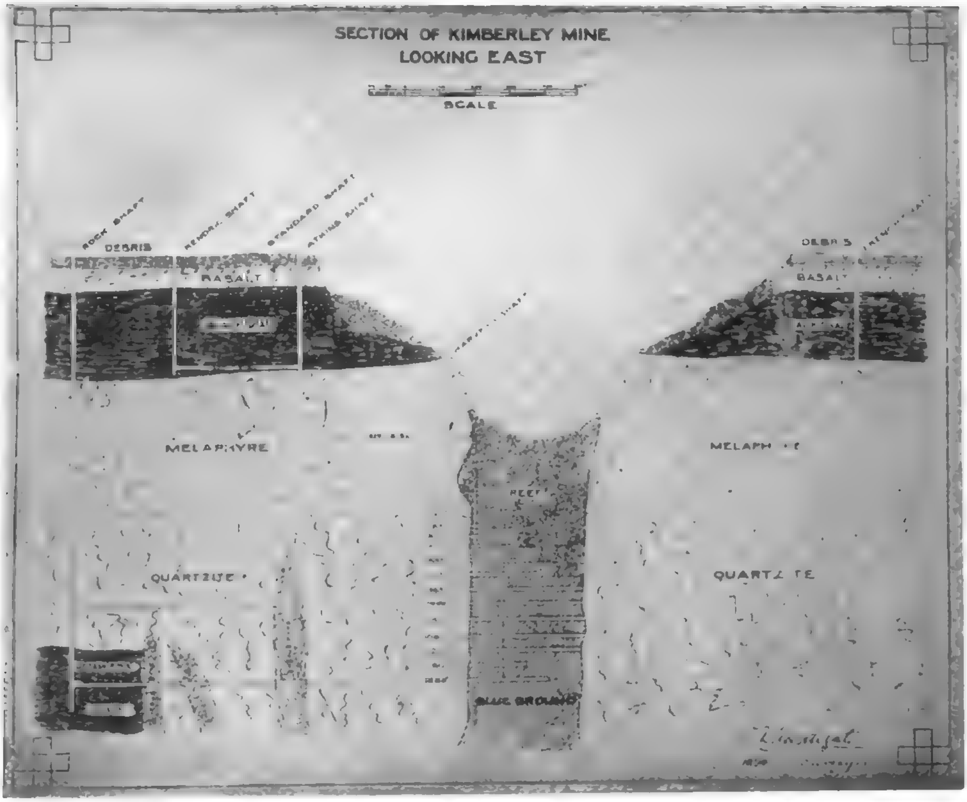
The nearest town was Colesbery, the nearest English seaport, Cape Town, 650 miles away.

On a certain evening in 1867, John O'Reilly, an itinerant trader in household goods stopped over night at the home of Farmer Van Niekirk. The Belfontaine farmhouse was a mile further on, and that of the Dutchman, De Beers, was a mile to the left; so John O'Reilly, wearied with his long journey over the shadowless Kopjes, hastened to avail himself of the hospitality of his old friend, Van Niekirk. That evening, as the older people chatted and smoked, the children played with some curious pebbles which they had picked up in the yellow mud on the banks of the Vaal. One of them attracted the keen eyes of the trader. It emitted flashes of light, and through the dull outer covering, it seemed to have a heart of fire. He at once offered to buy it. The good farmer laughed and told him to keep it.

"Suppose it should turn out to be a diamond," said the honest trader.

"If it turns out to be a diamond, come back and give me half of the profits."

The bargain was struck. O'Reilly went to Colesberg to sell his diamond. He became the butt of the townspeople. One dealer threw it from the open window into the middle of the street. Poor O'Reilly made a sorry picture as, upon



MAP SHOWING SECTION OF GREAT KIMBERLY MINE WITH GROUND FORMATION.

his hands and knees, he made a desperate hunt for his "fire stone" among the pebbles of the highway. A dealer finally recognized the value of the stone. It turned out to be a diamond of 22½ karats, and the now jubilant O'Reilly sold it for the neat sum of five hundred pounds. He was an honest man and sent Farmer Van Niekirk his share of the profits. The wily Dutch farmer then recalled a much larger stone of the same flashing quality that he had seen in the hands of a native. He at once gave up farming and decided to travel over the country until he found the native and his "fire stone." When he finally came across the negro, the farmer was so overcome with joy that he willingly parted with five hundred head of cattle and all his available cash (which included the profits of the 22½-karat diamond) in exchange for the big black pebble that the native, with the superstition of his class, had guarded for years as a talisman of good luck. That stone, the famous "Star of South Africa," now known as the "Dudley Diamond," was sold at Cape Town for 11,200 pounds.

The news ran like wild-fire through the country. Within an incredibly short time that region lying within the fork formed by the junction of the Vaal and the Orange Rivers was invaded by prospectors and diamond hunters, who cast their tents on the banks of the rivers and hunted the precious stone in the yellow clay of the river's bed. In 1871, Kimberly, a straggling, wretched little village, named after Lord Kimberley, the then incumbent Secretary of the Colonies, was the scene of an unprecedented rush of thousands of fortune hunters seeking to lay claims. By this time the diamond diggings, or wet diggings, were exhausted, but the so-called "blue ground" of the hugh volcanic chimneys, was found to be

A VIEW OF THE OLD KIMBERLY MINE, SHOWING THE MASS OF CABLES USED FOR HAULING OUT LOADS OF BLUE GROUND.

storehouses of incalculable wealth. This began the era of dry diggings.

In a crude way, great holes were dug in the ground, and the precious "blue ground" drawn up in buckets by means of pulleys. By action of the sun and air, these huge masses of rock are reduced to a powder, leaving free the mineral-encrusted pebbles. among which are found the precious diamond crystals. A boil in acids removes the outer extraneous covering, and the uncut diamond stands revealed as bits of washing soda, varying from the size of a pearl to that of a walnut or larger. This is the method, in its crudest outlines, of extracting the diamond from the mines. The same process is employed, carried to the highest state of perfection, through ponderous and costly machinery at the present time.

So numerous became these claims during the early rush, that some organized method had to be adopted as a mode of protection, or the mines would have become a big hole in the ground, incapable of being worked. It was arranged that claims should be laid out in squares of 31 feet, divided by roads 7½ feet wide. In the course of a few years the roadways collapsed, and the mines were buried under mountains of earth.

The two controlling and rival owners at this time were Cecil Rhodes, of the De Beers mines, and Barney Barnato, of the Kimberly mines. The area of the former is 13 acres, with a depth of 450 feet; the latter is somewhat larger, with a depth of 400 to 0,000 feet. It was Cecil Rhodes who conceived the gigantic plan of consolidating the mines under one ownership. Minor claims were easily disposed of, and after a hard contest, the Kimberly, and later the Bultfonstein and the Du-Toits-pan mines formed a complete amalgamated group under one management.

The present plan of operation is the outcome. Shafts are sunk in the solid

MECHANICAL HAULAGE TO KIMBERLY FLOORS.

rock outside the mine area, and horizontal galleries run from these shafts into the "blue ground" beneath the débris of the fallen walls.

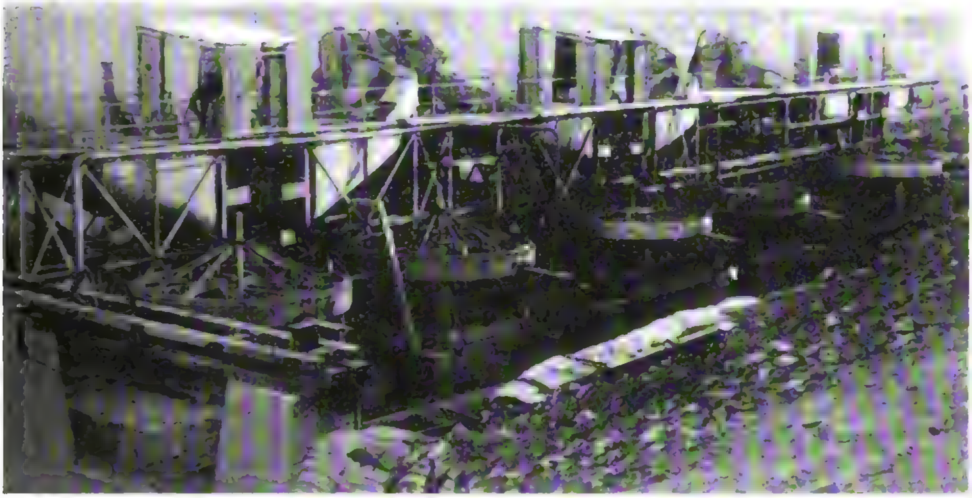
The mines are a labyrinth of galleries, hauling cars, and sorting chambers, brilliantly lighted by electricity, and peopled by thousands of natives and some hundreds of white superintendents.

At dawn and at mid-day there are terrific explosions of dynamite for the purpose of loosening the blue ground. As has already been noted, 9,000 tons of this rocky substance is hauled up a day. It is then carried to the "floors"—great level spaces of hard rolled plateaux from 400 to 600 acres in area—where the blue ground is spread out about a foot deep. It is closely watched day and night by guards and sentries in watch towers from which are thrown powerful searchlights. At the end of three months, the rocks have crumbled and are daily harrowed by the men. The longer the blue ground is exposed, the better it is for washing.

The washing machines are most elaborate and costly. Through the action of running water the diamonds are separated from the débris of earth and other extraneous matter. One hundred loads of blue ground are concentrated into one load of diamondiferous stuff. The remaining mass of dark and blue pebbles is then turned into the "pulsator," a machine which sorts them into four different sizes.

The assorting machine next begin its work, which selects the diamond crystal from eight different kinds of mineral formations. For years this work was done by natives, who seemed to recognize the diamond by instinct. When an employee recently discovered that the diamond had a peculiar faculty of adhering to grease, a machine was at once invented, which retained the diamond and threw off the other minerals.

After the diamonds are sorted they are sent in charge of armed guards to the general offices and delivered to the valuators in charge of the diamond departments. The diamonds are then boiled in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids which cleans them of all extraneous mat-



THE PONDEROUS NUMBER 2 MACHINES FOR WASHING.

ter. They are again sorted according to size, color and brilliancy.

They are now in a condition to be displayed to the diamond sellers. The stones are exhibited on long tables covered with white papers, in a brilliantly lighted room. These buyers are experts and represent the diamond merchants of the world. The rough diamond is generally bought and is forwarded to Europe for the final cutting and polishing. In the latter case they are sent by registered mail. In fact thousands of diamonds reach Europe in registered parcels through the mail. Annual shipments are calculated to be from 40,000 to 60,000 carats.

Most extraordinary precautions are

THE KIMBERLY POST OFFICE WHERE DIAMONDS ARE SHIPPED TO ENGLAND BY REGISTERED MAIL.

taken to guard against theft, especially by the natives. Until recently from 10 to 15 per cent. of the precious stones were passed by the native to illicit buyers and carried across the border. The crime of I. D. B-ism (illicit diamond buying) is equal in heniousness to red-handed murder from the South African point of view.

The natives are engaged for periods of three months, and during this period they are virtually prisoners, cut off from the outside world. At the close of each day's work, they are obliged to strip and mouth, teeth, ears and even nostrils are examined. For the time of their service they live in "compounds," huge barrack-like buildings, which consist of a series of sheds, where the natives are locked in during the hours they are released from work in the mines.

At the end of three months they are at liberty to leave or renew their contract. The pay is good, and, while liquor is excluded, the food provided for the native is excellent, and the regulated period of work is eight hours a day.

In spite of all these precautions, I. D. B.-ism is still prevalent. Until the recent Boer war, a favorite mode of smuggling the diamonds was across the Old Transvaal border, which is only a few miles from the Kimberly mines.

The diamond mines of Kimberly are said to be inexhaustible; the shafts that were formerly sunk to a depth of 900 feet, now reach a depth of 1,500 feet, and there are no signs of any diminution of the blue ground. It is the policy of the South African mine magnates to limit the supply on the market, in order to command the high-price standard, a standard which has given the diamond its place not only as the most beautiful of gems, but the most precious and costly. As a matter of fact, dispatches from Johannesburg confirm the report that a monstrous diamond, weighing in the rough, 3,024¾ carats, has been discovered in the Premier mines. Its dimensions are 4 by 2½ by 1½ inches. This product of the South African mines is the largest precious stone in the world, its value being estimated at $4,000,000.

THE CALL TO ARMS

By Terrell Love

To arms! To arms! She sounds the battle cry,
As in the garden sit this maid and I.
With my heart aroused to a quickened beat
At the uttermost speed of flying feet.
I faced the danger with never a fear,
Though I'm only a youthful volunteer
Of most dauntless courage and fervent zeal,
And, braving pins of brass and stays of steel,
I charged into the thickest of the fray
With no thought but to do, or die, that day.
How the battle raged! It was hand-to-hand;
In numbers so few, in courage so grand.
Round upon round of furious fighting,
Elusive victory each side slighting,
Then I, giving a low, exultant shout,
Encircled the enemy round about,
And received a smiling, gracious tender,
"Willing, unconditional surrender."

The end of this story you've doubtless guessed;
It is hardly needful to tell the rest.
This scheming maiden of subtle intent,
All the while I knew 'twas my arms she meant.

INTERMEZZO

By Izola L. Forrester

HE came down the stairs, slowly, breathing heavily, crouching in the dark corners and listening. There was no sound from the roofs, only some children singing around a street piano outdoors, and a woman laughing shrilly on the floor below him.

He drew a yellow silk handkerchief from his back pocket, and wiped his face and neck with it. Also his hands. Then he dropped it carefully behind a pile of bedding in the hall.

He had lost count when he crossed the roofs, but he had turned twice, once at the Tavary block, and again at Prince Street. He had hidden in Tony Costino's bedroom back of his coal cellar in the Tavary block, until they had gone on, then ran back to the roof, and retraced his steps. He could hear the yelling in the street grow fainter, but did not dare to stop until he saw the river a couple of blocks ahead.

The woman who had laughed was coming upstairs. He lit a cigarette, and walked out on the landing. She looked at him with a quick, challenging glance of curiosity, and he smiled and wished her good-day as he went downstairs.

There was a crowd of children around the doorway, and some old women, and nursing mothers. From the basement came the odor of soup cooking, tomato, and onion, and a bit of garlic, and it made him hungry. There was a little cheap restaurant on the main floor. The side door was open into the hall, and he caught a glimpse of small tables, and a couple of rubber plants, with a dusty artificial palm in the center, in the window, and pyramids of oranges and tomatoes piled between. He had decided to eat, when the low, sustained roar came from the street again, and he waited in the dark hallway, alert and noiseless.

The women had gone out on the sidewalk. They were talking of someone, and cursing him. The noise in the street became a bedlam of catcalls and yells. He smoked his cigarette and waited. A girl about eleven ran into his doorway from the street. She was breathless and frantically happy, with a black-eyed baby held loosely on one hip.

"They're throwing stones," she said. "One got hit. I wish they'd smash the devil wagon, too. Why don't you help?"

He shook his head, smiled in lazy deprecation, and she went on.

"They killed Poletti's little Margherita Monday. I saw her when they picked her up. She was like a wet rag, and all broken and bloody. I wish these two would get it that way, too. Poletti's throwing stones at them now."

He stepped out on the sidewalk. The crowd was coming from the corner, and moving slowly. It was mostly boys, hooting, and throwing fruits and vegetables which they caught up from the push carts as they went by. In the center of the street, making its way foot by foot, was a maroon automobile with two occupants, a man and a woman. The woman was standing, her arms outstretched to the crowd. As Zabella looked, a stone struck her hand, and she cried out in pain and raised it to her lips. The chauffeur called to her to sit down, and the crowd yelled derisively.

Zabella glanced back over his shoulder at the way he had come, then tossed the cigarette away, and pushed his way to the back of the machine. Another stone whizzed by his ear. He heard old Poletti shrieking curses in choice Sicilian. The woman was still standing, her eyes wide with anger, her lips parted.

"Devils!" she said. "Devil beasts! Pigs!"

Zabella held out his arms.

"You will be killed!" he said, quietly. "Come!"

The chauffeur looked over his shoulder. There was a cut over one eye, and his face and breast were blood-stained.

"You had better go, madame," he said. "The police are slow. I will return for you."

Zabella took her in his arms and lifted her down beside him. A boy yelled something in Italian up in her face, and Zabella struck him across the mouth. He kept one arm around her, and made a way for her with the other. At the curb stood Poletti, cursing at the top of his voice. He tried to reach the white face under the chiffon veil, and came up short with a revolver under his nose, and Zabella smiling down at him. With wavering racial sentiment the crowd cheered. The automobile moved faster on the wave of sentiment. In a couple of minutes the block was cleared, and the crowd swarmed to the next.

"What shall I do?" asked the woman, rapidly. "Will they kill him? Where are the police? What did they do it for? We had not hurt anyone."

"A child was run over and killed on the corner Monday. The police may be busy elsewhere." Zabella spoke composedly. "You had better step in here. Your hand is bleeding badly. It may attract attention."

She shrugged her shoulders, and followed him into the little restaurant. It was the middle of the afternoon, and they were the only customers. He found her a seat at a table near the hall door with her back to the window. It was a precautionary measure.

"If you could bind it up," he suggested.

She unpinned the long white silk chiffon veil from around her cap, and gave it to him.

"Take that," she said, and he bound up the wounded hand with gentle carefulness.

A stout Italian woman came from behind the flowered curtains at the back, and he ordered a hasty lunch and some wine.

"We can sit here for a few minutes. until the excitement is over; then you can go on. If the chauffeur does not return, I will get you a carriage."

She smiled at him. Her eyes were black and velvety like the baby's in the hall, and her skin was pale and soft in its coloring like a meerschaum just taking on its tint. She wore a long coat of pongee and heavy lace, and there were diamond rings clustered on her hands.

"You speak Italian," she said. "I did not know you were one of them when you spoke to me out there in the street."

"Yes; I am one of them."

Her eyes reviewed him with frank approval. His clothes were shabby, but well fitting. He looked like a romance king in hard luck, with his tired, handsome face and close curled black hair.

"So am I," she said, abruptly. "That is the amusing part, the joke on me, as you say here. I am one of them, heart and blood, and I came to see them because I love them, and they try to kill me. But it is like them, fire children."

"You did not come in the right way."

"One does not think. I only wanted to see them. It is so long——"

The woman came from behind the curtains, and set soup before them, with bread and cheese, and ripe melons, and a bottle of wine.

"And some spaghetti." She waved her wounded hand with customary authority. "Get me spaghetti, mother. I have had French and English, and German and American spaghetti. I want a taste of the real now." She glanced up at him whimsically. "You do not mind?"

He raised his glass of wine to her.

"We have plenty of time. What you will, madame."

"You do not know me?" she laughed. "It is sad. All Italy knows me, but not the Italians. They stone me. Where are you from?"

"Arienza. It is very small. A dot in the cliffs between Genoa and Nice."

She leaned forward with sparkling eyes.

"And the chapel, so; at the side among the cypresses. And there, the high road; and there, coming down the cliff crooked, like that, the street. Here it is only narrow stone steps. And above all there is the castle."

She had dipped her finger tip in her wine, and was tracing the plan on the bare table. Zabella bent over her, watching. The soup was untasted.

"It is so," he said, wonderingly. "You know it well."

"Ah, do I not?" Her eyes were soft and tender, her lips tremulous. "And love it. See. Here, where the stone steps begin, there is a house, a mere nest in the rocks. My mother lives there. She is rich. I have made her so. She does not have to live there, or to work; but she will, always, she says, that when I come back it will be all the same."

He looked at her with sudden reverence. He was a fool. He should have known her in a thousand crowds.

" 'L'Ascala," he said, half under his breath.

She nodded her head, her eyes full of tears, with the pathos of a hurt child in their dark depths.

"And they stoned me."

He did not answer, but stared down at her, the queen song bird of Italy, whose mere name was a conjurer's spell to those who loved her.

"Don't." Her lips and eyes wooed him back to their starting point. "Don't think of it, if it makes me a stranger. I am happy now. Let me be like you, one of them. If they knew, would they love me, do you think? Would they guess that when I sing, it is for them, and for Italy."

"They would adore you."

"Perhaps."

"As I do."

"For a moment."

"One must adore you always if one adores."

"For the singing?"

"I saved the woman, not the singer."

She looked up at him in puzzled inquiry.

"I know you, some way. I know your voice, and your hair—the way it curls. Where?"

He laughed, and the color rose in his face dully under her scrutiny. He touched her wine-drawn plan lightly.

"I am from the castle."

"Ah, now I know." Her face was suddenly grave, her tone low. She rose, one hand on the back of her chair. "You are the boy—the name was——"

"Zabella."

"Zabella! I know." Her face was aglow with enthusiasm. The wounded hand reached towards him. "I know your work, everything. If I can help you, I have money. Let me help them through you. They love you, and believe in you. You are going back?"

"No," he said, "I am never going back. I cannot."

"Did they go so far?" Her voice rang with anger. "But you are loved. The people love you. After all it is they who are Italy. The others are afraid of you, or you would never have been sent away."

He looked beyond, out of the window. There were people moving along the sidewalk, stragglers of a crowd. Some had stopped.

"You had better remain here," he said. "There may be more trouble."

"And you will come and hear me sing? You will let me hear from you? Come to-night."

He smiled at her eager eyes.

"Not to-night."

"Then to-morrow. If not for my sake, for Arienza's."

He took her hand in his, the slim, white unbound one, and held it in a grip that hurt her where the rings pressed in the flesh.

"If I came it would be for your own sake." He looked over her shoulder. There were two men standing behind her in the shadow of the hall door. He looked back into her eyes.

"L'Ascala, you will not hate me, nor forget me? You will remember the boy of the castle, and the child who lived there, at the beginning of the stone steps, in Arienza? You will not hate me? He was my enemy. He had followed me here. You know the way we have in Arienza."

Before she could answer, he was gone through the little door that led to the hall. There was no struggle. He went passively, without looking back. There was no hooting in the crowd when they took him through, only silence.

The girl with the black-eyed baby on her hip pushed up to the window to see better.

"He stood beside me in the hall, and I did not know him," she said, with scared eyes. "They have hunted him for an hour, over the roofs. He has killed a man this afternoon, they say."

"Who is he?" asked the woman.

"It is Zabella. He is everything. He was great in Italy, some great signore who loved the people, and became a Socialist. I do not know. It sounds grand when they talk of it; but here it is only fighting the police. It does no good. And now he has killed a man, and there is the end. And he is handsome, too. Is that silk?"

She fingered the long coat with soiled, slim fingers. The woman was straining her eyes to see the last of a head above the crowd, a head with thick black curls. She did not hate him. Her eyes were proud. She thought of Arienza, of a crooked street, and the house at the stone steps, where a dirty, black-eyed baby had played with a dozen other dirty, black-eyed babies, and he had come down the crooked street, the boy Zabella, from the castle, and had laughed at them, and then asked them if they had enough to eat. She did not hate him. She knew the way they had with an enemy in Arienza.

The woman came up from the basement with the spaghetti.

"The signor has gone?" she asked.

L'Ascala turned from the window.

"Yes, he has gone. And I do not care for it, now, thank you. Can you get me a carriage, please?"

She sank down in her chair and stared down at the wine-drawn plan. It was drying and fading. Some tears fell on the spot where the stone steps had been, where the boy from the castle had passed by the black-eyed baby.

THREE THOUGHTS OF THEE

By M. G. T. Stempel

MORNING.

No, I can never hero be,
  I am too much a woman, dear, for this—
For always on the eve of glorious deed
  My eyes would turn to thee, and I would miss
The glorious opportunity
  That God was offering me.

Always thou must my hero be,
  And I shall stand and watch thee full of pride
And smile into men's faces when I read
  Their love for thee. To stand thus by thy side,
And thy great acts of valour see,
  Is glory 'nough for me.

NOON.

If I could stand beside thee in one hour of pain,
  And soothe thee in the way my love should know,
I'd never ask a boon of life again.
  If I could feel thy hand just once steal into mine,
I'd be content alone my life to go—
  That touch would make my loneliness divine.

NIGHT.

Give me thy love and keep thy sympathy—
I'd have no need of it, if I had thee!
Give me thy love and keep thy helpful care—
My life were perfect if thy love were there!
Give me thy love, for it belongs to me—
The arms of all my being reach to thee!
Give me thy love, and though we are apart,
My heart will safely rest within thy heart.

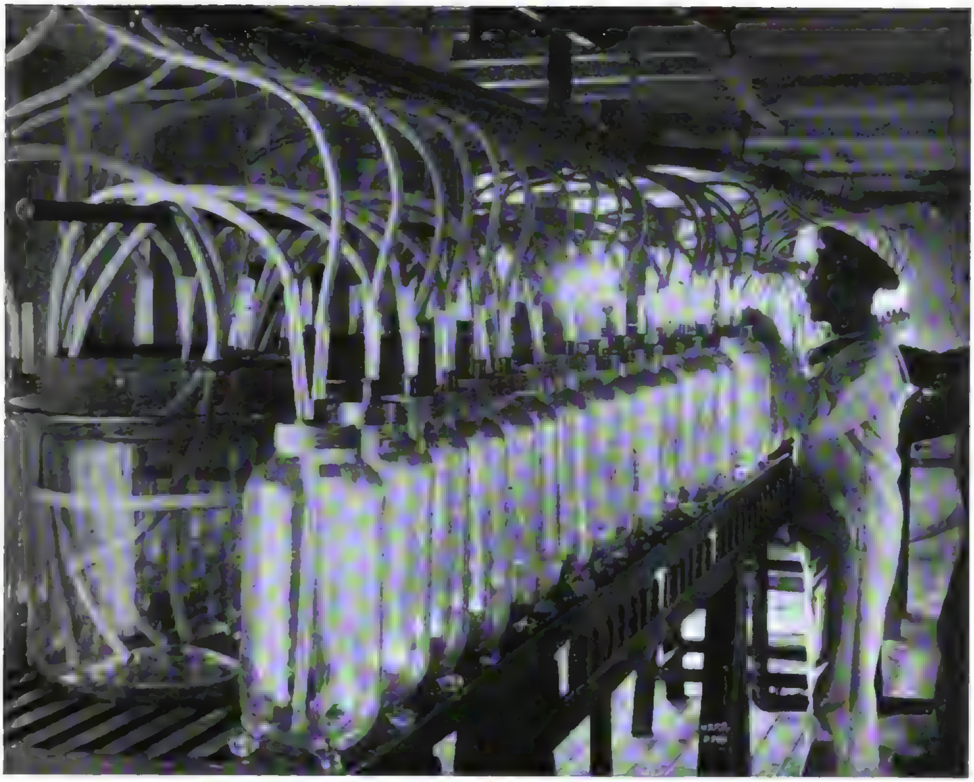


FIG. VI. GETTING READY FOR THE EGGS.

SHAD HATCHING ON THE POTOMAC

By M. Rosalie A. Wood

By special permission, the illustrations are from negatives taken by members of the U. S. Fish Commission, to whom the author is indebted for other favors also in the preparation of this article.

AT Bryan's Point on the Potomac River, one chapter of our Government's kindly care for our welfare is at present in full tide of its annual repetition.

Here is one of the numerous hatcheries of the United States Fish Commission; and it is now occupied in hatching shad.

Bryan's Point is on the Maryland shore of the Potomac, about sixteen miles from Washington, and is reached by the steamer Estelle Randall, the only Potomac steamer that touches at the Point. The boat carries freight and stops at various wharves, so that the passenger has ample time to become acquainted with the historic associations of this part of the river.

Beautiful Arlington, urn of our national dead; old and dying Alexandria, where George Washington went to church, and incomparable Mount Vernon lie on the hilly slopes of the Virginia side; while the lower Maryland shore has the station for target practice where the great guns are tested, the training ground for our cavalry horses, and ivy and moss-grown Fort Washington.

From Bryan's Point, a steam launch that belongs to the U. S. Fish Commission carries to Stony Point on the Virginia shore, and to other places along the river where shad are caught.

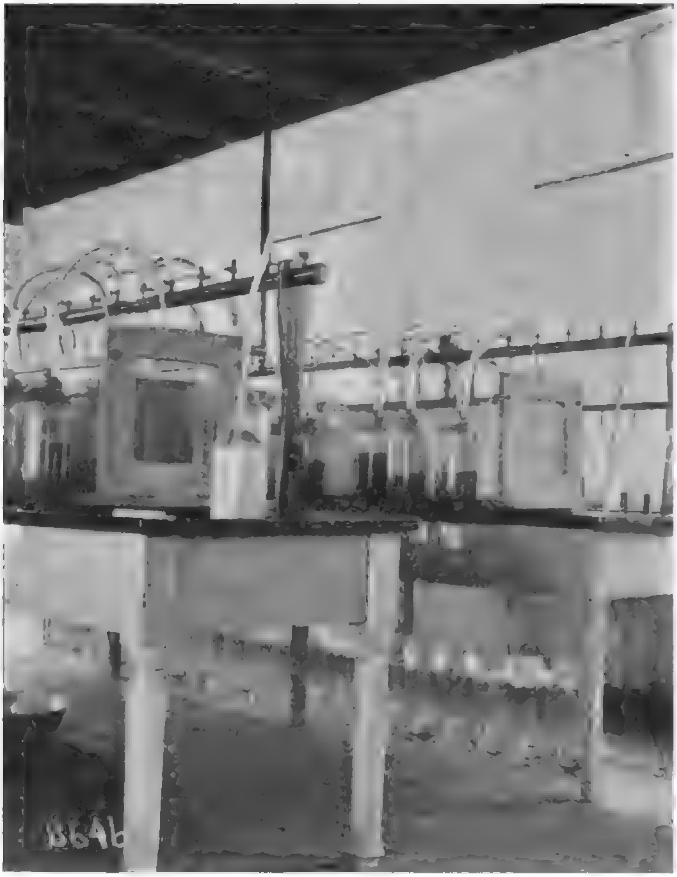


FIG. VIII. INTERIOR OF HATCHERY.

At Stony Point is one seine that is five miles long and takes from 2,000 to 5,000 shad at one haul; and all along the river are other nets of lesser, varying lengths.

It is from the fishermen who control and operate these nets that the hatchery at Bryan's Point gets its spawn.

Accompanying the launch are row-boats that are sent out to take the spawn, each boat having two men who are called the "spawn-takers."

The spawn-takers visit the seiners at only the evening or night haul; for experience has proved that few shad are "ripe" in the morning.

As the fish are taken from the nets, they are carefully examined and the "ripe" milts and roes are handed over to the spawn-takers, who wrest from them their burden of embryo life.

The spawn-takers are usually so expert as to tell at a glance if the fish are "ripe"; that is, ready to discharge the roe and milt.

The "roe" or female fish is taken first and held firmly but carefully by grasping near the tail with the left hand, while the head is held under the right arm by the elbow. Then with the thumb and fingers of the right hand the belly is gently squeezed from the gills toward the vent and the roe expelled in a stream into a shallow, porcelain-lined pan containing a little water.

The squeezing stroke is continued until the roe is emptied. The "milt" or male fish is now treated in the same way over the same pan. Then the contents

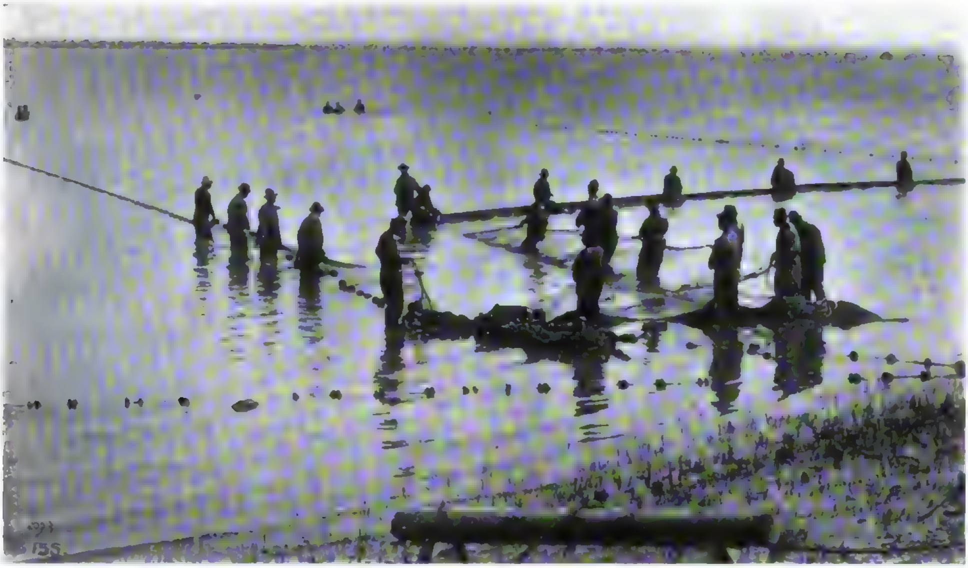


FIG. III. THE SEINE AT STONY POINT.

of the pan are gently shaken and the eggs are fertilized or impregnated, and the life of the little fish has commenced.

All of the selected fish are treated in the same way, after which they are returned to the seiners unhurt and by them sent on to the markets, together with the unripe roe shad—our great table delicacy.

The milt from one male is sufficient to impregnate several roes; yet in the first third of the hatching season, which, on the Potomac, lasts from the middle of April to the middle of May, two-thirds of the catch are males, while the reverse is true during the last third, showing that the males precede by several days the females in the spring run.

The number of eggs in one shad is surprising, 50,000 being an average, but 126,000 have been taken from one fish; and these millions of eggs in shad caught for the markets would be lost to the future supply of shad but for this intervention of our national government.

After the eggs are impregnated, the pans are carefully set aside; and when that haul is exhausted, the launch and boats return to Bryan's Point.

There the eggs are washed, examined, put in hatching jars, measured or counted, labeled, placed in position for hatching and their development goes merrily on.

The hatching jars are the invention of the late Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the Hon. Marshall McDonald, a gentleman who really created this branch of the service.

The jars are of glass, with tightly fitting metal tops, in which are two holes for the insertion of glass tubes, through which a constant supply of fresh water is maintained. The jars hold about seven quarts and about 90,000 eggs are put into each, filling them about half full, there being about 28,000 eggs to a quart.

In the hatchery, on shelves along the walls and on tables filling the room, are about 150 of these jars, all connected by a network of rubber tubing, which are supplied with fresh water from a tank on the bluff back of the Hatchery, which tank is kept full by a pump that draws water from the river.

Shad eggs are much heavier than water, having a specific gravity of from 1030 to 1034, so that they sink to the bottom of the jar; they would, in fact, sink in almost any water but that of Great Salt Lake or the Dead Sea.

To keep them from matting together,

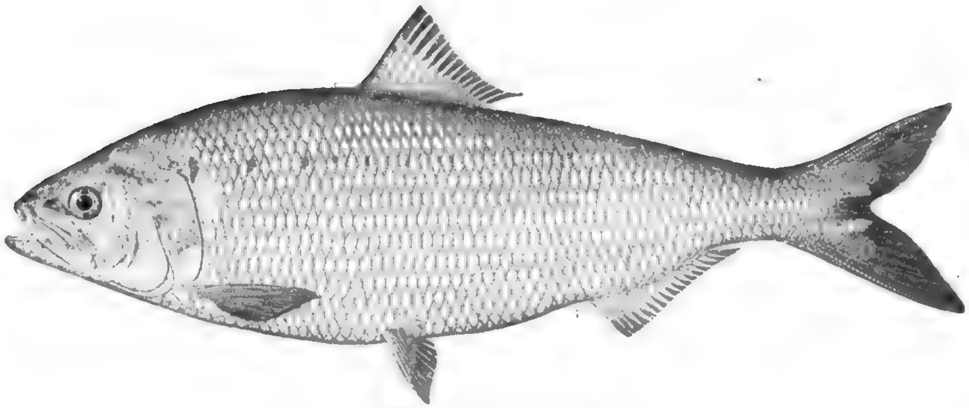


FIG. I. ALOSA SAPIDISSA (COMMON SHAD).

the current of water is conveyed almost to the bottom of the jar by one of the glass tubes and removed by a shorter tube at the top. In this way, the eggs are kept in constant motion, rising from the bottom with the current and gradually settling again as they get away from it, only to be caught by the eddies and ascend again.

The current is so regulated that the eggs are just kept in motion: it is not strong enough to carry them out with the escaping water.

The bad eggs are an opaque white, while the good eggs, which are transparent, are less dense, and rising with the current gather at the top ofthe mass, whence each morning they are taken off.

The development which goes on within a fish egg is the same as in a bird or mammalian egg, only that the bird or mammal goes farther, while these stop at the fish stage.

The unfertilized shad egg is a mass of granules one-fourteenth of an inch in diameter. After fecundation, it absorbs more than its own bulk of water, and becomes a sphere one-eighth of an inch in diameter; the granules arrange themselves in lines and the mass begins to divide and sub-divide until filled with tiny cells like a mulberry. Then these cells begin to arrange themselves in various forms and to do different kinds of work until all of the organs and functions of a fish are established.

These finer changes in the egg must be studied under a microscope; but from the first day, in a shad's egg, the unaided eye can plainly see a nucleus or smaller sphere within and at one side of the larger sphere the dilated egg.

About the third day, the embryo fish is seen curled round the nucleus like a tiny worm, with two black specks, which are the eyes, at one end of it, and the spinal column showing as a thin line darker than the rest of the body.

In the sunlight, the embryos, after the third day, have a faint golden tinge, which can be plainly seen through the transparent shell of the egg.

Between the third and fifth days motion is acquired, and the little fish are seen struggling in their shells as the eggs move up and down in the currents of the water. Between the fifth and the ninth day the shells break and the young shad start out on the voyage of life.

It is interesting to watch this stage. Within a mass of some 80,000 eggs with their squirming contents, the individual eggs are slowly moving up and down. An eggshell breaks and a tiny shad struggles for freedom, and is caught with a thousand others like itself in the moving mass until, after many ups and downs, it reaches the surface, springs into the space of clear water at the top of the jar, enjoys its first sensation of unrestrained motion; until, drawn into the outflowing current, "up the spout" it goes, helpless, but still struggling.

On the tables are large glass aquaria,

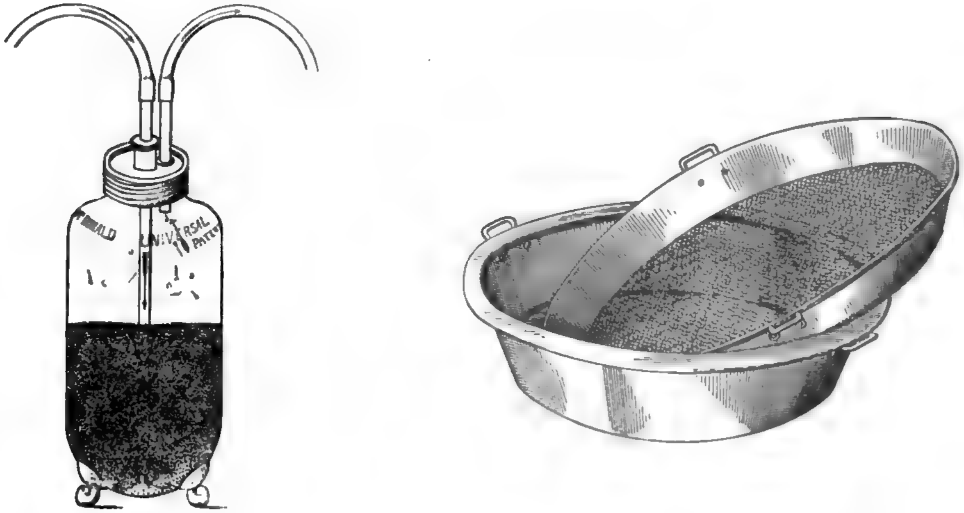


FIG. V.

A—MCDONALD HATCHING PAN. B—PANS USED IN CLEANING EGGS.

4 feet by 18 inches in size; when the jars are ready to discharge their tiny lives, they are placed by these aquaria; the overflowing water, that until now has escaped into troughs which carried it off, flows into these aquaria, in each of which the fish from sixteen surrounding jars are collected and kept from going farther by the wire gauze screens which strain the outflow. On the rear table in Fig. VIII one of the aquaria can be seen.

When these aquaria get full of these millions of tiny shad, each incessantly moving by short jerks with slight rests between, they are emptied into ten gallon cans, in which the fish are carried to their destinations.

On breaking the shell, each little voyager is about a half inch long and carries a food sac—the remnant of the original nucleus—under its body near the mouth. On this it feeds until the sac is exhausted—a period of about ten days—when the fish opens its mouth for the first time and begins to forage for itself.

During these ten days the fish are stronger than for some time afterward, and it is during this period that they may be transported even across a continent with loss of only about 5 per cent.

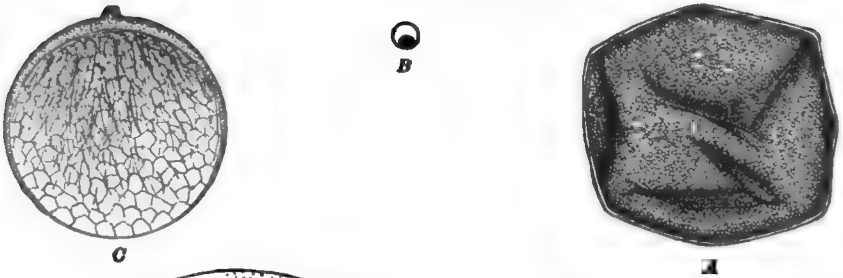
Just now, from Bryan's Point, the little shad are being taken to the shallow parts of tributaries of the Potomac, where they are left to shift for themselves. This is called the "planting" of the fish. These tiny shad live on tinier insects that breed on the grasses and other plants that grow in the streams or settle in swarms on the surface of the water.

At this Hatchery are four men who are permanent employees of the Fish Commission and thirty-nine other men who are engaged for the hatching season, and accommodated in the row of tents stretched along the bluffs back of the Hatchery.

These men (besides running the camp and the pumps) get the shad from the fishermen, take the spawn, attend to the hatching, and plant the fish. From them are chosen the relays that watch the jars night and day to see that the water is of the right temperature—from 60° to 65°—kept at the right flow, the bad eggs drawn off, and all the little details that insure the success of the embryo life are attended to.

Formerly the fishermen objected very strongly to the eggs being taken from their shad; but since they have realized its purposes and benefits they have been willing assistants in the work, the more as each is paid in proportion to the amount of eggs secured.

Last year some 2,000,000 of these tiny shad were put into the ponds of the Fish Commission at Washington; and in the



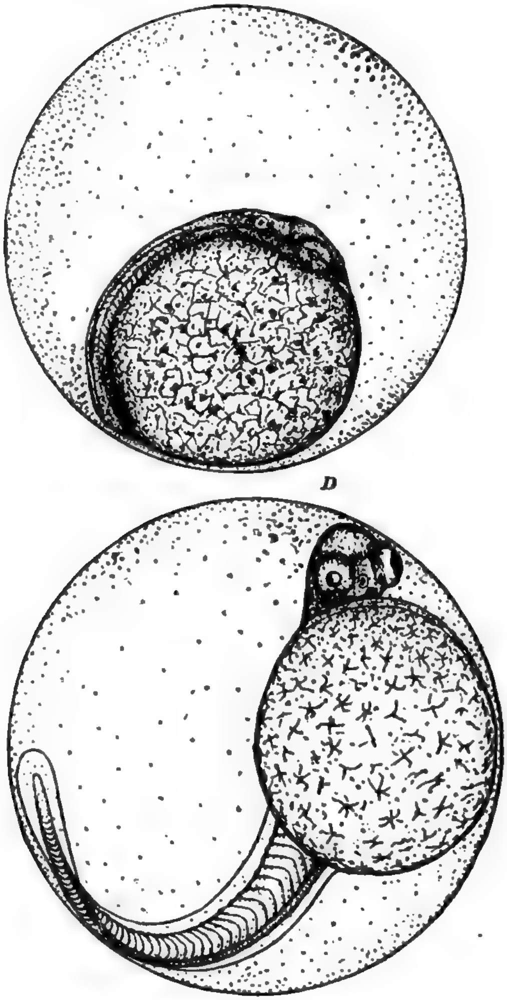


FIG. VII.

A. EGG BEFORE IMPREGNATION (MAGNIFIED).
B. IMPREGNATED EGG (NATURAL SIZE).
C. NUCLEUS AFTER ABOUT 24 HOURS (MAGNIFIED).
D. EGG ON THE THIRD DAY (MAGNIFIED).
E. EGG ON THE FIFTH DAY (MAGNIFIED).

fall, when these half-inch "fry" had grown to shad of 4 and 5 inches long, the gates were opened and the two million let out into the Potomac.

On the coming of cool weather, the shad planted in the various streams go down to the ocean, where they remain until full grown, a period of from two to four years, when they return to the fresh water streams weighing from 3 to 6 pounds and are caught for the markets.

But for the work of the Fish Commission in gathering the eggs, hatching them, and planting the fry, our streams would have been fished barren and what is now the food of all classes become the luxury of the rich.

Prior to 1880 all kinds of fish in streams of the Atlantic coast states were decreasing; since which time they have been steadily increasing, although each year's catch exceeds that of any previous year.

Shad are not indigenous on the Pacific Coast. In 1871, the Fish Commission sent 15,000 fry from an eastern hatchery to the headwaters of the Sacramento River in California.

The first shad taken on the Pacific coast was caught in a trap in Linsoon Bay, a branch of San Francisco harbor, in April, 1873. A prize had been offered by the Fish Commission for the first shad found, and this first shad, which was a male fish 1 year, 9 months and 20 days old, 17 inches long and 3 pounds weight, was placed in alcohol and presented to the "Academy of Sciences of the State of California."

Other plantings followed; and protected a few years by laws enacted by the State Legislatures, shad increased so enormously in all the Pacific coast streams as to be cheaper there than on the Atlantic coast.

The total cost to the Fish Commission of all these plantings of shad in Pacific coast streams was less than $5,000, and

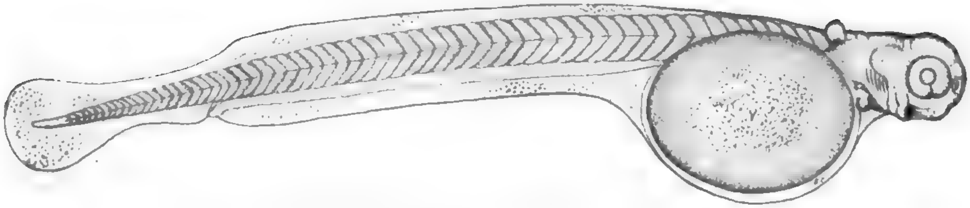


FIG. IX. YOUNG SHAD IMMEDIATELY AFTER HATCHING (½-INCH LONG).

to-day the annual catch is worth over $100,000.

The Fish Commission now has five cars, which were built for its use and fitted up with water and air pumps, tanks, jars, aquaria and all necessary apparatus. Supplied with eggs and attached to an express train, one of these cars becomes a traveling hatchery.

The story of the shad is but one chapter of the work of the Fish Commission. There are chapters on the bass, the carp, the pike, the perch and other fish. The eastern oyster, planted on the Pacific coast, last year resulted in a yield of over $700,000 value.

In 1901, 32 species of fish were propagated at 37 stations or hatcheries and 1,173,833,462 eggs and fry planted in public and private waters. In distributing these the Fish Commission cars traveled 103,982 miles, and detached messengers with smaller amounts traveled 200,473 miles more.

Who that has ever angled for brook trout will fail to sympathize with the amount of sheer pleasure distributed with the nearly 4½ million eggs and fry of that fish which were planted in more than 400 brooks from Maine to Oregon?

In the spring of 1901, at the request of the government of New Zealand, a shipment of 500,000 salmon eggs was taken from a California hatchery and planted in the streams of that island. The distance is 7,059 miles, the passage was rough and took 31 days, the jars had to be loaded and unloaded 15 times, a fungus attacked the eggs, and the storage place was so dark that the bad eggs could not be drawn off; and yet the agent who accomplished this feat reported a loss of less than 12 per cent.

The present head of the Fish Commission—the Hon. George M. Bowers—is pushing the work with amazing vigor, and that he is ably assisted by an efficient corps is shown by the scientific feats achieved.

The full value of the work of the Fish Commission is difficult to estimate. Thousands of men are engaged in the fisheries affected by it; and the total commercial value of the results exceeds many times over the cost to the people of the United States of this branch of the government service.

The importance of the shad hatcheries in the South is becoming of great and growing significance to the public as these hatcheries are so safe-guarded that they will eventually be the only source of supply to be depended upon as thoroughly pure and untainted. It is rumored that the once famous North River shad is deteriorating and losing flavor through the contamination of the waters, owing to the erection of acid factories in the vicinity. This report may be ex-

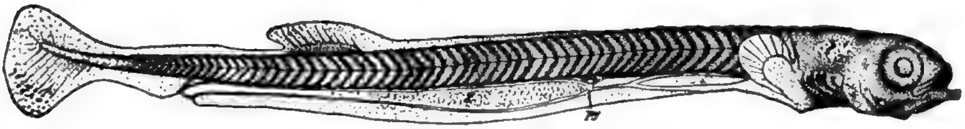


FIG. IX. YOUNG SHAD, 17 DAYS AFTER HATCHING.

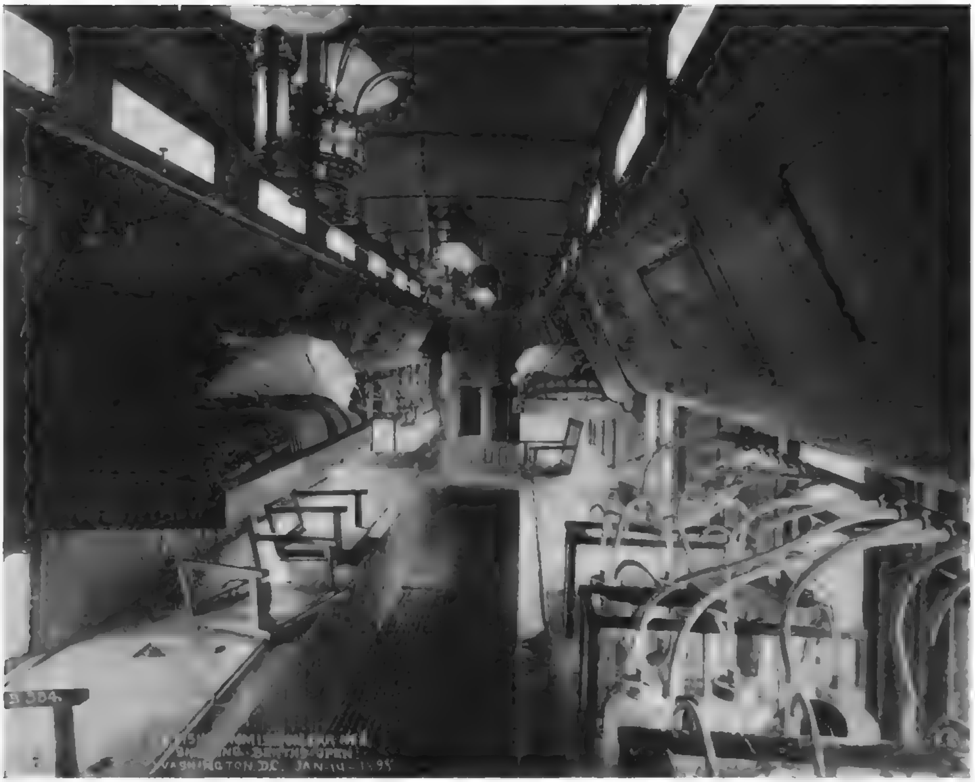


FIG. XI.—INTERIOR OF FISH COMMISSION CAR.

aggerated, but if once the North River shad falls into disrepute, the demand made upon the Potomac supply will cause an extraordinary pressure upon its hatchery.

It cannot be ignored that the demand for the North River shad in the Eastern market and in Manhattan alone is enormous. In shad season the fish are so plentiful and heretofore so delicious that they are a recognized food of the people. If, through lack of properly stringent measures to protect our hatcheries from contamination, this abundance should degenerate in savor, if not in quantity, the problem confronting the supply of quality would be most serious and complex. This problem is now before the hatcheries of the South, and since the factory is debarred from the banks of the Potomac, at least, in the neighborhood controlled by the United States Fish Commissioners, there is every reason to hope that our favorite national fish will still hold its own as one of the greatest and least costly of American delicacies.

A TUTOR FOR ORLANDO

By Helena Smith

"ONE can tell you have never studied the ways of womankind," sniffed Mary Ellen, as she tossed aside the manuscript of my latest novel. "Your heroines are impossible!"

"I know it, Mary Ellen," I responded, meekly.

I had been hauled over the coals for this before by my critical sister.

"Well," she queried, "why don't you set about remedying this failing?"

"How can I?"

It was the question of one of the most bashful men in the universe. And Mary Ellen had advised—but my imagination, which was all right when I was dealing with fiction, refused to consider accumulating knowledge, first hand.

"I'm always helping you—or trying to," said Mary Ellen, who took my work very seriously.

"Well," I said, bracing up, "didn't I come to your last pink tea and talk to at least three girls? And one widow," I added. But not even the mention of the widow softened Mary Ellen's contemptuous glance.

"You might as well talk to the wax models in a shop window to study character, as talk to a woman at a tea, and expect to learn anything," she said, crushingly. "A woman doesn't bring her emotions to a tea!"

"I follow your advice to the letter about their clothes," I defended.

"Good thing you do—or they wouldn't have any, poor things," commented Mary Ellen.

I ignored this fling.

"I thought that description of the girl in the cloudy black chiffon with the violets rather well done."

"Well," said Mary Ellen, "I can be a modiste for your heroines, and rescue them from muslin frocks with blue ribbons—but it is you who must put a real woman in the clothes! Your heroes are splendid chaps—but your heroines are shadows. They will continue to be unless you make the most of the opportunities I throw in your path to study types. Wonder I haven't washed my hands of you after the way you treated that stunning Miss Kilburn."

"She was very—very—forward," I said, shuddering at the experience I had had with the spoiled beauty.

"Humph! No use inviting people here for your benefit unless you conquer your shyness!" There was finality in her tone.

"It's a pity my shyness interferes with the progress of my art," I sighed.

"Dick!" cried Mary Ellen, suddenly, "I've a scheme for you!"

Mary Ellen is the type of person who is always inducing you to do disagreeable things for your own good!

"You are as sensitive about your shyness as a girl is about freckles," she explained. "A literary lion has no business to be shy. You'd like to be cured, wouldn't you, Dick?" Her tone was persuasive.

It certainly is a beast of a bore to be bashful.

"I would," I said, rashly.

"It is daring," she hinted. "But the experience ought to cure you of timidity forever. If it did—will you give me that fur set as a reward?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. I'll just tell the dealer to put them aside. They are ermine," she said. "You won't mind the price?"

"Hang the price! But you may fail."

"The furs will look great with my black velvet suit," said Mary Ellen, complacently. "Why, I'll have you so blazé, by this method of mine, that you'll even be able to talk to the debutantes!"

Mary Ellen's scheme certainly proved to be unique.

The woods are between Mary Ellen's

summer place and a quaint green shingled cottage, owned by one, Miss Flora Leroy, teacher of the arts and graces of society in a fashionable school for girls. To her Mary Ellen wrote a wonderful letter. Would she take in hand a bashful man? Miss Leroy's answer was most business-like—she would. I rebelled at the absurdity of it all—but Mary Ellen has a way that wins.

Miss Leroy and I were to meet in the sylvan stretch between the two houses and enact little romances, just to accustom me to the society of a strange young woman and to get me into an atmosphere that would give more realism to my love scenes. It was a wild, foolish notion, no doubt; but, as I have said, Mary Ellen usually carries the day.

Our first meeting was to be after the order of that of Rosalind and Orlando.

From the cool piazza Mary Ellen waved me good luck as I struck into the woods far more boldly than I felt. The day was pleasant and the woods so delightfully cool and fragrant I began to enter into the situation with a degree more of enthusiasm. Already plots were sketching themselves in my mind. The scene only lacked a Rosalind indeed.

And then, she flashed into my sight, standing in the path where the trees parted just to let in the sunshine to burnish her glittering, spun-gold hair. The wild roses growing in a riot at her feet must have been envious of her face and I'm sure the violets must have been conscious of the rivalry of her eyes.

How I did wish I was one of my own strapping, devil-may-care heroes! I thought of that old rye-field song, but this wasn't a rye-field, and, moreover, I was a very bashful man.

"The path is very narrow," I said; "but it is, I find, more attractive than the narrow path is generally credited with being!" I was surprised at my own daring. But if this was Rosalind—and I knew it was—I would be Orlando or die.

She laughed and looked at me from beneath long lashes.

"It would be a pity if I were the cause of your leaving it," she said, demurely, as I stepped into the thicket to allow her room to pass. I suddenly lost my nerve when I found this was not Miss Leroy. She didn't tell me she was not, but I felt it instinctively.

She hesitated for an instant for the retort from me that didn't come, simply because I felt tongue-tied, and then with a gay little nod, she went on down the sunlit path. The woods seemed darker after that. I decided to profit by my lessons with Miss Leroy, so if I met this girl again I should prove equal to it.

I came upon Miss Leroy after a brisk walk, an attractive vision in white against the green background. She came forward with cordiality and immediately we reached an understanding. I liked Miss Leroy, but I regretted she was not my Rosalind. By a strange coincidence that afternoon Miss Leroy and myself read "As You Like It." Miss Leroy knew the forest of Arden scene by heart, and I read my part from the book. I blushed terribly and broke down several times. I'm sure I felt responsible for it all, not Mr. Shakespeare. Without exception it was the most embarrassing ordeal I ever went through to say all those sentimental things to a woman, even if they weren't original. Miss Leroy said it was just what I needed.

Finally I said: "Would you mind pretending I met you on a narrow path and I said that the path was more attractive than most people's idea of it? Would that be too bold, do you think?"

"Not at all," said Miss Leroy. "I should call it very neat."

We had a lively conversation in which I learned much. I regretted I had not made more of the incident of the path and the golden-haired girl. Still I might meet her again. It is an excellent thing for a novelist to make a close study of types.

I didn't consider it necessary to tell Mary Ellen about the first girl.

When I went to keep my appointment the second day, who did I meet—or rather discover beneath a tree, a picture of idleness—but Rosalind!

"You are not following the straight and narrow path to-day?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "And you?"

"You put me off it yesterday," I said boldly.

"And to-day you profit by the experience?"

"We often commit the same follies again and again," I said.

"It is much pleasanter beneath this tree," she said. Her hospitality was not to be ignored, even by a bashful man. It was a very valuable experience, and if Mary Ellen could have heard me talk, she would have been proud indeed. My lessons were helping me wonderfully. I felt at that rate I should indeed be ready to encounter a host of debutantes in the season. One must make sacrifices for one's art. Rosalind helped to mitigate my shyness, and I was quite at ease when I went on to Miss Leroy's private class for gallantry.

The second day we went through the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" with great dash.

After that my progress was rapid. Miss Leroy declared I was precocious. Still, my little preludes to my lesson helped some. Daisy—that is Miss Randolph—furnished inspiration for a very successful short story. When Mary Ellen examined it, she looked at me keenly.

"That's the real thing," she said. "But it's not one tiny bit like Flora Leroy."

"What do you know about Miss Leroy?" I demanded suspiciously.

"What you have told me, of course," said Mary Ellen.

I must admit I had come to look forward to these little curtain raisers to the main performance. Miss Randolph told me I improved upon acquaintance. Considering my tutoring, it was small wonder if I did. I found Miss Leroy's hints most valuable. Daisy was a complex young person and very coquettish. Once she would have frightened me with her tactics. She was very romantic, and did me the honor to say I was the only man she ever met who could make the most of a situation. She even declared she bet I would make an original proposal.

I decided to do the best I could, any way.

Said I to my tutor on the next encounter:

"Miss Leroy, would you mind my proposing to you?"

"Not in the least," said Miss Leroy. "It would be excellent practice for you. Begin."

"I—I—I——lov—will you——" and that's as far as I got. I looked to see if my tutor was laughing, but her face was turned away.

"You might try again," she said, in a low voice.

I hope I didn't appear as ridiculous as I felt.

"I can't say it," I said, desperately. "I'm not a credit to my teacher, but I can't say it. I shall write," I added, decidedly.

"That would be best," she said.

"A remarkably fine girl," I thought, as I watched her disappear among the trees. "If it weren't for Daisy——"

Then I went home and wrote two letters.

The first was to Daisy—or "Rosalind," as I loved to call her.

"Dear Rosalind," I began, "since I first met you in the Forest of Arden, I have loved you. But you have already guessed it—you are so clever at the game of hearts. Do you care for me just a little? Or will you let me teach you to if you do not already? If you refuse Orlando—— But you won't, will you, dear?"

I signed it "Orlando."

The second was to Miss Leroy.

"Dear Tutor-to-Orlando," for she, too, called me Orlando, "I come before you very humbly to tell you our pretty little romance is over. It has all been in play, as of course you know, but I cannot close the chapter without something of regret. These have been pleasant days to me and I trust have not been a bore to you. You have been very kind—kinder than you can realize—for you have helped me to find my way to the heart of the woman I love. Moreover, my acquaintance with you has aided me much in the study of types—a charming type. My next book shall be the better for it. Accept my sincerest thanks."

This I thought rather neatly done.

Mary Ellen was to call on Miss Leroy in a few days to settle our account. The notes I put into envelopes and sent them to their destinations by a small boy whom I frequently employ as messenger. I knew each would be waiting at her accustomed place.

The next day I received the following answers. To say I was overwhelmed was putting it mildly. A glance showed me the notes had been mixed. That I should be the victim of this blunder which I always considered the least excusable!

Miss Randolph—formerly Daisy or Rosalind—wrote:

"My dear Mr. Willoughby.—Your note was most enlightening, if not exactly flattering. But I'm vastly relieved, for it has saved me the task of a confession—and confessions were designed for boarding school girls, open fires and slippers. I, too, am a scribbler out for types! I admit the thought that you were playing the game sincerely was disturbing—I'm really very kind-hearted. Still, you have it down to such a fine point, no wonder an expert was deceived. But when Greek, etc. As I am already engaged, your cruel 'throw-down' didn't hurt a bit. I was stupid, though, not to know you were *the* Richard Willoughby. We've often sat down to the same table of contents in the magazines—in which I sign myself, as now—Daisy Randolph Frisbie!"

Miss Leroy's reply was quite as surprising in its way.

"My dear boy.—To say I was surprised would not be exactly truthful after our little talk in the woods the last time. And yet, I am surprised. It doesn't seem possible that you really care for me. I will be in the woods this afternoon, dear, waiting. And please forget all I have taught you—and just be your own natural self. It will be quite good enough for me!"

I sat dazed. One consoling thought came to me—Miss Daisy Randolph Frisbie hadn't scored. Thanks to a mix-up in letters she should never know that I had really put my heart at her feet, only to have it dissected for "copy." With less complacency, I regarded the complication involving Miss Leroy. With heavy heart I went to make my explanation.

As I passed near the tree where so often I had found Daisy, I saw a tiny volume and a rose tacked to the trunk of the tree. It was a little copy of "As You Like It." On the fly leaf was written "Orlando—from Rosalind." I sat a long time beneath that tree.

Then I went to meet Miss Leroy to tell her what a mess I had made of everything. She started forward to meet me, then at sight of my face stopped suddenly.

Before I had a chance to speak she began, excitedly:

"I hope you understood that my answer was only part of the game," she said. "And answered in the same spirit that your's was written. A continuation of the—the—lessons."

I was astonished at the turn this affair had taken. I was even a little disappointed.

"What made you think so?" I asked for want of anything else to say.

"Why—because everything else would be so utterly absurd. This is a business proposition, Mr. Willoughby!"

She smiled impersonally. I felt a sinking of the heart. So she hadn't meant one word of her beautiful letter?

"We will now drop the business end of it," I said, sternly, for at that moment I came into possession of rational senses. "I wish you to distinctly understand that I am not jesting when I ask you to marry me. I love you; do you understand me? I love you. Now, what do you intend to do about it?"

She raised her head.

"Dick! You meant it?"

"Why shouldn't I mean it, young woman?"

Suddenly I felt there was much that I could teach my tutor.

"Well—you see—after I answered your note—the thought occurred to me that you were only carrying on the scheme—that you didn't care for me—and I nearly died of shame. I wanted to give you a chance to let me down easy if you weren't in earnest, so I pretended——"

But that was as far as she was allowed to go in her explanation. There were more important subjects.

Still, it was a disappointment that Mary Ellen wasn't surprised when I told her the result of her plotting. It was then she told me that she and Flora were old friends, or she would never have entrusted me to her tutorship. I have wondered if—— But no, Mary Ellen may be capable of it, but not Flora. Still it proved the best scheme that Mary Ellen ever evolved. She evidently thought pretty well of it herself, judging by the size of the bill I have just received from a fashionable furrier!

ENGAGED

(Blank verse in forty-seven spasms)

By Blanche Goodman

Whoop! Hooray!
I'm the man that's engaged to be married!
That's what!
And I'm so full of bliss
That I don't know
Whether this earth
Is right side up or not.
Talk about your sizzling happiness
And bubbling joy!
Well! That's slow
Compared with what I feel!
Why, I'm so full
Of the intoxication of love
And all that sort of thing you know,
That I can hardly tell
Where I am at.
Whoop! Look out!
I'm going to shout
Until the blue vaulted dome of heaven
Sends back the echo,
"I'm in love ! ! !"

Fact is
I never was so hard hit in
In all my life.
Oh, Gee! if I could only
Vent my joy in wild halloos
Or take the earth
And throw it o'er the moon,
And use the stars for footballs,
Just because a girl
Has put me in a whirl
By saying "Yes."
Wow! Clear the way!
Here comes another one!
I'll have to get this mad joy
Out of my constitution
Some way or other,
So I might as well
Yell!

If all the sky were paper
And all the rivers flowing ink,
I'd use a tall thin mountain
Peak as a fountain
Pen,
And then
Such a letter
As I would write to her,
Ye Gods!
Can't sleep at night.
Can't eat.
All I can do
Is walk the floor
And smoke cigars
Until her next letter comes.
I'll bet
My landlady is in a fret,
And wishes me in—well,
I'm going in the other direction
So fast,
That when I get to Paradise
I won't be able to stop!
I can almost hear
The angels practicing the wedding march,
Tum tum ti tum!
Oh, Bliss!
I'll have to give another "Tiger Sis
Boom Ah" again!
Whoop! Hooray! Rah! Rah!

EMBRYO JOCKEYS READY FOR AN EARLY MORNING GALLOP.

ON THE ROAD TO JOCKEYDOM

By N. C. Marbourg

WAS there ever a boy, in all the years of the world's history, who at a certain stage of his existence did not crave either the life of a sailor, engineer, jockey or explorer? If there ever has existed such a boy, he has missed half the pleasure of living, for every man who has survived this period of love for adventure looks back on his jockey days with an extraordinary amount of indulgence.

It is the boy who does not survive the experience, the boy who runs away from home to obtain the wish of his heart and fails, who looks back on that time with bitterness, and though many a sailor lad has become a captain, and many a stable boy a jockey, yet there are innumerable others who have failed and still remain at their humble tasks either in the cabin or the stalls.

This mite of a stable boy, with his will-o'-the-wisp eyes, strong neck and shoulders is a very interesting piece of humanity. He has aspirations to jockeydom, and his whole object in leaving home and living by the race track, following the horses and working like a little beaver is that he may ultimately become a jockey.

There are in every large stable about eighteen or twenty of these lads, so it is is to be supposed that many a youngster has succumbed to the fascination of the turf, and the glamor of the future possible laurels of jockeydom.

The stable boy of the present régime is somewhat different from the boy of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. To day he is bright, active, alert. He must be over sixteen years old before he may join the stable force; he must know how to read and write, understand certain things about the care of a horse and have some knowledge of riding. The "kid" about a stable who does not know how to ride would receive his dismissal before sundown of the day on which he was engaged.

In the Sidney Paget stable at Sheepshead bay, there are twenty-two lads who look forward to the time when they may wear the colors of the stable. They hanker for the satin clothes of the jockey, the wild cheers of the mob meant for them nearly as much as for the winning horse. They dream of receiving the compliments of their masters, of being the pets of every one, of drawing a salary from two

SUNDAY AFTERNOON RECREATION. ENJOYING A CONCERT THROUGH THE PHONOGRAPH.

to five thousand a year, of having a valet, a tailor, barber, and nearly anything else they want—these are the rose-colored visions of twenty-two youngsters who range in age from sixteen to eighteen. How many of them will realize it?

The existence of the modern stable boy is much altered of late. Once upon a time he was the necessary but undesirable quantity that followed the string of horses from place to place. He was underpaid, ten or fifteen dollars a month being the highest salary he ever received; his bed, an armful of straw beside the horse—if he was in the South, he more often preferred the sweet grasses of the in-field or at the back of the stables to the stable itself—he might take his choice. Toilet arrangements were quite unknown; there might, by some odd chance, be an old wash dish about the place; oftener, though, there was none; a towel was an unheard of luxury; his shirt-sleeve did double duty, that of covering his arm and serving as towel; in fact, at that time, he was a much-put-upon little creature, insignificant, dirty, ambitionless.

A change has been brought about. At the Paget stable there are comfortable quarters for the boys and men. Just back of the stable it is true, but they are clean and neat; there is a janitor who attends to the house, and across the road is a dining-room and kitchen; here a Chinese cook is "monarch of all he surveys," as the cook usually is. In the dormitory are placed in a row clean iron beds; two boys share a bed, and by ten o'clock at night not a noise is heard about the place. Ten o'clock is set as the hour when the real curfew must sound, but the boys are generally so tired after their very hard day's work that eyes are closed and visions of race tracks and jockeydom dance through their heads long before this hour.

With the early dawn at five o'clock, summer and winter a gong sounds; the few sleepers that its clarion tones do not rouse are soon put to right-about by their companions, and by twenty minutes past five every boy is out of the dormitory and either out of doors or in one of the two sitting-rooms on the ground floor.

The pump is the next thing on the programme of the early day, for to be clean is a part of the stable boy's duty now-a-days; each boy has his basin, soap and towel; if he loses either, he may borrow if any will lend, or he must purchase a new one. Every morning one boy must pump; they take turns in this work and pump by numbers, and when the last

TRAINER JOHN SLOSSON GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO A CLASS OF FUTURE WINNERS.

AN EARLY MORNING WASH FOR THE 20TH CENTURY BOYS AT THE PUMP IN THE YARD.

EVERY BOY PUTS HIS HORSE IN STABLE AND SEES THAT HE IS PROPERLY BLANKETED.

basin is filled and carried to the bench outside the "quarter" door, the boy at the pump finds his basin and pumps it full. Such a splashing and dashing of water it would be difficult to imagine. If they were a lot of young ducks instead of rosy-cheeked lads one might give credence to the sound; but the boys, full of life and vigor, are strenuous even in making their bright faces brighter.

When each face has been rubbed to a polish and glow, and the basins and towels are put away, the boys proceed to the stable; each takes his horse, saddles and bridles it, receives his instructions from the trainer, and then, mounted on the backs of thoroughbreds, the youngsters trail "Indian file" over to the track, and there in the "shoots" they exercise the equine beauties until half-past seven. At this hour they return to the stables, unsaddle the horses, rub them down, blanket them, put them in their stalls, hang their saddles on the rack outside, and then, after three hours' hard work, it is time to sit down to a savory breakfast.

After breakfast the saddles must be thoroughly cleaned before they are hung away, the stirrups must be shining and bright. This is the moment when a great quantity of sponges and water galore are brought into service; with his sweater sleeves rolled high above his elbow, the stable boy begins what he calls his "house cleaning." If, after careful inspection, the trainer has found anything wrong with the condition in which a horse has been put in its stall, the boy is called to account for it, severely lectured, carefully instructed and sent to do penance in the form of cutting two, instead of one, bag of grass. Every morning during the summer the boys must cut a bag of grass for the horses, and from ten until one o'clock the fields are dotted with bobbing heads as the boys work in the tall grass.

All the long afternoon the boys have nothing in particular to do, and how they wish they were in the jockey's stirrups; for while the stable boy sits "in quarters" the jockey is at the track in the heat of the excitement, wearing his stable colors; and, in fact, receiving all that the other boy desires.

This spare time is now utilized in a very excellent manner; the boys do not have much of a chance to gain an education; of course it is compulsory that they know how to read and write before they are engaged; but here their education may be considered finished. Several of the stable owners, and particularly the trainers, have these boys' welfare more at heart than one might think. For this reason a system of study has been inaugurated; every afternoon a certain amount of study is necessary; once a week a teacher visits the quarters; this teacher is from one of the public schools. In summer she generally lives in or near Coney Island, and devotes certain days out of

READING PAPER BEFORE DINNER.—SPORTING NEWS IS THE FAVORITE LITERATURE.

JOCKEY'S SLEEPING QUARTERS IN A MODERN STABLE. SYDNEY PAGET STABLE.

SADDLES ARE CLEANED EVERY DAY AND SUBJECT TO A RIGID INSPECTION.

the week to the stables; in this way the boys are learning more than just "horses." Arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, geography compose the list of studies; but some of the more industrious and perhaps the clearer-sighted of the boys, have, in going to night school during the winter, learned something of shorthand and stenography. A wise precaution—for when they are too old to earn a living as stable boys, they are in this way equipped to fill some position that will bring them a moderate income.

That the stable boy of the present day is far superior to the boy of a while ago, can hardly be disputed, although he is of the same daring class, always reckless, always ready for whatever may come, but he is not so rough as the boy of old, and with the increasing interest that his trainers take in him his condition is continually improving.

On Sunday when there is not quite so much work, Sunday papers are supplied for the boys, a number of sporting pages being much in evidence. Another form of amusement much in favor is the phonographic concerts. It is very pretty indeed to see eighteen or twenty of these lads, some lying in the grass, some sitting in the shade of the house, or lounging in the doorway, but all listening enraptured to the strains of everything from "Carmen" to rag-time as it comes from the depths of a machine.

In one way a stable boy is much like a young bulldog: one can never tell just how he is going to turn out. A youngster who, when first coming to the stable, will give every promise of becoming a good rider and a jockey, will, after some time at the track side, do what is known in the nomenclature of the track as "flatten out." He will not be able to manage his horse well; he will no have about him that magnetic power that some jockeys seem to possess; in fact, he will make in no sense of the word a successful jockey. On the other hand, a boy who seems to be fitted for almost anything else save the track is just the one who will be successful. Such is the make-up of the horse and the boy, that one can never prophesy out of a batch of ten which one will prove the "winner."

This, then, is the life of the real stable boy. He follows the horses from place to place; his mind should be full of horse and nothing else. In the eye of the trainer, this is the important business of his existence, so he works year in and year out for twenty-five dollars a month, with visions of reaching the goal of jockeydom and $10,000 a year.

THE LEPER SETTLEMENT OF MOLOKAI, HAWAII ISLANDS, WITH A VIEW OF PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE ISLAND OF THE FORSAKEN ONES

By Alvin Hovey-King

To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limbs, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod,—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But, if he gaze again,
Lo! beauty, springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores;
And even a fool is silent and adores.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

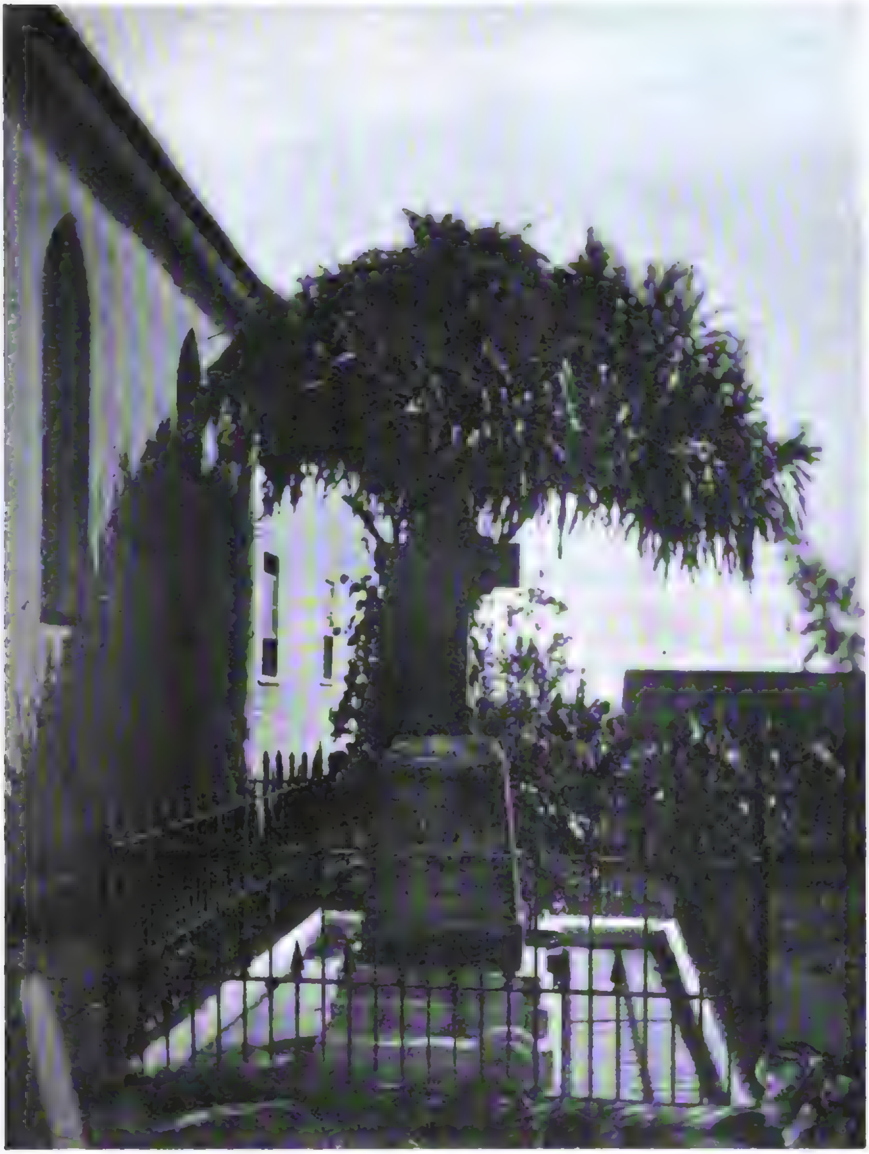
I had read Stevenson's tender and pathetic verses on the forsaken ones at Molokai before I turned my wandering footsteps toward the Island of the Forsaken Ones. I knew in advance that the island, green and luxuriant, and as beautiful as the Garden of Eden could possibly have been, was the home of horrors, the charnel house of the living dead.

We left Honolulu on a small steamer plying between that city and the other islands of the Hawaiian group. The little vessel with its wheezy engines, its crew of natives, and the unutterable odors of the cargo of living freight, was a floating foretaste of the horrors of Molokai.

As the steamer broke into the Molokai Channel it lurched and tossed with a sickening motion which recalled the English Channel in its most unpleasant aspect. It tumbled, and rolled, and tossed until the misery of living grew great compared with the misery of death.

A hundred and more Hawaiians were packed in the bow of the ship going to Molokai for the last time. They were relatives of the Accursed Ones who were cast upon that Eden spot, and their mission was a last farewell to their loved ones who suffered from the Curse. The American Sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands had been established for some time, but the Board of Health had just turned its attention to the regulation of the Island of Molokai, the leper colony of that fair and beautiful group of islands lying in the Pacific Ocean. The Board of Health had issued permits to the Hawaiians who should desire to see their relatives for the last time when they might touch them, or receive grasp of wasted hand from them. Great screens have since been erected, and those who visit Molokai may only look at the isolated ones through them. No touch of hands or lips may the agonized sufferers claim from those who are dear.

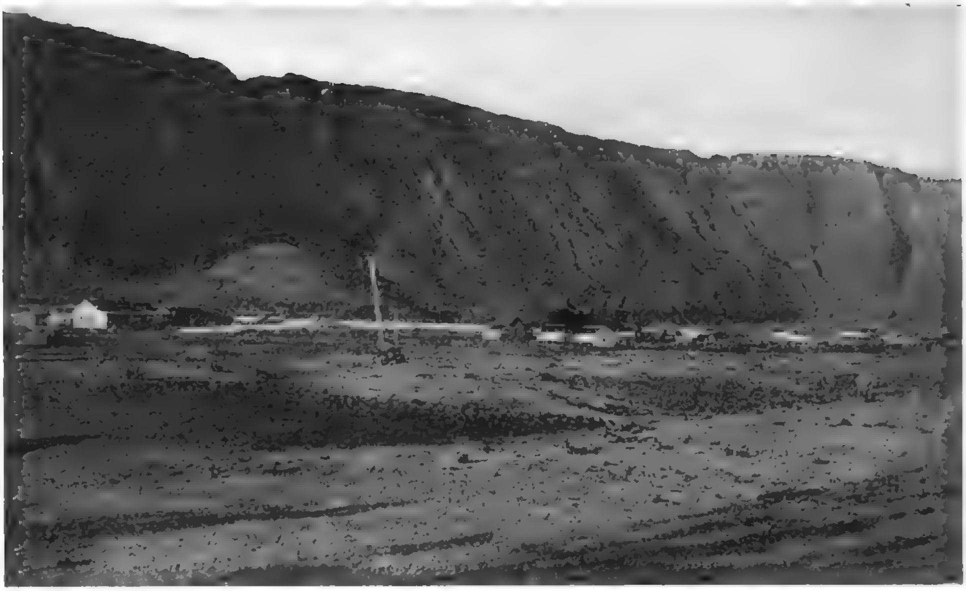
The Island of Molokai, with its tropical luxury of trees and palms and flowering shrubs, is divided through the center by a great ridge of granite, surely and



GRAVE OF FATHER DAMIEN AT THE LEPER SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI, WITH VIEW OF THE CHURCH.

effectually cutting it into two sections. On the one side live the Unclean, on the other the Clean. So they are designated on the tiny bit of land. The Unclean can never cross the granite bar and enter into the portion of the island where his brothers live in health. He must, perforce, remain with those of his kind, his brothers in the Living Death.

It seems that this place must have been designated by nature for the home of those who bear the curse of ages, for so steep and rugged is the wall dividing the island that no man can scale it. Few of the people confined there have ever tried to escape by way of the impregnable wall of rock, and those making the futile effort were lost amid the yawning pits and crevasses of the immense natural escarpment. Had they reached the other side



PART OF THE LEPER SETTLEMENT, SHOWING THE BASALT RIDGE THAT DIVIDES THE CLEAN FTOM THE UNCLEAN.

it would have been to meet a certain death; and that, perhaps, at the hands of some one whom they held dear, for it is an unwritten law that a leper found escaping, either by water or land, is shot at once.

The landing from the *Mikahala* was by no means an easy task. The steamer cast anchor some distance from the beach. Boats were lowered and manned, and we piled into them, jumping from the gangway as they rose on the crest of the high waves. So terrific is the force of the breakers against the beach at the leper colony that vessels frequently have to wait for days before they can lower a boat to make passage to the wharf.

"Aloha," that most touching word in the Hawaiian language, greets those who come from the ocean. It is painted on a large signboard just above the stone steps which lie within the breakwater. There is, perhaps, no other word so full of different meanings as "Aloha." Mingled with the tenderest sentiments of the human race, it is alternately love, friendship, welcome and goodbye. It is also the word of happiness, and in the irony of fate, it stands out with untold meaning at the entrance of the abode of the Forsaken.

"Aloha!" Imagine the horror of its subtle significance! Welcome to the place of death, the living hell! The wonder is that the bitterness and mockery of the word does not cut into the souls of those who come to the island to pass their remaining days and drive them mad. Yet it is seldom that those so afflicted lose their reason, so says Brother Dutton, who has taken the place of the beloved and reverend Father Damien. In one room Brother Dutton showed me several lepers whose sight and sense were gone. They sat, calm, immovable, like so many graven images, with sightless eyes and vacant mind—their faces broken, their limbs wasted. Gaunt forms flee across the sands upon the beach, like evil deeds before a dying man's mind. I saw eyes that glared at one from blood red pits of horror, and woeful stumps of arms and limbs with neither fingers nor toes. The deadly apathy with which these men and women look out upon life fills one with a feeling exceeding in terror that of the ghastly havoc of the disease. They show no consciousness of misery, no hope for better things.

A native Honoluluan who was with the party, pointed out a woman of wasted form walking with a young man at her

THE BARREN ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE LEPER GRAVE YARD.

side. She was talking eagerly and rapidly, making use of the great last time when she might speak with him. He was her brother; she had been a famous beauty and a graceful and accomplished *hula* dancer but a few years since. She was even then a girl, but her wasted form showned gaunt through her scant attire.

The memory of Father Damien is held in most reverent awe. Could they but do so, the lepers would enshrine him as a god and worship him. The kindly monks and nuns, who have given up their lives to this work, teach them the laws of the Church, before which the hopeless and miserable beings bow down.

The great scarlet and white blossoms which grow so profusely, the soft and vivid green of the tropical trees, the pungent odor of the ocean and the ever-recurring beat of the breakers against the

BROTHER JOSEPH DUTTON'S HOUSE AND A GROUP OF LEPERS.

beach, give a picture in sight, sound and scent never to be surpassed.

When the dusk of evening had darkened the crimson of sunset, the shrill whistle of our boat was heard throughout the island. It was the last farewell, which was heartbreaking in its intensity. One Kanaka girl whose lover had become one of the forsaken, begged to stay with him, but she was taken by a gentle nun. who unclasped her hands from her lover's neck and led her down to the beach. As the long boats carried their loads to the waiting steamer, the lepers gathered in a crowd of never-to-be-forgotten wraith-like creatures, and as the steamer weighed anchor they sent forth the native wail: "Auwe! auwe! auwe!" which seemed to have gathered in its tones all the misery and suffering of the Unclean.

WISDOM AND WOMEN

By Grace G. Bostwick

When a woman telleth her faults, keep thy tongue in thy head and agree not with her, for that way lieth madness.

A woman thinketh whom she may honor, but the man who seeth not when she stumbleth, he it is whom her heart chooseth, for he knoweth not that which he knoweth and his right hand is even as his left.

A woman whose tears droppeth continually is a nuisance; she is filled with foolishness, and, like a doll that drippeth sawdust, she littereth thine house.

If a woman sheweth thee her gray hairs, laugh not, for they who laugh over-much, wax foolish and acquire a girth; make much of her and cherish her, for then, indeed, is she thy great friend who hath thy good at heart.

If a woman love thee well and asketh no gift, give her all thou hast, for she knoweth the secret; she hath learned of life and is wise.

If one should say "Thou lovest me not enough," tear thyself from her and make haste in thy going, lest, in a moment of anger, thou doest her an injury; for she is not wise—she knoweth not the code; she annoyeth continually like a pricker in thy shirt.

If thou lovest a woman, besiege her with thy presence, for even so are they won. If a woman love a man and is wise, she will make herself exceeding scarce, for man was born to pursuit as the smoke riseth.

If thou must put a woman from thee for reasons of thine own, seek thou first a quarrel and let that suffice thee; for the heart knoweth its own bitterness, but no heart knoweth the bitterness of a woman scorned.

If a woman tell thee "Aye, aye, the thing is even as thou sayest," depart from her and keep thy distance, for she createth a thirst and the truth is not in her. If she say, "Nay, thou art wrong, for I, even I, know a thing or two," abide with her, for better a dinner of thirteen courses and a wife thou canst argue with, than a meal of herbs and an amiable spouse.

A friend is as thy pipe after a long swearing-off; even so to thee is a woman friend in thine hour of need. Doest thou thy part with a good grace that thou findest her not wanting at the test.

Women possess strange ways; even so; they weep when thou thinkest their smiles are nigh; when their hearts are sore, they laugh; they look ever for that which is not. Be thou wise in thy wisdom and seek to learn that which thou misunderstandeth, for there is purpose in all they do.

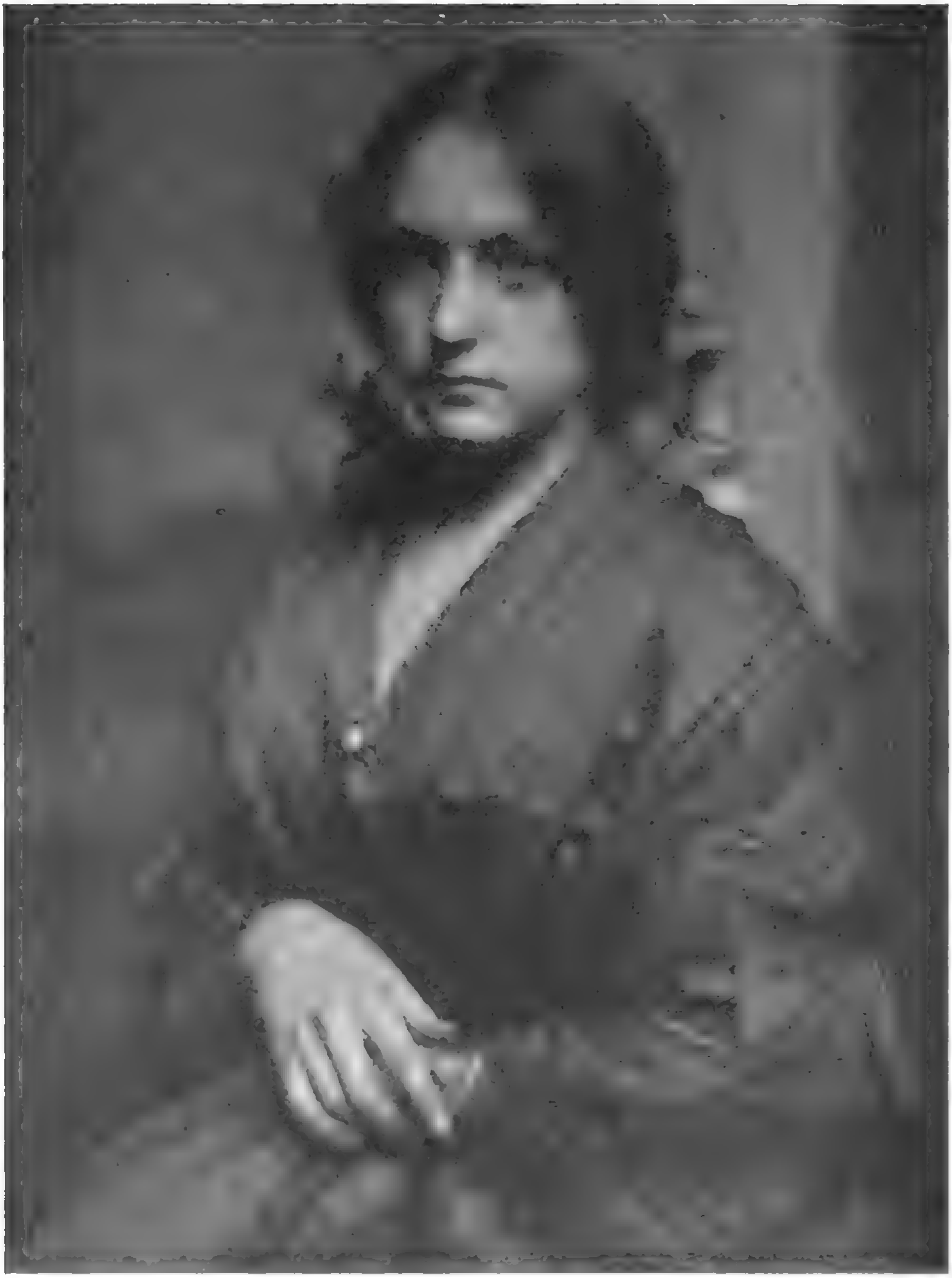
MRS. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER,
CREATOR OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

INDIVIDUALITY AND PHOTOGRAPHY

By Gertrude Käsebier

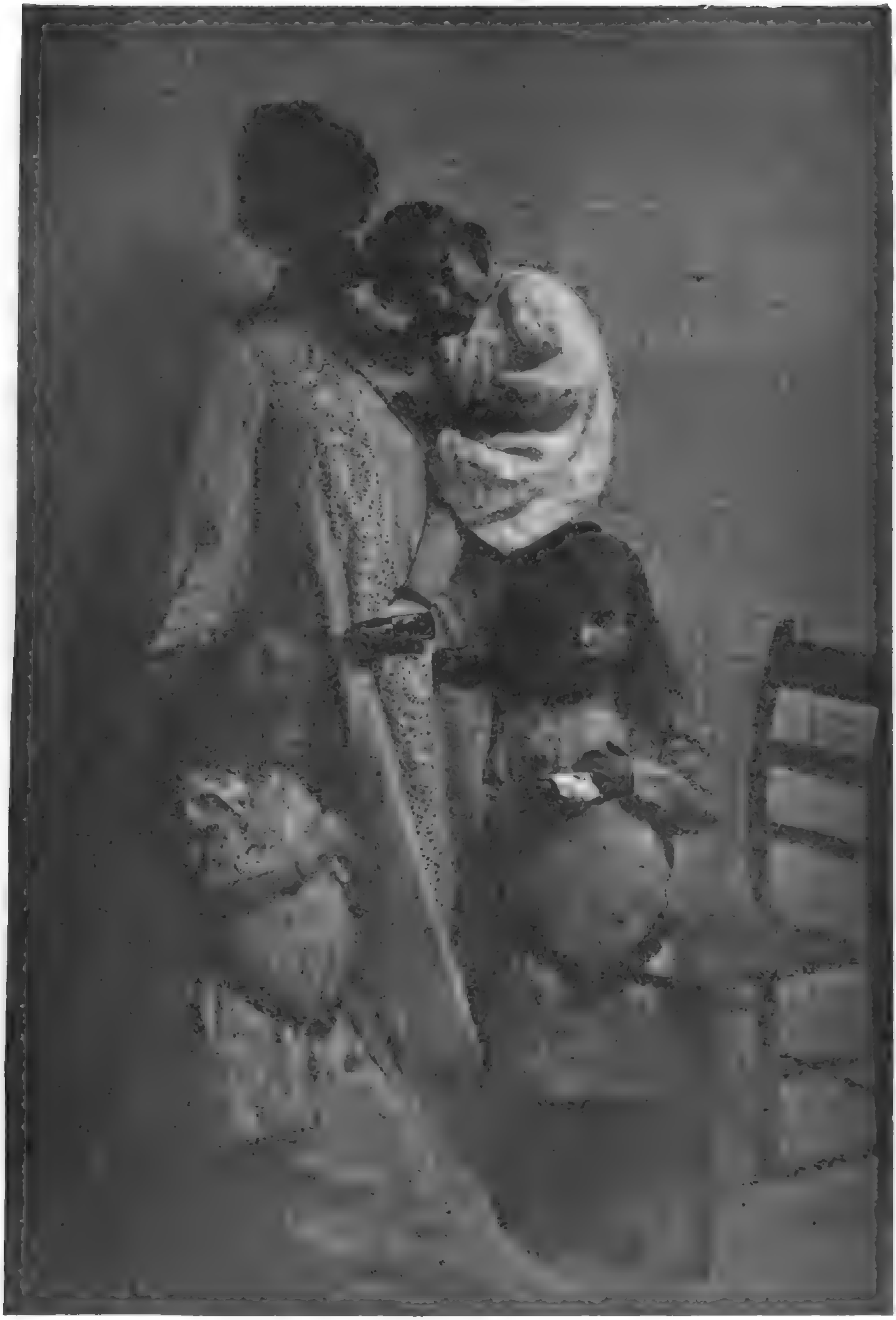
IN photographic portraiture as it is understood in the significance of latter day standards, the personality of the subject and the individuality of the photographer are paramount as distinctive and absolutely necessary characteristics. The man or woman, therefore, who stands behind the camera is the artist upon whose interpretation and creative faculties the subject pins his faith for a revelation of himself that is not only sincere but kindly.

There was a time, from which we are just emerging, when photography was a mere combination of chemicals and solar rays—when each person sitting before the camera was the victim of an uncompromising realism and the try-to-look-



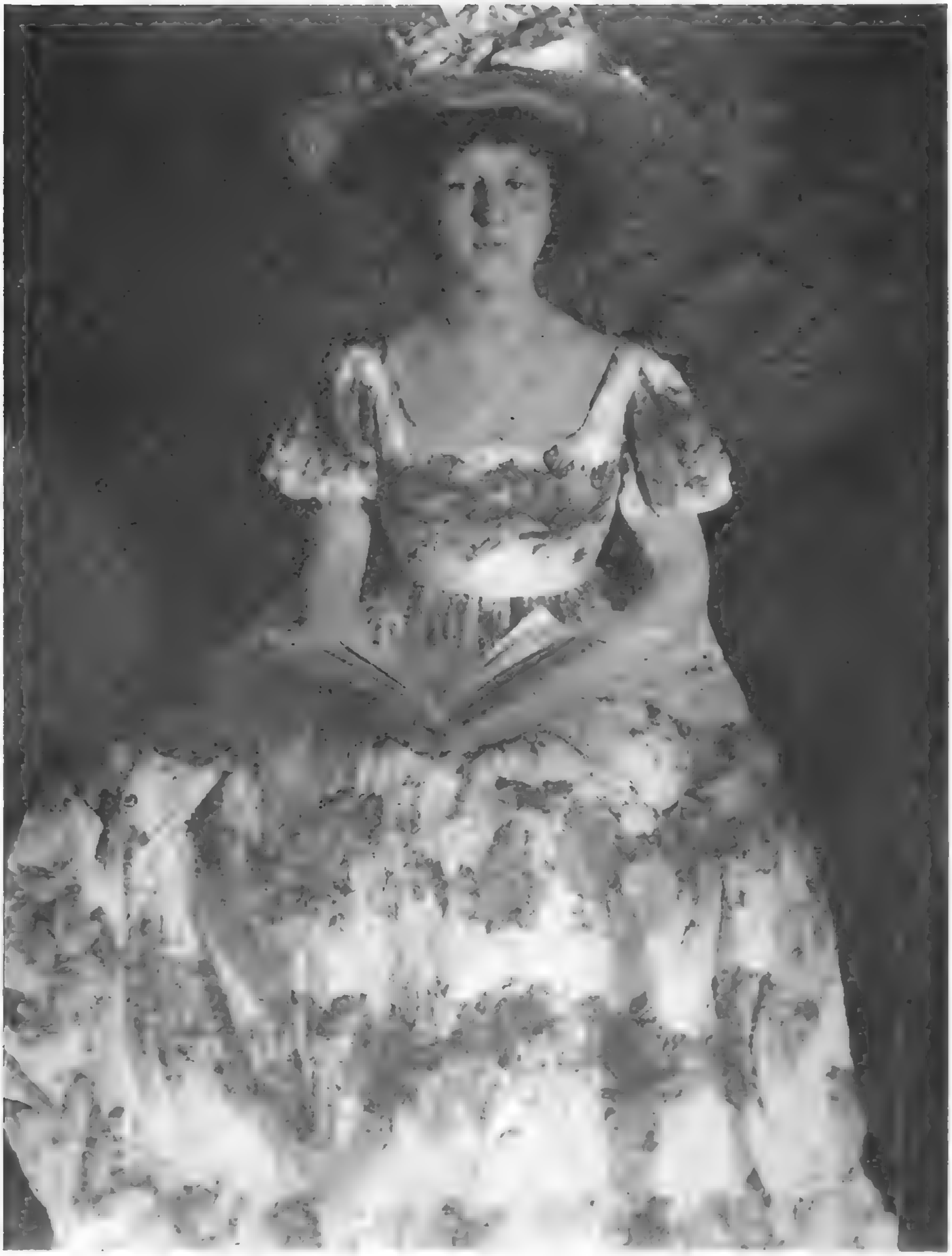
Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

JOSEPHINE.



Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.



Photographic study by Gertrude Käsebier.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

THE VISION.

pleasant art of the mechanic at the machine. To-day the sensitive plate is but a plastic medium in the hands of the artist.

The photographic portrait is in truth a work of art. Composition, line, atmosphere, sentiment—all are there. There is coloring. There are flesh tints. There is a subtle sense of values. There is an idea—inspiration.

It is this quality of art value that enhances latter-day photography with the significance of a painting or an etching. The day that the photographic portrait was considered in point of quality and not quantity, that day marked a new and progressive era.

Personally, I should find it as impossible to turn out a dozen prints each like the other from a plate, as a portrait painter a dozen replicas of his *chef d'oeuvre*.

The medium of the photographer is so elusive that he never develops a set of plates without expecting and indeed receiving a new experience. His materials are the forces of nature. His art the actual manipulation of sunlight and atmosphere, applied to a psychological and intellectual understanding of his subject —mankind. He must seek for truth more than all else; otherwise the result will be, at the best, a mere triumph of "cleverness," or worse still, a curious example of solar freakism.

The portrait presents human nature at an interesting and selected moment. In the selection of this moment lies all the art of the artist; all of his accumulated experiences both as a student and as one who has arrived. The painter has his palette. He is given weeks and even months to study his subject. He is allowed a reasonable length of time to bring his work to completion and is accorded any number of sittings.

The photographer has only an instrument more or less mechanical. He must attempt to convey in tonal gradations the exquisite richness of coloring that enhances his vision in the ground glass. In fact, though invisible to others, save through suggestion, this glow of color is ever in evidence to the photographic artist in the portrait he creates. In the old days the features were merely dark lines thrown on a flat white surface. Now there must be contour, construction, tonality, and the manipulator of the plate must be as sensitive to a line as the musician to a musical phrase.

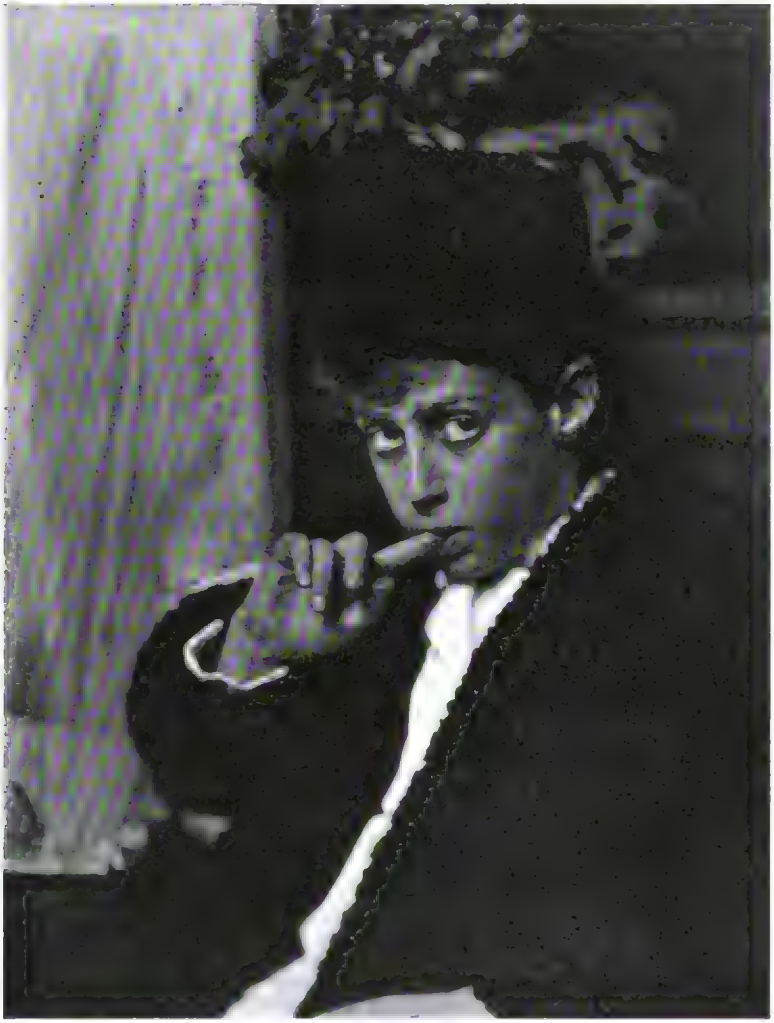
There must be the delicacy and elasticity of flesh in the cheeks whether they be rounded in youthful beauty or seamed with the lines of age. The hands must be tense and intelligent and no longer meaningless blotches of light or an apology for artificial poses and affected mannerisms. Velvet must be velvet, lace must be lace. Silk must show its sheen, and satin must shimmer.

There is a note of significance to be sounded, that endows even materials with a speaking value as beautiful and intrinsic as though laid on canvas with the brush of a painter.

This is no simple matter when the composition must be virtually created within the shortest possible space of time. It is necessary to find means to get at once in touch with one's subject. His or her most interesting and ideal possibilities must be grasped with lightning-like rapidity. A conscious pose before the camera is the stigma that has brought old photography into disrepute.

In fact, it was the horror of this inane posing that induced me when a young married woman to purchase a camera in order to keep a pictorial record of the infantine graces of my children. As a matter of course, my inexperience and my determination to get away from the ordinary rut into which photographers were submerged, led me to results that were highly amusing and unsatisfactory. But like a pointer I scented game, and knew that if I kept on the trail I should finally bring down my bird. I kept at my experiments quietly and persistently, my two children being the innocent and willing victims of my enthusiasm.

In the meantime my desire to retain a record of their childhood so took hold of me that I began to study art. The study continued assiduously for some years, and finally, I reached the Mecca of all artists—Paris—and entered one of its famous studios of portraiture.



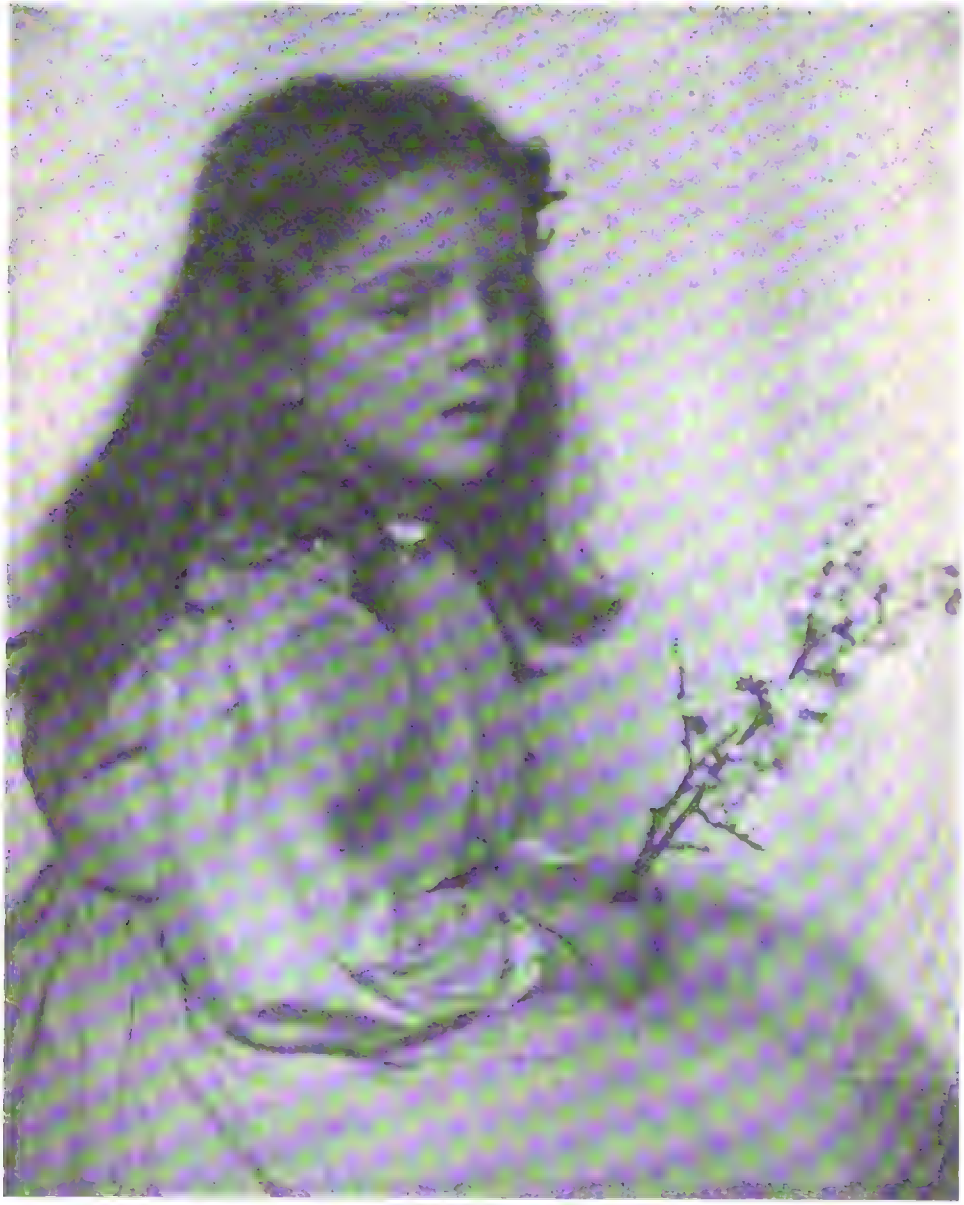
Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

I recall a certain rainy day when, unable to leave my little apartment, I brought out my camera and amused myself taking pictures of the children. The result far exceeded my hopes. The portraits were truly interesting, and significant of the possibilities of photographic portraiture when treated from the art student's point of view. My success rekindled my old enthusiasm for camera work. From that time I date the beginning of my new aspirations and new inspirations founded on the sensitive plate.

I saw in it a legitimate outlet for each and every faculty dear to the artist nature. Each separate sitter is an inspiration—a psychological study to be approached with no little trepidation, with infinite awe. The photographer of to-day deals as much with problems of the visible as the invisible in working out the highest expression of his standards.

No two plates are alike. The temperamental attitude of the subject and the



Photographic portrait by Gertrude Käsebier.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

reflex influence upon the artist whose psychological perspicacity must select an interesting and sympathetic point of contact, exclude all possibility of repetition. The camera artist cannot, even if he would, imitate himself. He works with an idea and toward an idea—the revelation of personality (the sitter) through the individuality of the artist—the photographer.

ACT II, "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

IF the present theatrical season had done nothing more for us than to give us Miss Ellis Jeffreys, we should be grateful. An Irishwoman, with London stage training, she is irresistible. Her Lady Gay Spanker, for example, combines the Celtic *verve* with the English finish demanded by the audiences to which she has been accustomed. The result is that we seem to see Boucicault's immortal character just as that brilliant Irishman conceived it, young as he was when he wrote "London Assurance." We had been told, and we can believe, that Lady Gay is the real Ellis Jeffreys. Only a woman who had listened to the music of the hounds and had dashed across a stiff country many times in their wake could throw so much breezy enthusiasm into the description of a hunt as we get from this pleasant-faced young actress.

Since it has given us an opportunity to see this convincing Lady Gay Spanker, we cannot complain because "London Assurance" displaced Miss Jeffreys' opening play in this country, "The Prince Consort." Then there was another excuse. It afforded such a contrast between modern and old-fashioned comedy that it was a useful object lesson.

"London Assurance" was given at the Knickerbocker with what the management called an "all-star cast." This announcement has not the solemn significance it had ten years ago, because almost any one can be a "star" in these times. As a matter of fact, however, the cast in this production was made up largely of persons who have at times headed their own companies by right of merit.

Eben Plympton, as Sir Harcourt Courtley; Wm. H. Thompson, as Max Harkaway; Murray Carson, as Meddle; Herbert Sleath, as Cool; Ida Conquest, as Grace Harkaway; Joseph Wheelock, Jr., as Dolly; James Neil, as Dazzle; Ben Webster, as Charles Courtley, and Kate Phillips, as Pert, are names that mean something. Let it be said at once that the performance was absolutely flawless,

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

KATE RORKE,
FORBES ROBERTSON'S LEADING WOMAN.

even if not so particularly interesting.

The truth cannot be blinked that "London Assurance," offering a reflection of certain phases of London society sixty-five years ago, is rather tiresome as a stage entertainment to most people today. No matter how clever may be the speeches, there are too many of them, and they are too long for the impatient playgoer of 1905. Then, again, not a few of the allusions are obscure, particularly to an American audience. For instance, how many every-day Americans know that six-and-eightpence is the time-honored fee for an attorney who gives a bit of professional advice in a single interview? Yet much of the humor of the lawyer, Meddle, turns on this very custom. Moreover, attorneys now—in the the United States, at least—do not invite wealthy men to kick them, so that they may have the satisfaction of suing for damages for assault. Perhaps in 1840 this sort of thing may have drawn a laugh. In these times it provokes only disgust.

"London Assurance," which made the fame of Dion Boucicault as a dramatist

LOUISE WILLIS,
IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

WM. COURTENAY. FAY DAVIS. LOUIS PAYNE.
IN "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS."

in a night, has outlived its usefulness in the theatre, although undeniably enjoyable in the library. It is revived from time to time, for the reason that it has come forward now—to give some prominent actress a chance to show her conception of Lady Gay—and we shall have it now and then in future; but unless popular taste swings back to that of two generations ago, it will survive as literature, rather than as a money-making actable play.

When Miss Jeffreys made her début at the New Amsterdam, in "The Prince Consort," her talent was recognized immediately by those who saw her for the first time. That the play was not so good as the company was the general verdict. No particular reason was set forward why "The Prince Consort" was not meritorious, except that it was "impossible" and lacking in dramatic power.

Far be it from me to contradict the weighty critics of the daily press who passed adverse judgment on "The Prince Consort," but I liked it. That is all. With the common people who go to the theatre to be entertained if it is "in the wood," I sympathized with Queen Sonia, who was so bound by royal tradition that she could not admit her husband to equality with her, save in extreme privacy, I admired the manly Prince Consort for his bold stand for his dignity as a husband, and chuckled over the comical remarks and acts of the impecunious ex-king, as portrayed by Henry E. Dixey.

What is the test of merit in a play? Is it to be amusing, to make emotions of sympathy, indignation and triumph when the right prevails rise in your bosom? "The Prince Consort" had this effect on me. Therefore, so far as I am concerned, it is a good play.

Miss Jeffreys, as Queen Sonia, monarch of a mythical kingdom, is told by her councillors that, for reasons of state, she must have a husband. The council attends to it. It selects Prince Cyril, of Ingra, a young fellow with high notions of honor and the duty of man. The Prince (Ben Webster) has a profligate

Photo by Tonnelle Co.

JULIA SANDERSON IN "FANTANA."

father (Henry E. Dixey), who is chronically "broke." The father, ex-king of Ingra, sees profit in it. So he represents his son in arranging the marriage, and incidentally contrives to "graft" considerable money and to enjoy himself generally.

The marriage takes place, and we find the father installed in the palace, with his son and royal daughter-in-law, making the most of life and contented with his lot. They are easy times for the ex-king. There comes a day when the Prince Consort is disagreeably reminded that he is only an appendage. The head of the kingdom, as well as of the household, is his wife, Queen Sonia. She loves him devotedly, but is impelled to remind him—partly at the instance of her councillors and partly because she obeys tra-

ANNA BOYD AND CHORUS IN "THE GIRL AND THE EARL."

dition—that there is only one will, and that is hers. He says "very well," and leaves her.

The Prince having gone from the palace, Sonia finds that her husband's love and presence are more to her than her queenly dignity. The end of it is that the council causes a law to be passed making the Prince Consort equal on the throne with the Queen.

There is a great deal of action and many dramatic situations in "The Prince Consort" before this consummation is reached, and it is all smooth and well wrought out.

Miss Jeffreys, as the Queen, has some powerful emotional moments, as well as many flashes of comedy. The perfect ease that distinguished all her work was recognized at once in her Queen Sonia.

There could be no question about the talent and quick, artistic perceptions of the actress. As for the play, I expect to see "The Prince Consort" eminently successful throughout the country.

Mary Mannering, in her new play, "Nancy Stair," has a character that sets forth her loveliness of person as well as her skill in stage work. It is not that Nancy is materially different from dozens of other footlight heroines brought into being for the use of stars who prefer wholesomeness to the kind of strength which is—well, not wholesome.

Those who have read the novel from which Paul Potter made the play, know Nancy Stair. Those who have not will find her a charming young woman as portrayed by Miss Mannering. She is as bonnie a Scotch lassie as ever was created, even by Sir Walter. Indeed, she seems as if she might have stepped out of a Waverley Novel, instead of from between the covers of one of those "best-selling books" of to-day, beloved of commuting maidens and "co-eds."

Nancy Stair is the daughter of Lord John, of Stair House. She loves Danvers MacGregor, poor, but well-born and proud. She has been flirting with the Duke of Borthwicke, a fascinating man of the world, something of a roué, but

PAULINE FREDERICK,
WITH LEW FIELDS' STOCK COMPANY.

with a keen sense of honor at bottom. "Dandy" MacGregor, as Nancy calls him, is jealous, and threatens to kill the Duke. Right on the heels of this threat the Duke is found dead, shot as he sat at a table in the library of Stair House. Dandy is suspected and is arrested.

Nancy has a wonderful faculty of imitating handwriting. To save Dandy—whom she believes committed the murder—she forges a letter which must be got to Pitt, the Prime Minister, without delay. Robert Burns (the original Bobbie, the poet), who is busy throughout the play, carries the letter to Pitt, and gets back with "proof" of Dandy's innocence just as Judge Carew—"Hanging Carew"—is about to sentence the MacGregor to death in court.

There is more of it, but all is ended

ALICE FISCHER AND COMPANY.
ACT III, "THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS."

happily, with Mary in the arms of Dandy, the MacGregor, and his innocence at last established to her satisfaction, as well as to that of the world. It was a cousin of Nancy's, Isabel Erskine, who shot the Duke. Jealousy was the motive.

This is a bare outline of the play. For further information, see the book. Mr. Potter got as much of it into his work as he could, and he contrived to make it clear, even if it seems rather incredible in some respects. Take Nancy Stair's skill with the pen. It is so great that it is almost diabolical. In one scene she kneels at a table where Borthwicke sits dead and stark in his chair, takes a letter from his hand, and without having had any opportunity to see and study his handwriting, finishes the letter with so exact an imitation of his penmanship that no one can detect the difference.

Things of this kind are permitted on the stage, provided the play as a whole is interesting and artistically acted. "Nancy Stair" is all of that.

Miss Mannering is not brought into comparison with any one of her own sex in the cast, for all the feminine characters are subordinate, except the cousin, Isabel Erskine, which, in the hands of Miss Lucille Flavin, does not stand out particularly. The only young woman who really is of much importance is Nancy herself, and where could you find a more beauteous and intelligent Nancy than in Mary Mannering?

Among the men it is pleasant to see that splendid actor, Francis Carlyle. Handsome, with a rich, melodious voice, perfect elocution, and always at his ease, his Duke of Borthwicke is something to be remembered. Unfortunately, he is killed in the second act, but that is not all we see of him. Having been shot as he sits at a table, throughout a long scene in the third act, he continues to sit there,

SCENE FROM "A CASE OF FRENZIED FINANCE."

with his back to the audience, supposed to be stone dead. While his face cannot be seen, his form is in full view. It is absolutely motionless. Not a quiver can be discerned from rise to fall of curtain. It is a dramatic incident, which sends a chill through one. What if Mr. Carlyle should have to sneeze some night?

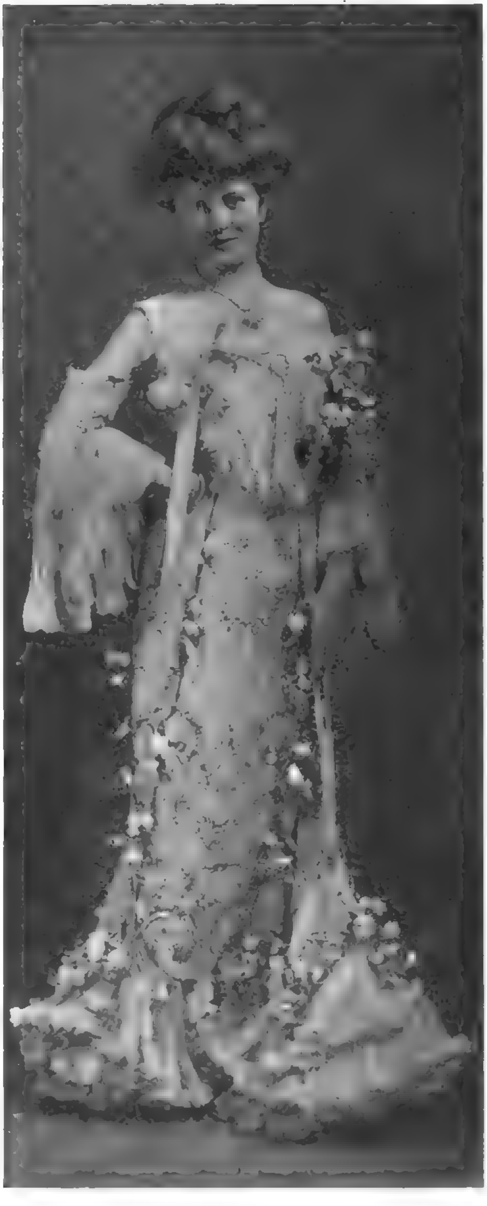
Robert Loraine was the MacGregor—short-tempered and snippy, as the part required. There was not much for him to do except to go about with a chip on his shoulder, with an occasional burst of defiant love-making. Perhaps that was the reason he remained in the cast only a week.

T. Daniel Frawley, as Robert Burns, has the best situation in the play, rushing into a crowded court-room, where a trial for murder is in progress, waving a paper which will set the prisoner free.

Frank Losee, as the "hanging judge," does a powerful character "bit," while Clarence Handysides, whom I have met in so many different productions this season—once in comic opera—turns up, unctuous, hearty and hospitable, as Lord John Stair, giving his blessing and proposing toasts, after his wont. He has become the typical "heavy father" of the stage, and it makes one feel comfortable only to look at him. And yet I believe he has played Romeo!

The staging of "Nancy Stair," by George F. Marion, is unusually effective. The court-room scene, with nearly a hundred people on the stage, is wonderfully well managed. Every person in view is a character. Perhaps some of the spectators in court are merely supers, but they do not look it. They seem to have come straight from the streets, closes and booths of Edinburgh, and they are all as Scotch as Bobbie Burns himself.

Virginia Harned made no mistake in supposing that Jane Shore, properly fumigated, could be fashioned into a good emotional character for starring uses. It required two bright woman writers to do the work with the proper disregard of



FLORENCE WOODEN,
IN "THE GIRL AND THE EARL."

historical record and general belief, so that everyone should sympathize with Jane, and they did their work well. Mrs. Vance Thompson, one of the playwrights who wrote "The Lady Shore," was herself some years ago a well-known emotional star, if I am not mistaken. She recognizes instinctively the dramatic and lachrymal possibilities of a woman who has had trouble such as came to the giddy wife of Master Shore, the goldsmith.

It was easy to make a play when once the character had been selected. Mrs. Lena R. Smith, whose husband is a busy librettist, knows stage technique as well as Mrs. Thompson, and between them they got up a romantic drama in five acts which shows how Jane Shore was led from her husband's shop to that dismal parade with the sheet and candle, with which she is always associated.

A play of the period of Edward IV of England, with Richard Duke of Gloster as one of the prominent characters, hardly could be uninteresting. There was always so much doing in those days, and most of it was good material for the dramatist. In the plot of "The Lady Shore," Richard has his due share as a villain. Indeed, he is just about as evil now, when the old chroniclers say he was still in his teens, as later, when, as Richard III, William Shakespeare and Colley Cibber set him forth as a fiend incarnate.

Edward IV, one of the most profligate of England's kings, falls in love with Jane Shore. So does Duke Richard. She repulses the advances of the Duke, and is abused by her miserly old husband for doing so, because a Prince's favor would mean profitable business in the store. In agony at the ill treatment of her husband for such a cause, she turns to Edward, who has been wooing her in the character of an artisan, and accepts his protection. Afterward she learns that he is king.

We see her next in the Palace of Westminster, sitting by the side of the king in the council chamber, and interceding for offenders brought before him for judgment. All this enlists the sympathy of the audience for Jane, so that by the time she is compelled to walk the streets, with her candle, everybody pities her and understands that she is the victim of cruel injustice.

Miss Harned can weep as convincingly as any actress in America. She is such a picture of misery in the last act of "The Lady Shore" that she gives you the shivers. Before that she has had opportunities for strong dramatic work, particularly when Duke Richard has

Photo by Sarony.

DOROTHY DONNELLY.

locked up the two youthful sons of Edward in the Tower of London, and is using their situation as a means of compelling Jane to receive his attentions while Edward is away at the wars. In this scene Jane kills the Governor of the Tower, takes the keys from his dead hand and escapes with the children.

The play is full of incident, and most of the doings are logical and effective. The dialogue is of fair quality, and the plot well knit. But, with it all, the piece at the beginning did not make a great success. "The Lady Shore" may please people in other cities more than it did in New York.

Those in the support of Miss Harned whose work is remembered with pleasure are Robert Loraine, who, as Edward IV, was much happier than as Danvers MacGregor, in "Nancy Stair"; John Blair, who made Richard of Gloster the most commanding figure in the play; Edward R. Mawson, as Sir Richard Radcliffe;

MRS. CHARLES CALVERT
(THE ENGLISH MRS. GILBERT), WHO WILL APPEAR IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

William Bonelli, as the Governor of the Tower; Daniel Jarrett, as Matthew Shore, and George Soule Spencer, as Will Spencer, a player.

"The Lady Shore" was staged at the Hudson Theatre as gorgeously as anything seen in New York this season.

Richard Mansfield played his annual engagement in New York in March and April. Following his usual plan, he went through his repertoire and made one new production. His offering this time was a translation of Moliere's "The Misanthrope."

One of the interesting revivals of this spring is that of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Eleanor Robson as Kate Hardcastle. Her managers, Liebler & Co., certainly have given her a splendid support, including Kyrle Bellew, as Young Marlowe; Louis James, as Old Hardcastle; Clara Bloodgood, as Miss Neville; Mrs. Charles Calvert, the famous English actress, who is new to

Photo by Sarony.

MARION LORNE,
IN "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM."

right along, except in a few of the hottest weeks. Then we shall have the roof gardens.

An event of more than passing interest was the production during special matinees of three one-act plays written by Mrs. Fiske. Two of them, "The Rose" and "The Light of St. Agnes," had already been given a hearing some years ago without attracting the attention they deserved from a theatre-going public, which to-day, by its enthusiastic reception of that masterpiece, "The Light of St. Agnes," proves that it has been educated to a higher standard of dramatic art. "The Eyes of the Heart," while delightfully acted, especially by George Arliss as the blind grandfather, is the least original and striking of the three little plays. Mrs. Fiske, by appearing in the new rôle of playwright, has given convincing proof to her admirers that she without doubt is the most interesting woman on the American stage of to-day.

Barnum & Bailey's circus, which was at Madison Square Garden for several blissful weeks, is as gorgeous and wonderful as ever. The lady who loops the gap in an automobile looked none the worse for her "Dip of Death" twice a day, when she at last departed with the "Greatest Show on Earth" for a long tour, which will extend as far as the Pacific coast.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS

By Sue Fite Ramsey

"Will Serve His Country Abroad."

"THE President yesterday appointed Ralph Stanhope Carvel to be Consul to ————, France. Satisfaction is expressed in diplomatic and official circles that Mr. Carvel has consented to accept the post. The appointment is one of the many proofs of the administration's wisdom in bringing young men to the front and infusing new blood into our foreign and domestic service."

Yes, that is the paragraph minus one word—just as it appeared in a Washington paper. The omission is the name of the French town; it is made for reasons not connected in any way with this story.

I tossed the paper from me and sighed wearily. The first and last reading of the same paragraph aroused such different emotions in the early morning, gratified vanity, exquisite joy, at the thought of her seeing it how she would run to me and say, in her piquant voice: "Oh, Ralph, Ralph, is it really true?" Then came night and in its wake, despair; the extravagant sort of despair, which sometimes comes to a man at the age of twenty-four, and causes him to indulge those very original cynicisms concerning the hollowness of our flattened sphere and the lack of soul in woman. It is a magnificent sort of despair, capable of developing his molehill trouble into a regular Mt. St. Elias, with storm-beaten summit and avalanches rushing down its treacherous sides. It is a pathetic sort of despair, with two advantages. In nine cases out of ten, it is without foundation and has no right to exist; in the other one, its poignancy is offset by its brief duration.

At the moment, however, it is painfully, absurdly real; and, nursing the wound and fever of mine, I sat watching the dying embers in my little grate revive at the touch of the paper fallen in their midst; they blinked and smoked through its folds and blazed it away up the chimney. Again with the reckless intensity of twenty-four, which never does things by halves, I consigned to the flames my dead happiness. And my day dreams turned to nightmare—I let them burn, too. For good measure I threw in a lot of regrets, heartaches, and remembrances. There should be no scent of faded roses hanging round the shattered vase of my life. All, all, should go!

How I worked for that appointment, worked for it to gratify ***her***. Every public man, who had influence with the powers behind the throne, had been beseiged in my behalf. My qualifications for the place, my manly virtues had been dinned into the President's ears, until he must have thought I needed a harp and wings rather than a consulship to round out my career. It had been a hard race; for others were in it and their friends did not maintain absolute silence in regard to their virtues and qualifications. When the whole gamut of red tape was run, I came out in the lead. Then the reporter, a friend of mine, put in the paper that pretty conceit—"Gratification is expressed in diplomatic and official circles that Mr. Carvel has consented to accept the post."

Foreign countries had little attraction for me; indeed my own disinclination toward change would have kept me grinding away at my desk in the State Department. But Adele—Adele Marvin with the wonderful hazel eyes and blond curls had intimated, without committing herself entirely, that if I would strive for one of the consulships to France, she might agree to our engagement, or, perhaps, even go so far as to marry me for the sake of a stay in the gay country over sea.

That was what she said in her bantering way, but her eyes told me I was the only man on earth for her. It was all I could do to restrain myself from kissing her lips. But she was such a little model of propriety; she thought that a kiss should be reserved to ratify an engagement, and we were not actually engaged; it was a sort of tacit understanding. My friend Bob Craddock, once called Adele a long distance flirt. I was indignant with him and asked him to name a victim. He said you could never put your finger on the victims of tacit understandings.

After that we drifted apart. I liked Bob, but could not tolerate his carping.

Adele gave me more and more encouragement. In the course of one of our con versations she said: "I have implicit faith in your talent. This new work will be just what you need to develop it. Here you are a small part of a great big machine. If you can get into this new field, you will have a better chance to show what you, individually, can do. Who knows—some day you may be Ambassador."

I smiled at her vast ambition for me; she looked such a child to be planning; it was like a baby building castles of blocks.

It was a habit of mine to call at the Marvin's every Wednesday night; of course there were extra visits between times, but they did not count. One Wednesday night, a month before my appointment, I found her absent from home, and only Mary, the maid of all work, to greet me at the door, with a note in her hand. I read it by the light of the hall lamp.

"Dear Ralph:

"Please try not to be as disappointed as I am to-night. Senator Brame invited Mamma and me to share his box at the opera, and Mamma would not let me decline; she said you were such a dear good-natured boy, you would not mind changing your visit to Thursday night for this one time. You remember Senator Brame was so kind to us after papa's death; he secured Mama a pittance from the wreck, which the lawyers made of the estate. We had not seen him for several years, not since I was a child, when he called last week to see how we were getting along. He says he has such a lonely time of it in his great house on Connecticut Avenue, and that it would be a deed of charity for us to enliven one evening for him.

I write this lengthy explanation so that you will understand my position. We could not be discourteous to papa's old friend. I go to the opera—my heart is—you know where!

As ever yours,
Adele."

The dear good-natured boy was slightly ruffled; he had heard encouraging news during the day and wanted to discuss the matter with Adele. But mother's wishes must be considered and I reflected complacently that the poor child was being made a martyr; that the Senator's talk was boring her to death, and that she could not hear Melba's divine notes for thinking of me. Later it occurred to me that Adele's family and the Senator must have found the renewal of their friendship exceedingly pleasant; the latter called at the house frequently, and on several occasions I had to forego an evening with my sweetheart in order that the family party might reiterate its appreciation of the Statesman's kindness. At the time I did not observe the little drama enacted almost under my nose; my head was filled with other things. I was too busy with my work, bringing pressure to bear on the sources from which were to flow my diplomatic preferments. As matters were culminating, I could scarcely find an hour to spare for visiting, but consoled myself with the hope that after awhile my dear one and I would be together all the time.

When the morning paper announced my appointment, such a sensation of exhilarating impatience possessed me that I could not wait for night to see Adele. At 10 a. m. I was hurrying fast as electric cars could carry me to the Marvin residence. All the way there I thought of her. The prospect of a stay abroad was becoming attractive to me. What place would not her love make agreeable—yes, more than that—heavenly.

In my vague thought waves we were borne across the ocean. I saw the breakers roar and splash and lash the sides of the great Atlantic liner, while Adele and I, in some obscure corner of the deck, felt our hearts beat as one, and talked of the future, radiant harvest time of lives perfectly attuned. I even tried to picture our pleasures in the cities we have never seen. What a fill of sight-seeing we would have and shopping—within the narrow limits of our pocket-books. My imagination carried me on, on, until when I had alighted from the car I seemed treading on air, and, above the noise of the street, my heart's cry kept ringing—"How I love her—love her!"

Up the steps of her house with a bound. I nearly stumbled over Mary, scrubbing the porch. I inquired if Miss Marvin were home.

"Yes, sir," she said; "right in the parlor, and——"

I did not wait to hear what she had to say. The doors were open and an ever-welcome visitor may give surprises. Adele was not in the front parlor, so I started toward the half open folding doors that divided it from the sitting-room.

Suddenly I stopped, then staggered back a step like one who takes an unexpected blow on the chest.

There at the window, opening on a little trellised balcony, stood Adele, her hands clasped in Senator Brame's. By turning they could have seen me, but the situation was evidently too absorbing.

"Adele, Adele," he was saying, in great agitation, "do you mean that you will not give your consent?"

"Oh! I don't know—I don't know—marry vou, Senator Brame?"

"Yes, my child. Why not?"

"Oh, it seems like deserting him!" she said, her eyes gazing at the mantel where I knew, though the door hid it from me, my picture stood in a little gilt frame.

"I know, dear, that it is a beautiful sentiment. I do not ask that he be forgotten. But this is a prosaic world; we have to live for the present; not in the past."

(The old scoundrel! He did not know how near Adele's past was; only a few steps divided her from it.)

"Well," she said, with an effort at cheerfulness, "if mama thinks it best, I have no right to object."

"But she wants you to consent willingly. She thinks of you first in everything—will you not gratify her in this?"

"Yes, senator; it was a shock at first; but for mama's sake I consent willingly."

"Thank you for that. I hope there will be no cause for regrets. Do you think me too old?"

"Oh, no, no! The heart and mind determine one's age. A man of genius like yourself has greater attraction for a woman of experience and intelligence than some one her own age. You are but sixtv," she added, playfully, "and grizzly heads are adorable."

Now Senator Brame is considered a shrewd judge of human nature—he knows how to handle men, to read their secrets, to fathom their motives. Many a weaver of intrigue, many a lobbyist, has felt his iron hand thwart some nefarious scheme, for he is as honest as he is keen.

Yet I could see by the gleam of the old fool's eyes above the blond curls of the girl that he swallowed her flattery as trustfully as the babe imbibes the sterilized contents of his nursing bottle.

He bent his stately head and kissed her reverently on the brow.

Old fool again! Why did he not kiss her lips; she had given him the right.

I could endure no more. A hoarse laugh, which I hardly recognized as my own, rang out, and I poured forth a scathing invective. I could not recall afterwards what I said; I was not of the age or temperament to weigh words. If I was Adele's past, it was a seething, boiling, bubbling up past.

Her head was held arrogantly high; it seemed, too, as she met my gaze her eyes lost their childlike simplicity, and in its stead reigned cold speculation. It was as if a gambler had played his cards deliberately and won the game. No one had a chance to answer me. I rushed out of the house, down the steps, overturning Mary's scrub bucket, and deluging that worthy in my hasty descent; then I ran up the street as if the demons were on my track.

That night as I sat indulging the reflection which, with the fatal newspaper paragraph, commence this story, it seemed to me that if, as Adele said, age is measured by the heart, I was far older than her statesman lover. How much a fast at two meal times and several hours miserable brooding in the Washington parks contributed to this state of mind I would not attempt to say. Nevertheless I agreed heartily with Bob Craddock, and felt that the "tacit understanding" had been my undoing.

At about nine o'clock the doorbell peeled forth with a clang that would have awakened the seven sleepers. I heard the boarding-house slavey shuffling along in the hall and her plantation voice say, "Go right up, sah, ter de nex' flo'; de fust room ter de right at de head ob de stahs."

Why that was the little box called by courtesy my reception room. Who could be after me at that late hour? Could it be Craddock? Perhaps he was coming to tell me that there was a hitch in the proceedings; that the Senate was not going to confirm me. Well, he would be surprised at the resignation I should display. Nothing mattered now!

Waiting until a light tap sounded, I rose from my armchair, and, passing into the adjoining room opened the door.

It was Senator Brame.

"Don't be a fool, boy," he said, ignoring my freezing invitation to sit down. "Come with me immediately. I have been chasing you all day. When did you come home?"

"An hour ago."

"Did the servant give you the note I left for you at twelve o'clock?"

"Oh, no! servants never do things like that; she'll give it to me possibly next week. But I see no reason why you should write to me."

"I don't expect you to see reason; you and reason would not know each other if you should accidentally meet on the street."

I was silent.

"Look here, my boy," he said, coming closer and looking me steadily in the face. "There is a mistake—on my honor a mistake. Now get your hat and come with me."

Something in his manner compelled obedience. I followed him out to his carriage, and soon, for the second time that day, we both crossed the Marvin threshold. The sight of Adele's face made me regret my weakness in having come. There was no sign of contrition in the now cold, impassable features. She was studying the pattern of the rug at her feet when we entered, and did not even look up. I was beginning to feel all stirred up again, ready, in fact, to repeat the scene of the morning, when Mrs. Marvin came forward and said, in tones expressive of deep agitation, "Have you explained, Senator Brame?"

"Not yet," he answered; "a few words will suffice. Adele can say them better than I."

"It is not necessary to say anything," said Adele, haughtily. "You were wrong to bring Mr. Carvel here."

"Yes," I said, "when a man's ideals are shattered he's best left alone."

"Will yours be mended, Ralph," he said, taking Mrs. Marvin by the hand, "when I introduce you to the future Mrs. Brame? We will be married within a few days. I hurried matters a little because I knew she would be lonesome when her only child goes off to France with an ungrateful scamp. Besides I want to give you and Adele a big 'send off' from my home."

I leaned against the wall for support.

His wife—Mrs. Marvin!

"But," I cried, "Adele looked at my picture and talked of deserting me."

"You conceited youngster! Is your picture the only one in the house?"

I turned toward the mantel. Above my photograph was hung the life-sized oil portrait of Adele's father. While I looked, Senator Brame and Mrs. Marvin disappeared in the hall. What a fine couple they made; he, tall, stately, well preserved, scarcely feeling the burden of his sixty years; she, a mature copy of Adele, and almost as beautiful, for there were but eighteen years between them.

Adele rose and would have followed

them. In terror I intercepted her.

"Are you going to leave me like this," I gasped, "when I have suffered tortures all day?"

"It is your own fault," she answered.

"I know, darling, but wrong-doers are the ones who suffer most. That is why they need most mercy."

No reply to this.

"If you will not forgive me—if you are going to drive me from you, won't you kiss me just once? You know you never have, and it will be something to take with me when——"

Here my voice faltered; it was almost a sob. That conflagration of my dead happiness all alone in my room had been too much for me. I was not so ready as I thought to let everything go. My misery must have had its effect. Her lips trembled and there was a gleam of a tear on her cheek.

Then she smiled, and in her old teasing way said:

"Just once?"

The intonation carried a challenge. I did not answer in words, but ratified our engagement thoroughly.

"RUSTICS" AT A SUMMER RESORT

By Reginald Gourlay.

Visit of Deacon Badger and party to a fashionable Summer Resort, as related by Miss Roscola McGrogan to her Cousin Huldah.

"We made up a party, Huldy—though with misgivin's great,
To see a Summer Hotel that's been fashnerbil of late.
There was me an' Deacon Badger, a man ez I admired,
And Mister Bobtail Trotter, a sport ez had retired,
And sorter chucked the race course, bein' convicted of his sin,
And was noted for expoundin' the church's doctrin';
There was young Sister Binkley, and Mister Ezra Kerr,
And our preshus Mrs. Wobbler, the temperance lecturer,
And Mister Cocktail Boozer, who used to drink a heap,
(Whose languidge when upon a toot would make a tin dog weep),
But now exhorts most faithful under Missus Wobbler's eye,
And only breaks out now and then when tempted with old rye.
We arrove about the hour of noon, and all the beautshus scene,
The flags a floppin' all around—the waves so bright and green—
Bust on our enrapteured gaze; likewise the giddy throng
Of fashinerable worldings, and sports both short and long.
There was heaps of pretty wimen, in scrumptious clothes and blouses,
Leaning confidin' on the arms of chaps in flannil trousis,
Mostly flirtin' most outrageous—settin' round 'neath rocks and bushes,
Till me and Missis Wobbler was red as beets with blushes.
I see myself a married man, who's quite a feature here,
Resemblin' to a casual glance a walkin' keg of beer,
Saunterin' round with a stout woman ez was dressed up to kill,
And haulin' her with friteful toil up every sandy hill;
While those around gazed ca'am like on these preceedin's rash,
And one sport sez to another, 'I guess that thar's a mash!'
But the doings of them worldlings, and their playin' games of 'pool,'
And the clackin' of lunk-headed boys, ez orter been at school,
About their various 'mashes,' and the 'jags' they had got on,
Made me feel as if my interlecks and prinserpals was gone.
So I went with Deacon Badger fer a walk along the shore
To sorter muse an' ponder by the billowy oshun's rore.
How this lonesum hart did flutter, as I felt that dear man's gaze
Go through me like a gimlet and his cute, carressin' ways,
Till havin' reached the shelter of some umbrageous trees,
His arm stole round my waste in a chaste an' pious squeeze,
And in a slow, ca'am, bubblin' voice—like cider from a jug—
He woed me for his blushin' bride, with many a Christian hug;
An' in less than ten short minutes I'd agreed to be his spouse,
Likewise to rise at four A. M. and help him milk the cows.
We heeded not them worldly ones as we walked home to tea,
With his arm entwining 'round me like a vine about a tree,
Though I heered one bold-faced minx say, with a gall surprisin',
To the feller walkin' with her, 'Thet's really tantalizin'!'
But we found the bad attractions of thet dretful, sinful place
Had caused our dear companions to sorter fall from grace.
Cocktail Boozer we found sleepin' beneath a cedar tree,
With a demijohn beside him, ez full ez he could be.
Bobtail Troter'd struck some sports and men of many sins,
An' was playin' fer drinks at a game they called Ten Pins.
Sister Binkley had been kissed by a feller near the Lake,
Who sed he took her for his girl, an' done it by mistake.
Missis Wobbler hed been tempted to run down a sandy hill
Hand in hand with a young feller, an' received a frightful spill,
Which caused the voice of scandal to ekker day and night,
For various sinful skoffers asserted she was tight.
So when we hitched the hosses an' left thet sinful spot,
Only me an' my dear deacon was contented with our lot."

THE SAVING CUE

By Virginia Leila Wentz

FROM the day when Betty Elliot told him casually that she hated artificial, unreal things—for example, a laugh that was not genuine, words that were not one's own, a gesture that was studied—well, from that day on he'd tried harder to be really and simply himself for her sake than ever he'd tried to be anybody else for money or art.

Betty, of course, had forgiven him for being a Thespian; but he remembered that in her gracious moment of forgiveness she had added sweetly:

"You see, that's only your profession. One needn't drag one's profession into one's private life. And I don't believe you do." Here she had shot a lightning glance at him from beneath her long, black lashes.

But Grammis could not guess how Betty felt toward him. He only knew that the summer was almost at an end; that he must leave for New York and his new engagement in a week; that she was going to travel with her chaperone in Europe soon, and that he never could let her leave him with his appeal unmade!

He knew that if he employed the art he had so laboriously acquired, in making this appeal, the result would be fatal. He must express the deep feeling of his soul unaided by the art of expression.

How to do that was a puzzle that kept him awake o' nights.

One morning—three days before his departure—they were out in a little pumpkin seed together. He had come upon her just as she was getting into the boat, and, masterfully, he had taken up the oars before she could possess herself of them. Then, with sleeves rolled up and head bared, his sunburned skin exposed with recklessness to glare and water, he had shot her far out from shore.

Betty watched (with a woman's natural love for brawn and muscle) the strong movements of his splendid arms, delighting in their skill and power.

"Oh, it's—it's glorious!" she cried delightedly. There was a strange, sudden sense of sweetness in this experience.

The crucial moment had come. Grammis rested on his oars. For him, the moment possessed the finality of a life and death struggle. It seemed impossible to picture failure resulting in anything but a veritable blank. Still, in the thick of his tumult, he was able to adhere to the principle he had set for his guidance—the simplest language, and no "effects" of voice or gesture.

Betty looked calmly in his face all the while. When he paused, she turned her beautiful eyes away, and dabbled in the water with her slim, brown hand.

"So you're artificial, after all?" she observed, coldly. "Your love is a studied thing; those words had absolutely no heart in them."

The disdainful little movement of her shoulders set Grammis wild. He just couldn't endure that it should end so.

"Surely, you can't send me away so wretched and forlorn—" he began. But she broke in scornfully:

"Oh, I imagine you'll find a future."

"A future! " The words seemed to touch some hidden, electric spring within Grammis. In a voice that thrilled with passion, concentrated, yet impelling, holding captive the soul of the girl before him, he answered:

"A future? Ah, I dare not think what my future might be without you to guide and inspire it—dare not—lest with the thought I should be plunged into an outer darkness I could not face. Oh, and you will not make me face that darkness! Is there no sacredness in the fate that has brought us together—out of all the world? Speak to me. Be kind. Here, alone, now—bless me; don't undo me! Don't send me out to the work of life maimed and sorrowful; but send me out your knight, your possession!"

What had he done? By accident, Betty had given him a cue, and, all unconsciously, he had burst forth with words that long ago he had laboriously studied to deliver. His pleadings had been the speech out of a play!

The thought froze his marrow. Now, alas! he had lost her indeed.

As a part of the "business" of the speech he had caught her unresisting hand and raised it to his lips. Still it lay within his own. What could that mean? Surely, she had detected—

As, in his overwrought state, Grammis was straining to see things as they were, the girl laid her trembling free hand very softly on his arm:

"Ah, why didn't you speak like that before? Now I hear the voice of your heart—now I know that you love me!"

Thus, does fortune play tricks upon us all!

FRITZ KREISLER, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, WITH HIS FAVORITE "HART GUANARIUS."

THE STORY OF MY VIOLINS

By Fritz Kreisler

THE story of my violins is the history of my life. It comprises the all of my musical aspirations from infancy to maturity. From this perhaps sentimental point of view—very real, nevertheless, to the artist—I have lived six lives, each one more beautiful than the other, and now surely I have entered into paradise since I possess as my own my beloved Hart Guanarius, whose voice is to me an ocean of melody.

To begin at the beginning brings me to my dear old father, a physician of Vienna, who is conquered by two great passions—his love of music and his big humanitarian love of his poor patients—those who cannot afford to pay for the alleviation of their ills. Fortunately for this good man he has never yet lacked a generous supply of good music to play or poor patients to treat.

My father, I must admit frankly, is not a man of any unusual aptitude for music, but his courage and persistency are admirable. His enthusiasm is boundless. Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is the picture of my father with his violin. Hour after hour he would bend over his instrument with a happy, beaming countenance, playing over and over again the same passages with infinite patience. On Saturday there would be a reunion of kindred spirits--the notary public, the police commissioner and a produce merchant, each with his chosen instrument under his arm, and for two or three hours there would be a worthy if not altogether brilliant interpretation of the great classics of chamber music. These little seances concluded invariably by a rendition of the national air, and then a clinking of glasses as my mother served the well-earned refreshments in the dining-room.

This was the beginning of my musical education, for in this way, even when barely out of infancy, I became familiar with the compositions of the great composers. But above all, I knew and loved our national air.

When I was four years of age an event came to pass that was to influence irrevocably my future life. One of the members of the quartette, with whom I was a special favorite, made me a wonderful present. It was a toy violin—but not so much of a toy that it would not produce sounds which I recognized when I pulled the bow across the strings. From that time, the quartette was increased by another musician, for I insisted upon taking my place with the others, and playing on my tiny instrument. One evening, as they were playing the national anthem, all the instruments stopped quite suddenly; but I, engrossed in my performance, continued in perfect tune and time to the end.

It was decided then and there that I was a musical marvel, and the next day I had a genuine little violin, purchased by my admiring father, who forthwith began to give me lessons. In a few years I had so far outstripped him, that in a moment of youthful frankness I informed him that he did not play correctly.

"Listen to me, father, and I will show you," I concluded, quite patronizingly.

But my father only patted me on the head and put his violin in the case, saying:

"Now that my son knows more than his father, it is time that I retire. I will play the violin no more."

The next day he began to practice the 'cello, going over passages with the same enthusiasm—the same infinite patience. He is, in truth, an extraordinary man, this dear father, for when, a few years later, my younger brother, to whom he had in turn taught the 'cello, remarked to him with youthful vanity, "Now, father, I play better than you," the 'cello was locked up in its case, and my father began the study of the viola, which he still continues to play, since there are no more sons.

At eight years of age I entered the Vienna Conservatory. On this occasion, our friends presented me with a half-size violin, sweet and mellow—a Thiers—a very old and famous make. I was not altogether pleased with it, for I thought that at eight years of age and a pupil of the Conservatory, it should at least have been a three-quarter. This little Thiers, which I still have, represents that period of life which I passed at the Vienna Conservatory. Upon it I received my initiation into the musical routine that was to master my destiny. With this little instrument held close to my beating heart, I learned that within it was compassed my fate—my future career. With it I won my first laurels—two years after my entrance I was graduated as the honor pupil, winning the *grand prix,* a gold medal.

As is the custom in our country, a number of artists made a purse, and to commemorate the event, presented me at a charming reception a three-quarter Amati—an instrument of value, of lovely and penetrating tone. I did not even vouchsafe to bestow a smile upon my

FRITZ KREISLER IN A MOMENT OF RELAXATION.

generous friends—they thought, and I have never yet undeceived them—that I was overcome with emotion. I was, in fact, a most ungrateful and sulky boy. At ten years of age, I considered myself a man—I was angry with my father, who would not permit me to wear long trousers at the reception. I was in a very bad temper that my friends should offer me any but a full-size violin.

I and my poor little Amati—whose value I learned to appreciate as I grew older and wiser in my art—now made a trip to Paris with my father. I was to enter the Paris Conservatoire as a pupil of the great Massart. Even during the two years of this most interesting and profitable period, my Amati did not altogether succeed in winning forgiveness. It continually reminded me that I was not a man, and that I still wore knee breeches—and this, in spite of the fact that it had been my faithful ally in winning the gold medal and the *Prix de Rome.*

Ungrateful little wretch that I was, I was the happiest boy in the world when I finally held in my arms a full-sized violin.

It was a Gaud-Bermandel, and was the usual gift of the Paris Conservatoire to a *Grand Prix*. I thought more of that brilliant red instrument, with its gilded inscription announcing the fact that I was the honor pupil, than I did of the gold medal or the even more valuable *Prix de Rome,* the latter entitling me to a four years' residence in Italy.

Its tone was none too beautiful, and it was not long before its loud and strident voice jarred upon my musical nerves, and I would gladly have returned to the discarded Amati; but as a matter of fact, my big arms and fingers had altogether outgrown it. Fate punished me for my ingratitude; during the next four years I was forced to play upon the ugly red Gaud-Bermandel, which became more and more of an offense to me until, my studies in Rome completed, at sixteen years of age it was arranged that I should make an American tour with Rosenthal. To celebrate this event my father had prepared a surprise for me. This dear, good man had saved and economized a sum equal to one thousand dollars, with which he purchased a most beautiful Grancino, an instrument for which he knew I had a huge longing and admiration. This Grancino was the faithful and beloved associate of my musical career for the next eight years. It marked, so to speak, the beginning and subsequent growth of my public life, and my reputation as an artist of serious and high ideals. I have naught but affectionate praise to bestow upon this faithful friend, who at the slightest touch of my fingers justified my confidence and responded to my moods. But the time came when it was to be laid aside for a new love. The violinist should not be accused of inconstancy; he must follow at the call of a siren voice—the voice of the magic bit of wood that dominates his destiny. It is the voice of an enchantress which he must obey.

One morning I chanced to call upon an old friend in Vienna—an architect.

"Fritz," he said, "here is an old battered violin that you can, perhaps, make some use of by giving away to some one who needs it. It is very much in my way. I took it from a poor man who owed me a small debt and could not pay it. If it is patched up, it may yet be of service in the world."

I took it home with me, all unconscious of the great treasure in my grasp. Upon examination I found it was a genuine Gagliano of entrancing tone and quality. It was shabby and battered, but it was in no wise injured. It became the best beloved of my violins until within three years ago. It traveled with me on my concert tours in almost every large city of Europe and America.

At one time only did I swerve in my devotion to my beautiful Gagliano. I bought a Stradivarius, for which I paid the sum of $4,000. After it was purchased, and I had played upon it a while, I found that I had made a costly error. For some reason it remained cold and lifeless under my most fervid appeals. I can only say that it was antagonistic to me. A violinist cannot explain this attitude between himself and his instrument; he only knows that it *is* and that the condition is one of acute suffering. Within a short time I returned to my Gagliano and swore that I would remain faithful to it for the rest of my life.

Alas! for the vows of the violinist. He is the slave of a voice. He knows not the hour—he knows not the day; but when he hears it, he must leave all and follow it, until it is his possession. Once more, I foreswore my Gagliano, this time for a superb Josef Guarnarius, which I bought for £1,200 from the celebrated dealer, George Hart.

"Now it is ended," I said; "this violin must be the last."

For one year I was, in truth, happy in the ownership of this truly superb instrument; then, one day, as I entered the rooms of Mr. Hart, I heard a voice, liquid, pure, penetrating, whose divine sweetness pierced my soul as a knife with the anguish of longing.

I rushed into the room in a frenzy of emotion.

"Whose is it? Where is it?" I cried. "At any cost it must be mine. What is its price? I will give my entire fortune, but I must possess it!"

"My poor Fritz," replied my good

friend, Mr. Hart, "be calm; this is my greatest treasure. It is my 'Hart Guanarius, which bears my name, so greatly do I prize the honor of having discovered it. I have never spoken of it to you, my dear Fritz, for it was not in my power to either give or sell it to you. Before I knew you, I parted with it."

My grief was intolerable when I learned that the purchaser was not a musician, but a wealthy Englishman, with a passion for collecting violins. That this divine voice should be doomed to silence under the glass case of a collector was to me a tragedy that rent my heart. More than ever was I determined that I should endow it with life and the power to interpret the great messages of our music gods. From that day, with Mr. Hart as abettor, I laid siege to the fortress which held the imprisoned "Guanarius." I gave no rest to its jailor, who, I must admit, was a gentleman of rare culture and attainments. For weeks and months I assailed him with my pleadings. Finally, he took it from its case, saying: "Play." I played as one condemned to death would have played to obtain his ransom. When I had finished, he said: "I have no right to keep it. It belongs to you. Go out into the world and let it be heard."

In this way I am the happy owner of what is considered to be the third most beautiful violin in the world in point of shape and decoration. In tone it is the first—as you say in this country, "It is not to be beaten." It is big, sweet, penetrating, resisting. It has, to be sure, a few cranky ways—its nasty moods; but never does it fail me in my most strenuous demands. It "never backs out," and now that I have learned to understand its disposition, it has become a part of my very being, for a violin, when played upon continually by the same musician, becomes attuned in its very particles to the vibrations and temperament of a certain touch. It becomes a creature formed by himself, speaking in a quality of voice that he alone can evoke.

This time I will be faithful unto the end, for I do not delude myself that I shall ever hear a voice more beautiful than that of my last beloved, my "Hart Guanarius."

"IF I SHOULD PASS YOUR WINDOW"

By L. F. T.

If I should pass your window, dear,
As I have dreamed,
And, gazing, draw your eyes to mine,
As once they seemed,
If all were bright
And both hearts light,
And I should pass your window, dear,
I think I'd throw a kiss to you
And you would smile—a little.

If I should pass your window, dear,
A ghost instead,
And, pausing, call your soul to mine,
Though I were dead,
If it were night,
And sealed your sight,
And I should pass your window, dear,
I think my kiss would stir your dream
And you would weep—a little.

THE GIRL WITH A VOICE

By Mme. Frida de Gebele Ashforth

THIS wonderful gift of a voice—pure, flexible, bird-like—the "American voice," as it is designated on the other side, is bestowed without discrimination on the rich and the poor alike, on the homely and the beautiful, on the lazy and the industrious, on the dullard and the astute.

It is a possession for which the owner deserves not the slightest credit. Yet the girl with a voice wherever she may be is petted and feted. She is the recognized queen of the little Western hamlet, where she rules the church choir with a rod of iron, just as in the metropolis she is the cynosure of attention, and carries off the palm of favoritism in whatever set she happens to move. In short, voice is prestige, power, adulation; but it is not Art, nor the art of singing. Thereby hangs the tale of so many beautiful "American voices" that come to naught!

In treating of this subject, I shall at once proceed to classify girls with a voice into two important classes: the city or town-bred girl of wealth, position and presumably, education, who admits frankly that she merely wishes to acquire an added accomplishment, and that other girl, generally in straightened circumstances—who comes from anywhere, whose idea of a career is a swift flight into grand opera, prima donna-ism in the shortest possible space of time, and at the least possible expenditure.

Both of these girls come to me handicapped by what I shall call the "American delusion." They want to achieve a result without the routine of preliminary training. The society girl wants to start at once with "pretty stunts"; the girl ambitious for a career usually mentions her favorite operatic rôle. My first task is the most difficult, for it is a sort of surgical operation by which I ruthlessly amputate all those abnormal growths fostered in flatteries and false standards. If they survive the operation with any show of healthy vitality, I am willing to consider their fitness as a pupil.

As a matter of fact, the actual training of the voice, the technique of vocal production, while it is the all of the art of song, is not "singing," at least for a period of years. It is a great mistake to suppose that style, diction and dramatic action build up a voice. Hundreds of foolish girls rush off to Europe to the great teachers of diction and style, spend their little fortune on "coachers" of reputation, to discover too late that they have made the irretrievable mistake of starting at the end instead of the beginning. They have attempted to polish a piece of unseasoned wood. There is a terrible tragedy of disappointed effort in the story of these half-fledged voices that have attempted to soar to elysian heights of lyric art, and have fallen into the slough of despair by the wayside.

The girl with a voice who comes to my studio for training, hears all this and much more with no stinting of the truth. This species of cruelty is the greatest proof of kindness I can give her. I refer, of course, to the girl whose ultimate ambition is "grand opera."

When this young woman appears before me, with the usual operatic aria in her hand, I size up her qualifications with an eye sharpened by an experience of thirty years—physique, intelligence, moulding of the chin, poise, manner and dress. All count for something. After she has delivered herself of her operatic aria, I make a point of selecting a familiar, simple song, which she considers far beneath her notice, and while she sings it, I form a good estimate of her temperament.

If the girl has had a musical environment, much preliminary work has already been done. For instance, my very talented pupil, Miss Gates, the

MRS. FREIDA DE GEBELE ASHFORTH.

granddaughter of Brigham Young, who is preparing for the lyric stage, is an excellent musician, having spent three years in studying the piano in a European conservatory. As a general thing, however, the usual candidate for "grand opera" has no idea of musical literature save that which she has gained in the choir of her native town or village. Moreover she confesses that she expects to eke out her expenses by obtaining a position in a New York choir, and—oh, the marvelous ingenuousness of the unfledged—by giving lessons!

Both of these ideas I taboo on the instant. No girl who is going through a course of vocal training, should tamper with its progress by singing a note outside of the prescribed course. Vocal training is a question of building and developing the singing voice note by note. There is no reason why each note should not reach absolute perfection as far as the technique of production is concerned—coloring, shading, quality are added after this first training. As for temperament—*c'est autre chose.*

I recall an occasion when two very charming young Western girls called upon me in regard to a course of "singing lessons" as they called it. They admitted that having lost their fortune they were obliged to support themselves by singing in vaudeville. The two girls were Bessie Abbott and her sister. I recognized in the voice of the older girl, Bessie, those rare and exquisite qualities that since that time have been winning her fame in the Paris Opera House. She was unable to renounce her means of livelihood, and much as I regretted it, I was unwilling to undertake the responsibility of accepting her as a pupil. But a kindly fate took her in charge. That same year while on her way over to London to fill a music hall engagement, her voice attracted the attention of Jean de Reszkė. Upon my arrival in London there was a conference with the de Reszkė brothers, who paid me the honor of insisting that Bessie, upon her return to America, should place herself at once under my vocal care.

Curious to relate, that while it seemed, even to me, much more reasonable and expedient that Miss Abbott should remain in Europe, since she was already there, Mr. de Reszkė himself was forced to admit that although there were innumerable masters of style, and "great coachers" on the Continent, there was no one teacher in whom he was willing at that moment to entrust the vocal training of this young girl's rarely beautiful voice.

So Miss Bessie Abbott returned to this country and became my pupil. My methods with this extraordinarily gifted girl, who last season made her début as "Marguerite" in the Paris Grand Opera House, is my usual routine with the girl whose voice and general intelligence guarantee the hope of a lyric career. Miss Abbott possessed a natural aptitude for languages, owing to a very sensitive and correct ear. Added to this she was wonderfully obedient, persistent and courageous.

I insist upon obedience, for the vocal trainer must develop and regulate the mentality and physical well being of the pupil under her care. I make no extraordinary promises. Those teachers who agree to send out a histrionically and lyrically equipped production at the end of two or three years are playing upon the vanity and ignorance of the unfortunate victim, who discovers when too late to retrieve her error that her precious gift has been marred, if not completely shattered.

Three years of careful and persistent training are absolutely necessary for the simple mastery and color certainty of the vocal alphabet. The training is not done in a rush of scales and chromatics, but in the perfecting and rounding out of each separate note. In the meantime the pupil is acquiring the three necessary languages of Italian, French and German. She is going to concerts, she is hearing good music, and she is entirely emancipated from social distractions.

At the end of three years she is ready to sing, at first the most simple songs; then she is instructed in the arias of her futures rôles. This is done without dramatic training and gesture, although the greatest care is taken as to intelligent understanding and interpretation. I am sure it is quite reasonable to expect that operatic rôles must be acquired with absolute certainty of mechanical perfection before one indulges in the luxury of temperamental and dramatic exhibitions.

At the end of five years a voice should be safe. It should be so surely placed that it receives without danger the final touches of the diction master and the "operatic coacher." At this point the pupil is prepared to take the first steps toward entering upon a career. The time has now come for the young songbird to spread out her wings and go abroad. In my yearly trips to Europe for my vacation, I am generally accompanied by one or more of my finished pupils. The time has arrived when they should absorb the native genius of different countries. They should hear Italian songs in Italy, German in Germany, French in France. I see that these girls have an opportunity of being heard by impressarios. As far as the technique of opera is concerned, they are raw material; but I have no hesitation in declaring that their voice production is flawless.

At this critical moment they place themselves under one of the several eminent teachers of diction and style, and select the opera or operas—already studied, it must be remembered—for which they wish to be coached. "The coacher" instructs in the routine of the opera, the ensembles, the orchestral cues, and all the other details of a regular performance.

Is it not folly to suppose that vocal training begins at this end?

The talented, well-trained girl need have no fear that she will lack an engagement. Managers from all over Europe assist at these "coaching rehearsals," and are only too eager to offer modest yet excellent opportunities for a season's work in one of the small opera houses of the Continent. An exceptionally beautiful voice like that of Bessie Abbott may receive the exceptional opportunity of a Paris engagement, but the young singer should be satisfied to win her laurels leaf by leaf. Some years of healthy routine work in one of those admirable German or Italian operatic homes of music, getting hold of a repertoire, acquiring stage experience and assurance in the ways and means of obtaining effective results with her voice, will be of inestimable value. It is, in fact, the only experience that will bring her beautiful gift to its full strength and maturity.

Why should I hesitate to say that ten years from the day when a young grand opera aspirant stands before me, she is really competent to appear full-fledged in the rôle whose most difficult aria she selected for her trial song at her initial lesson? With a few rare exceptions, there is no royal road to operatic honors. The American girl with a voice is unfortunately filling the operatic stage with mediocrities. The few, those who have been ready to work and wait, are among the great shining lights of lyric history as it is being read to-day. I need only mention Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstadt, and my own dear pupil, Bessie Abbott; but what shall I say of those many, many others, as truly gifted, yet wrecked on the shoals of ignorance and doomed to the keenest of all sorrows —a frustrated hope?

The American girl with her voice judiciously trained, equipped to rise to the greatest heights, should be the rule and not the exception. Let her learn, then.

THEATRICAL SYNDICATE MOONSHINE

By A. L. P.

The Editors of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE hold themselves altogether neutral toward both the Theatrical Syndicate and the Independents. At the request of BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers they offer the viewpoints of both sides of the question, leaving the heat of the argument to the better man. The Independents will be heard from in the June BROADWAY.

IT is with the utmost propriety and entire impunity that we dead-cat an unpopular person or institution with opprobrious speech. We can hiss sulphurious statements and hurl mendacious maledictions, and be quite certain of hurricanes of applause for our trouble. The Theatrical Syndicate, so-called, is hated and despised, probably, because it is a success; furthermore, a successful trust, no matter what its aim or purpose may be, is not protected by game laws from unjust and unfair attacks; the preserves are open, the bars are down, and you can go after the animals with steel traps, shot guns, or bludgeons as your sweet will and fancy dictates. It is rare sport, and not a few have engaged in the chase.

One patent fact has been overlooked in discussing the syndicate: It has been the idea that a complicated business could be successfully conducted by those possessed of the "artistic temperament," instead of by long-headed business men. Being business men, the syndicate managers brought system out of chaos, and if there is anything the artistic abominates, it is order in commercial affairs. The artistic and imaginative, however, are as necessary to the playhouse, as the long-headed and practical, else the entire fabric fall into disorder or sink into nothingness. The error from the first was that the artistic feared that they would be dominated and finally destroyed by the commercial instinct. How false this notion was has been proved to the entire satisfaction of those who suffered the greatest trepidation, vide: Richard Mansfield, Nat C. Goodwin and Henrietta Crosman, the earliest of the "octopus hunters," but now placidly doing their work in their own way, unharmed and unannoyed. The only persons who have been "put out" by the syndicate have been a couple of pesky critics, and so, of course, the cry has gone up that the despised "Octopus" has attempted to "throttle the press." However, the fact that David Belasco has excluded two critics from his playhouse has not been commented upon unfavorably, and the throttle has remained free in its action.

This conflict between the artistic and the commercial in the theatre is unending; it is imperishable. The ideal is at complete variance with the practical, and the practical, well-balanced man of affairs, is the one always, who will, through the laws of human nature, succeed in gaining the mastery. It is not a question here whether this law of human nature works to the betterment or is an impediment; the fact is, it is inevitable! Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Wilson were the staunchest fighters in opposing the Syndicate. They belched fire and brimstone before the curtain and to the ever-ready interviewer. They did this until they came to a realization of the fact that the Syndicate was managed by practical, common sense business men who fully realized that their success depended upon the encouragement of the actor and manager in the production of artistic and worthy plays.

Miss Crosman was the last of the recalcitrants to come into the fold. Her fight, conducted by Maurice Campbell and Frank Young, was the best managed bit of advertising of modern times, eclipsing the famous milk bath and the runaway horse! Messrs. Campbell and Young, seeing that the Syndicate was unpopular, accused it, in the name of Miss Crosman, of the basest acts, when, in point of fact, they were well aware that the Syndicate had done nothing whatever in the way of laying a stone, or even a tiny pebble, in Miss Crosman's way. The New York papers swallowed all of Messrs. Campbell and Young's charges, and these gentlemen, laughing uproariously over the credulity of the press, secured columns and pages of valuable advertising. It was one of the biggest hoaxes ever played on an unsuspecting public, and many think, even to this day, that the dreadful Mr. Erlanger had "hounded a defenseless woman."

Nobody, likely, has wilfully lied about the Syndicate; but surmises have been stated as fact, and imaginings have been tagged with the label of truth. The trouble has been that writers almost entirely unacquainted with the practical workings of the theatrical business have been the ones who have engaged actively in the chase, and "he that strikes the venison first shall be the Lord of the Feast." So it is, by right of priority, that Norman Hapgood was placed at the head of the table. He was the first to strike the Syndicate venison. All who know Mr. Hapgood will admit that he is a well-meaning and an honest man; but most critics seem to forget that they can be scrupulously honest and yet killingly unjust. Mr. Hapgood wrote much about that which he knew little, and with the usual result; he made many ludicrous misstatements. One of these was that Klaw & Erlanger demanded an interest in "The Christian" of Liebler & Co.' before they would book the attraction. If anybody is desirous of learning the untruthfulness of this claim, oft repeated, all they have to do is to seek information from George C. Tyler, the manager of Liebler & Co., and be enlightened. The fact is, Liebler & Co. was given a route for "The Christian" before it was produced, and it was not till just before the play was presented that Mr. Tyler went to Klaw & Erlanger and offered them John Reid's third interest in it for a certain sum, and the same was accepted. Mr. Reid, it seems, had no faith in the enterprise and wished to withdraw. Another of Mr. Hapgood's statements, made in the *International Monthly* of January, 1900, was that the Syndicate is "unrivalled in its ability to control the press of New York." This statement, to anybody who knows the facts, is cause for the most joyous merriment and the wildest guffaws.

The chief opponent of the Trust has been the *Dramatic Mirror*. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, its editor, split with the Syndicate for the reason that it refused to give his accomplished wife, Minnie Maddern Fiske, a larger sharing percentage than is given the best paying attractions of the country. It was only after this split that the *Mirror* discovered that the Syndicate was "imicable to art"; that it was a "commercial institution calculated to sap the life-blood of the drama." A bitter and relentless fight ensued, during which the *Mirror* has, like a vindictive pleader, attempted to blacken the reputations of the managers of the Trust and everybody connected with it. Many young dramatic writers, unacquainted with the true facts have taken the *Mirror's* side of the question, with the result that, with so much ignorance and misrepresentation added to mendacity and falsehood, the average theatre-goer has been led to believe that Klaw & Erlanger and their associates are a parcel of low-browed villains, who deserve little else than the thumb-screw and the spiked-barrel. These young, ambitious enthusiasts were made aware that if they would turn out anything especially malevolent against the Trust, it would be copied and favorablv commented upon by the *Mirror*. This proceeding has, of course, encouraged and excited very many youthful "saviours of the drama," with the result that they have arrived at that pitch of "Syndicatephobia," that every mistake, even of a lay manager, must be laid at the Syndicate's door. The most amusing feature of this fight is, then, the ridiculous misrepresentations that are made by the Octopus nimrods. Only the other day a writer who had a grievance against Liebler & Co., and thinking that that firm was a finger, or the whole hand, of the Syndicate, gave it a dose of red hot anti-Trust shot! To what height of absurdity this fight has been carried and the mistakes and the blunders that have crept into, is happily illustrated by an occurrance lately in Chicago, when the Syndicate was roasted unmercifully for its "commercial greed" in consequence of the fact that Mrs. Fiske, appearing at the Grand Opera House, a non-Syndicate house, "charged $2 for the best seats." This was not so ludicrous, however, as a statement made by *Leslie's Monthly Magazine* of December, 1904. It said that not "even an atrocious assault perpetrated upon him (Acton Davies) in the Hoffman House café by the husband of an ambitious female star—*one of the Syndicate's hastily created stars*—has not quenched Davies." Lloyd Bingham assaulted Acton Davies, and his wife, Miss Amelia Bingham, is "one of the Syndicate's hastily created stars." This statement is on a par with that about Mrs. Fisk and the "Syndicate's commercial greed," and a big brother of the famous "cutting of the ropes" at the Belasco Theatre! The Syndicate has had no control whatever of Amelia Bingham's business, as everybody connected with the theatre is fully aware. When Miss Bingham was "hastily created a star," it was under her own management, and she appeared at a non-Syndicate theatre, the Bijou.

A most serious charge is constantly repeated that the Syndicate, supposedly all-powerful, refuses to allow attractions which appear in its theatres, or in theatres which it represents, to book non-Syndicate playhouses. This statement has been knocked in the head so often that it is surprising that it will not "stay dead." New York, Boston, St. Louis and Chicago have each important opposition, anti-Trust houses: The Lyric, Bijou, Wallack's, the Manhattan, Madison Square and the Academy, in New York; the Tremont, in Boston; the Garrick, in St. Louis; the Grand Opera House, Studebaker and the Garrick, in Chicago. Now, all these playhouses, with no affiliation whatever with the Syndicate, have no trouble filling their "time" with important attractions which book with the Syndicate. The Schubert Brothers play all of their attractions at their own theatres in New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and at Syndicate houses in other cities; Kirk La Shelle and Henry W. Savage play all of their attractions at the Tremont in Boston, and in Syndicate houses elsewhere. Richard Mansfield appears at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, the same theatre which plays Mrs. Fiske every season. Henry W. Savage books his plays at the Studebaker. William H. Brady plays Syndicate and non-Syndicate houses in these cities as do the attractions controlled by Liebler & Co. The non-Syndicate houses of New York, even Harrison Grey Fiske's Manhattan among the rest, play attractions which book with the Syndicate. There is no denying this fact, and yet it is persistently stated that no attraction which books with the Syndicate is allowed to play in non-Syndicate theatres!

If some of the Quixotic dramatic writers would keep these facts in mind they would not make the ridiculous errors they are constantly falling into. It is not the managers who deal with the Trust who complain of it, for the reason that they profit by its system and the control of the bookings; but it is the young men who are nipped by "Syndicatephobia" and knowing little or nothing of what they write about, persistently pound the war-drum.

In short, you can't kill the Trust by lying about it!

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS' READING ROOM.
WHERE TRAVELLING POSTMEN PUT IN SPARE TIME STUDYING "SCHEME BOOKS" AND MAIL-ROUTE MAPS.

A THREE-CENT LODGING HOUSE

How the Railway Mail Clerks Have Beaten Co-operation to a Standstill

By Wm. Wirt Mills

NO enthusiastic advocate of co-operative schemes ever dreamed of such results as have been achieved by the clerks of the Railway Mail Service who work in the traveling post-offices that run in and out of New York.

They have a lodging-house at No. 26 Vesey Street, which they maintain at a cost of twelve dollars a year for each of the seven hundred clerks who put up there at the New York end of their runs. This is a trifle over three cents a night for each clerk.

For this sum, hardly the cost of laundering the bed linen, each railway mail clerk who does not have a home in or near the city, has a clean bed whenever he is in New York, with the use of a comfortable reading room, and he is in no peril of missing his train through the carelessness of a hotel clerk, for the call system in force is so perfect that only four men have been late for their runs in eight years.

When the old dormitory was crowded out of the Federal Building in 1896, Victor J. Bradley, superintendent of this division of the Railway Mail Service, sought to avoid the scattering of his force among the hotels and lodging-houses of the city, not wishing to have them thrust in the way of the temptations of a great city, or lodged in unclean fire traps. Moreover, the men are so worn out by the strain of their work

MAIL CLERK'S DORMITORY AT NO. 26 VESEY ST.
ASSISTANT JANITOR HARRY RUSSELL GOING TO CALL A MAN FOR HIS RUN.

that they are heavy sleepers, and he knew that many would miss their runs if they had to depend upon indifferent hotel help to wake them.

Calling the clerks together, Mr. Bradley secured the co-operation of two hundred in establishing a dormitory, which was fitted up and maintained at a cost to each man of two dollars a month. Now there are nearly seven hundred clerks on the roll, and the management has been so economical that the cost has been reduced one-half.

The assessment, however, remains at two dollars a month, and a surplus is avoided by declaring free months whenever the treasury is in a plethoric condition. Thus last year there were six free months. In view of this, Mr. Bradley submitted to the men a proposition to reduce the dues to one dollar a month. They defeated this by a vote of three to one.

"You see," said one of the clerks, "we are mostly married men, and our wives handle our salaries, allowing us money for our expenses. Now we get two dollars each month for our dormitory dues, and when there is a free month we have the two dollars for spending money. If the dues were cut down, we should only get the dollar."

Out of the fund created by this small assessment the rent is met, beds, bedding and supplies are purchased, the linen is laundered, and the salaries of four men paid. There are three janitors, each working eight hours, and a man of all work.

Each clerk, coming in from his run, delivers his registered mail at the General Postoffice, and then puts up at the lodging-house. When he registers he puts down the route on which he is working and the hour at which he is to be called. This makes the janitor responsible for his making his train. That functionary has a call-card made out in quarter hours, and if he fails to get the man up he has to pay the amount the clerk loses by being docked for missing his run. An average of one such case every other year is evidence of the efficiency of the system.

While nearly seven hundred men use the dormitory, one hundred beds pro-

MAIL CLERKS STUDYING "SCHEME BOOKS."
JANITOR EDWARD CHAMPION IN THE FOREGROUND.

vide accommodations for all, for some sleep in the daytime and others at night. On the average each clerk uses a lodging-house seven times a month, and saves about seventy dollars a year by this co-operative scheme.

There are no officers except a committee of management, consisting of fifteen clerks, with J. R. McCoy, of the New York and Pittsburg route, as chairman. Superintendent Bradley, as trustee for the men, handles the funds, and C. P. Thomas, of his office, keeps the books, which are audited each month by the members of the committee. In eight years the dues have aggregated $50,000, and the equivalent of $25,000 has been returned to the men in free months.

An important feature of the lodging-house is the reading-room. Its stock of literature consists chiefly of the "scheme books" of the railway mail service—the books from which the clerks learn the proper and most expeditious disposition of the mail that they have to handle. In this branch of the civil service the merit system has reached its highest perfection, and retention of one's position as well as promotion is dependent absolutely upon efficiency, which can be attained only by constant study of the "scheme books." The result is that the clerk laying off in this city between routes, usually puts in all the time not required for sleep in studying lists of postoffices and railway schedules and the ways in which letters can be dispatched with the greatest speed.

In nearly all the cities in which postal car routes terminate, there are dormitories for the railway mail clerks; but the one in the Vesey Street building in New York is unique in being in quarters rented by the men themselves, the other dormitories being in Federal buildings. More than this, it is unique as the most successful experiment in co-operation on record.

THE GRIEF THAT KILLS

By Franklin Barry M. D.

IT had become habitual with us to drop in to Dr. Blake's office Saturday evenings after his office hours were finished and resolve ourselves into an informal debating club. The doctor apparently welcomed our intrusion, and found relief from the strain of his exacting practice in our disputes and discussions.

Our debates were many and varied, and embraced all subjects. Perhaps religion, or the theatre, or our neighbors, or some choice bit of scandal would be the topic that we would bombard with the weight of our combined arguments.

The particular meeting I have in mind was on the last Saturday night of the old year, and quickly the hours had passed with gossip and lively reminiscence. We were four in number—the doctor, Dick Hayward, a civil engineer; Neil Bryant, a clerk in the customs office, and myself. Some one had said something about a broken heart, and Hayward, always practical, had sneered. Just an ordinary sneer; but it angered the speaker more than words, for one can argue and reason when one says something, but there is no answer to a sneer.

It was little Bryant, the clerk, whose remark had caused this expression of disgust, and he resented such unkind reception of his speech as much as a mother resents a rebuke to her child, whether deserved or not.

Bryant was ultra sentimental and always had some distressing tale or sorrowful happening to relate. He would read the daily papers always escaping, by chance, the good news, what the world does in its happiest moments, what the bright side sees—and alight upon and gloat over an item wherein a little girl aged five had locked her infant sister, aged one, into an oven, and then lighted a fire in the stove. The births and marriages he never could find, but always turned involuntarily to the death column. Great disasters in mines and on railroads had a horrible fascination for him, and he knew the details of every murder case better than the prosecuting attorney.

Bryant stood up as if to give more weight to what he said.

"Well, I suppose, Hayward, you think no one ever did die of a broken heart, or that it is not possible for grief to kill. That's just because you haven't studied human nature. What do you know about grief?"

"Oh, that's all bosh, Bryant, about broken hearts. You are always looking through smoked glasses. I can't believe that anyone ever died primarily of grief. Great as the grief might be, time would eventually heal the wound."

Bryant was argumentative this night and answered, "I'll submit the matter to the boys, and let them all have a say. Why, don't you remember in 'Irving's Sketch Book,' that there is a beautiful account of the broken heart and death of Sarah Curran after the tragic end of her lover, young Robert Emmet?"

"I can't dispute that fact," retorted Hayward, "as the event antedated me; but I will say that if they had broken hearts in those days, the new generation has certainly become immune to that affection. You look at those matters sentimentally, Bryant, while I analyze them in a cold-blooded, practical way.

"Now, I wonder what Dr. Blake would say. Whose testimony could have more value than his? What say you, Esculapius? Look over your case book among your broken bones and deaths from lockjaw. Have you ever seen a broken heart or a death from grief?"

With interest we all turned to the doctor, to Dr. Bob, as his intimates called him, and watched him intently. His friends had great respect for his opinions, for his profession had taught him to think carefully and speak guardedly.

He had been taught that nothing was certain but death, and he had learned for himself that this was the most uncertain thing of all.

His daily practice had been a hard teacher, for there is no profession that plays such cruel tricks upon its followers as that of medicine.

"You can never tell what a jury will do," the lawyers will say, but who can even guess what a patient will do. You will leave a patient at night with smiles and good cheer. "The danger is now past and the recovery will be uninterrupted," is the glad tidings you give to the anxious family. Early in the morning you are there again, but the house is closed and darkened, and a little black, ugly piece of crape flaunts defiantly before you as if to say, "Bah! a fig for your opinion!"

Or, again, the family is gathered around the bedside of a loved one, and the doctor tells them, "It's no use; we have fought the good fight, but we are beaten. I can see Death has conquered. You must be resigned, for there is absolutely no hope."

To-day you are meeting the man you condemned to death at every corner, well and strong again, a living example of the value of your opinion.

But, as time goes on, opinions are not given out so readily, and then always with an "if" or a "but" attached.

Dr. Blake had seen enough of all of this to accustom himself to think carefully before speaking. His face was buried in his hands, and it was some few moments before he spoke.

"The beginning of your remarks, gentlemen, on this interesting topic, brought me back to one of my hospital experiences that I shall never forget, and perhaps to relate the story will best answer your question.

"It was during the last six months of my eighteen months' hospital service when I had charge of the male surgical ward, and was known as the senior surgical interne.

"Late one afternoon, a man and a woman walked slowly into the hospital. The man walked with evident pain, and was supported by the woman. They were shown into my office, where I took his name and the history of the case. The name I will not attempt to give you; let it suffice to say that they were Polanders, and the name was typically Polish. The man talked some little English; the woman, none. Through him I learned that he was two years from the old country and six months married. He had left his sweetheart at the old home and emigrated to this country; but she had promised to come when he could send for her and make her his wife. Six months ago, in answer to his message to come, she had landed in New York, where he met her and married her.

"They were happy, and though very poor they had never known a moment's trouble until his illness some two weeks previous. The doctors told him he had a "bad sickness" in his side, and that he could only get better by means of an operation. He had delayed because his wife feared the hospital—feared he would never come back to her, and thought that she would be left alone and friendless, miles and miles from her people. They had answered her, however, that the operation was seldom fatal, that only one in forty died as a result, and that her great, strong husband had even better chances than that.

"Together they had tramped some six miles arm in arm, and the little woman, timid as a fawn, clung more tightly than ever to her husband, now that she had arrived at the great hospital. They were sent to the fourth floor to the male surgical ward, where I supposed the wife wished to see her husband safely placed before she left him. Shortly after, I was seated at lunch, when word was sent to me that the Polish woman had camped by her husband's bedside for the night and refused to leave him. This was clearly against the rules for relatives to remain over night with patients, and I hurried to the ward, where I found the little woman sitting by her husband's side, with one hand clutching desperately at the chair upon which she sat, and the other hand tightly clasping the hand of her husband.

"He was talking to her in a low and soothing tone, evidently trying to reconcile her to parting from him, at least until the next day. She never spoke a word, simply stared, and clung tighter to the objects each hand had seized. Firmly I told him she must go back to her folks, to her home. There was a tear in the big fellow's eye as he said, "She got no home; she got me; da's all. She 'fraid go back; she want stay wit me."

" 'But she can't do that,' I said, 'it's against the rules; but to-morrow she may come back and see you for a while.'

" 'She no can come back to-morrow; she work.'

" 'Well, she may come for a short visit at night,' was all the consolation I could offer.

"Again he talked with her and she seemed to give in after all this strange talk, and dropping down on her knees she said a short prayer, and then allowed me to lead her to the door. But she cried as if her heart would break.

"By this time in life, I had begun to pride myself on the acquired hardness of my heart to such scenes; but all that night I felt a pity for that little woman and her forlorn condition, and thought myself a great brute for sending her out of the hospital and away from her husband.

"The night of the day following found her at her husband's side as soon as she could reach the hospital from the mill where she was employed. Passing through the ward, I found her sitting close by her husband, and I instructed one of the nurses to find out if she had eaten her supper. She had not eaten and would not eat. She was wholly content just to sit and feast her eyes on the man she loved. She stayed an hour, and this time, seeming to realize the rules, she left without much ado, promising to return the following night.

"The next day was the day of the operation, and Dr. Raymond was the operating surgeon. The operation of itself was soon over, but the case was seen to be of far more seriousness than at first imagined. The want of proper care in the beginning of his sickness, the long walk to the hospital, with the many days' delay in coming, had made far more serious inroads than appeared from a superficial examination. He was returned to his ward, and stimulating treatment given to him all day long. At six o'clock I was called by the nurse in charge to note his condition. He was rapidly failing, and was unconscious. Three of the house staff worked over him, but their efforts were useless, and just at seven o'clock he died.

"I left the ward and started for my office, and just outside the door I met the little Polish woman. This time she was smiling and bowing, flushed and out of breath as if after hurrying.

" 'My God!' I thought, 'I can't let her in there now. It would make an awful scene, and send the rest of my patients into hysterics.'

"I started to tell her she couldn't go in there, but recollected that she didn't understand a word of English. Then I stood with my back to the door and shook my head. She only gazed at me in mystic wonder. She tried to pass me, but I barred the way. Then I thought I would have her go with me to the office, where I could break the awful truth to her by some means.

"I smiled pleasantly at her and motioned to her that she was to follow me to the office.

"She misjudged my intentions, evidently thought I was trifling with her, and again tried to enter.

" 'Something must be done,' I thought, 'but who can tell her?'

"I must make signs to her.

"I closed my eyes to look like a dead man, and waved my hand upward to denote that he had departed.

"It was no use. This was even more puzzling to her than English, and I began to think she thought me crazy.

"By this time she was determined to enter the room, and in desperation I seized her around the waist, and covering her mouth with my hand, bore her bodily down to the office. On my way I had determined on a plan of action.

"I would send for Father Riordan, just

around the corner, to come to me at once. This good priest, I think, had a smattering of every language spoken by human beings, and I knew he must have enough Polish to break the news to the wife.

"I locked her in the office, and waited patiently outside while a messenger went for Father Riordan. By this time the woman was thoroughly frightened and beat the door in frenzy.

"The messenger soon returned with the news that the reverend gentleman was not at home.

"There was just one thing more to do. I had a Polish dictionary. I could find out what word in that tongue meant 'dead,' and repeat that to her. This at least would be better than having the poor woman's first intimation of the sad happening be the sight of her dead husband.

"I went to the library, on the same floor as the office, and during my absence, a nurse in search of me, unlocked the office door and unintentionally liberated the prisoner.

"Swift as a bird, before the eyes of the startled nurse, she flew up the stairs.

"Then, finding me in the library, the nurse informed me of what had happened, and as quick as I could, I followed her; but I was too late. Just as I reached the top of the fourth flight, I heard an awful scream, and I knew that the truth had at last dawned upon the wife.

"I followed her into the room, and found her lying prone upon her dead husband's body. Such tears and such bewailings! Although not a word of her language was familiar to me, I knew by intuition every word she was saying. I knew she was begging him to speak to her and praying God to pity her in her lonely state and let her follow her husband. Gently we tried to bear her away, but it required the strength of three strong men to remove her, and then she swooned and seemed to know no more.

"All that night she stayed with us and wept and moaned. The next morning I scarcely knew her for the same person. Her grief was terrible to behold, and no pain of body could, I am sure, equal the pain of mind the poor woman suffered. I think I was glad when she left us, because I knew she would then pass out of my mind. Strangely enough, I thought often of her.

"She left us her address, and one Sunday about a month later, while out walking with Father Riordan, I passed the place and asked him to enter with me. Being familiar from my lips with the sad story, he followed me into a small room where I found her sitting, crying as if her grief was of but a day's duration, and fondling an old picture of his. Through Father Riordan I learned that she still stayed just where they had lived and worked every day. She did not care to go back to the old country, as it would be too far away from him.

"The ravages of grief were awful by this time. She had seemed to age almost years in that short time, and looked to be in very poor health. We left her, both deeply impressed with the loneliness of her situation, and often spoke of it afterwards.

"'Father,' I said, on our way home, 'you can't believe how that woman has failed, and yet I am sure she has no bodily disease. She is just slowly dying of a broken heart.'

"I often wondered how long she lingered before she lay down for a last sleep by the side of the man she had so idolized.

"Well, about eight months later, shortly after I opened my own office, I was called one night by an old Polish woman to see a woman whom she said was 'bad seek,' 'karf too murch,' 'pritty murch die.' I followed her to a large block I knew to be pretty generally inhabited by Poles. Up three narrow, dark flights of stairs, she led me into a long, stuffy room where by a dim candle I could see that some poor creature lay on a cot. I felt of her pulse, listened to her breathing, and knew her end was near.

"'Bring me a lamp,' I said to the old lady.

"No lamp; beeg tam don stair, all lamp go don. May boy he be marry to-day, dance all night,' the old lady answered.

"Just then the music struck up from

below, and there was such dancing and shouting as would wake the dead.

"'Why, woman!' I shouted, 'this is awful! Don't they know this poor thing is dying?'

"'We say dat; they no care.'

"I listened for a moment, and fired with wrath, I could stand it no longer. Down the stairs I went, determined to tell them what I thought of such proceedings, and surely some one in the party would understand. I would tell them such a racket with a dying woman in the house was disgraceful, and would order them to continue their riotous carrying on at some other place.

"I opened a door, the blaze of lights and sounds showing me the whereabouts of the party.

The assembled guests were going through some fantastic figure. The head couple evidently was the bride and groom, for this woman, who alone was dressed in white and wore a wreath upon her head, bowed and scraped, danced and laughed in a circle about every other couple.

"Yes, I would wait until they came to the end where I stood unnoticed, and then speak to them. In a moment they were at my side. I started towards them as if to speak, looked the bride squarely in the face, and was struck speechless. It was my little Polish woman of the hospital."

THE MOST WONDERFUL STREET IN THE WORLD

By Mabel A. Potter

Broadway, bright Broadway,
Jewelled with electric light,
Oh, great white way,
Blazing from the black of night!
Pageantry of people gay,
Dazzling, restless, glitt'ring throng
In pursuit of pleasure fair,
Mocking wight who leads along
Thro' the gilt and yellow glare,
Luring with a lilting song
Thro' the gorgeous banquet halls
And the tinselled playhouse whence
Rippling, sparkling music calls,
Thro' the palaces of sense,
Where the maddest mirth enthralls,
And for many a dollar bill
Man may buy a dear delight
In the manufactured thrill;
While the firefly of the night,
Witching pleasure, somehow still
Dances on with heartless laugh,
Heeding not a woman's sigh
Echoed in the aftermath
When she passes lightly by.
Till the Genie of the day
All thy miraged splendor fleet
Touches with the morn's dim gray
To a stony canyoned city street,
Broadway, O Broadway!

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PUSH CART DEALERS. LUDLOW NEAR HESTER STREETS.

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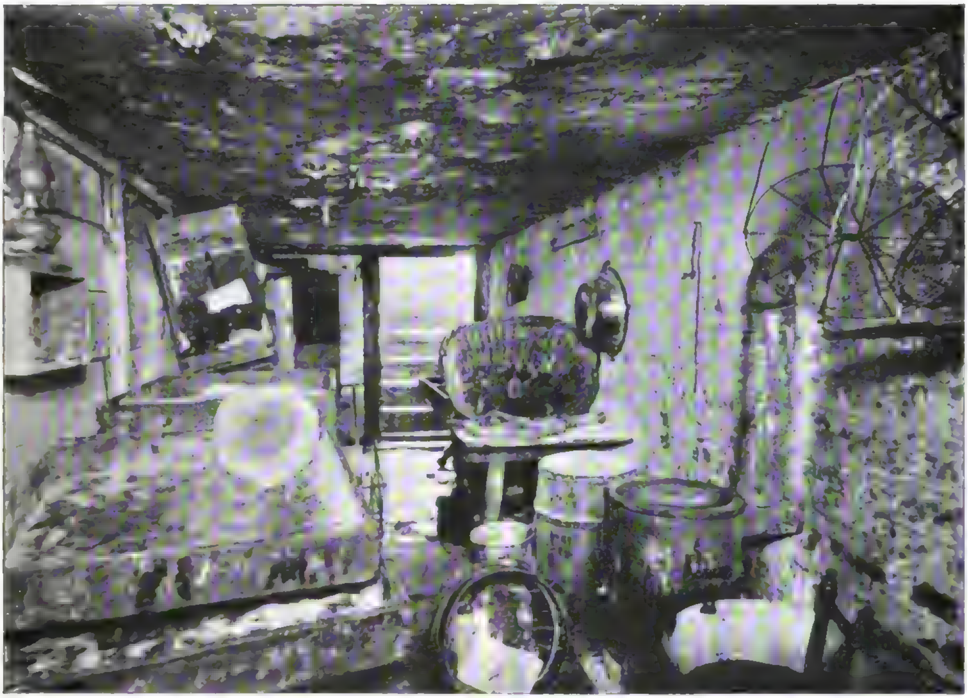


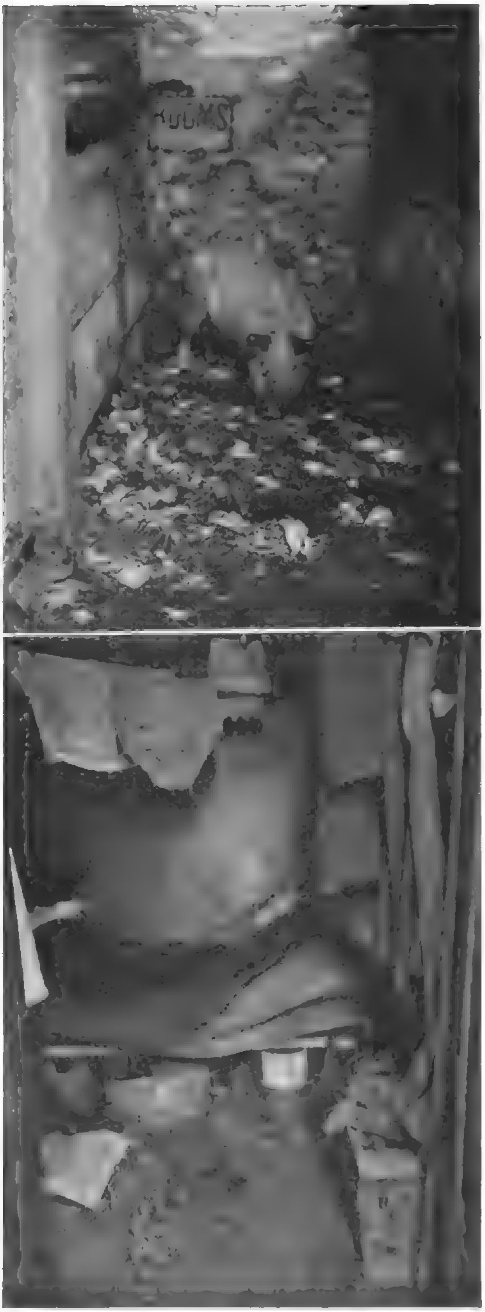
A DOUGHNUT AND CRULLER BAKERY IN A CELLAR ON DELANCEY NEAR ESSEX STREET. IT IS DIRECTLY UNDER LEAKING SEWER PIPES ON THE FLOOR ABOVE AND IS IN FILTHY CONDITION.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE POOR AND THE VISITOR

By Anna Gildermeister

THERE is a certain antagonism between the salaried tenement house visitor—the handmaiden of some charitable organization—and the recipient of that organization's bounty — the respectable but shiftless poor. The poor, they are with us in countless swarms in this great overcrowded city of Manhattan! They are huddled together as ants in an anthill (with abject apologies to the busy and thrifty ant) wheresoever they can find shelter. Their numbers, their manner of herding together for warmth and comfort—for downright sordid misery loves company of its own kind—have given birth to that hideous and abnormal excrescence on our social life—the tenement house district—the problem of the slums—which in their turn have evolved "the tenement house visitor" and the fad of "slumming."

Now the tenement house visitor is recognized as a useful and serious proposi-



A CELLAR TENANT ON ELDRIDGE STREET. ONLY A THIN PARTITION SEPARATES THE QUARTERS OF THIS PIG FROM THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY AN ITALIAN AND HIS WIFE AND BABY. A VIEW OF THE ROOM IS SHOWN BELOW.

tion by the poor at whose doors she enters without knocking, and too often in a dictatorial and inquisitive attitude. She openly comes to "investigate" or spy out good reasons for withholding charity. At her approach the can of beer is hidden under cover, the shiftless father tucks his pipe under his rags and takes to looking for a job in a dirty, week old paper, while the wife and mother with an added whine in her voice, pours out a tale of woe that is apt to melt even the stony heart of organized charity.

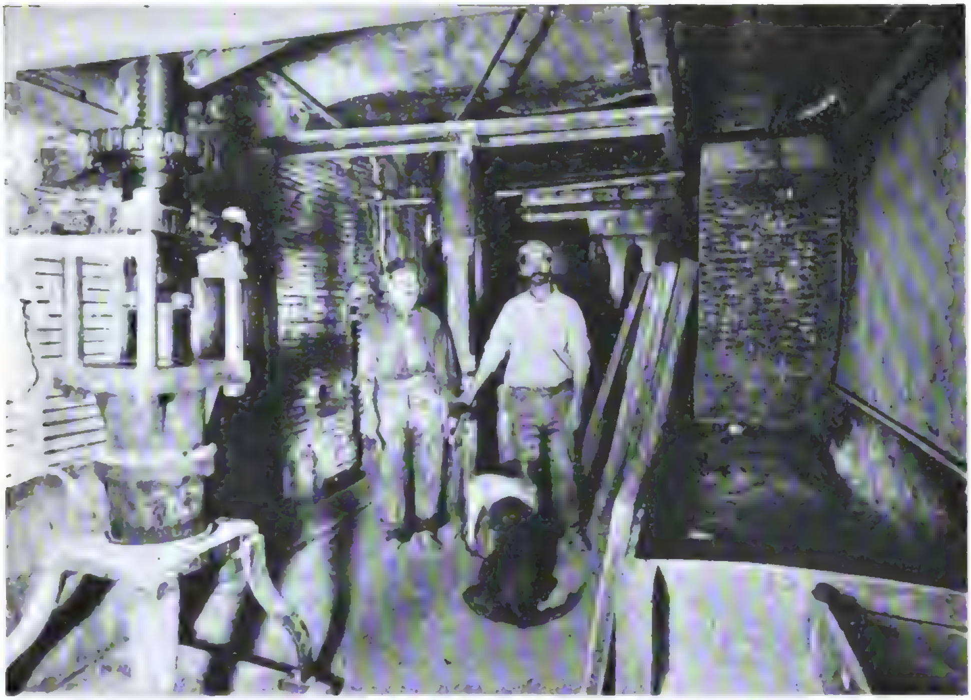
As for the fashionable slummer who leaves her carriage at the nearest street to the alley way, and who in fine raiment picks her way gingerly into the dirty hovels, she is in common parlance "used for all she is worth," and she is, in spite of her well-meaning intentions, thoroughly despised and played upon.

"How are you, Kate?" asked one of these "lady intruders."

"I am Mrs. Smith, mum, and this gentleman is my husband, Mr. Smith!" was the proud retort, and then as an added rebuke she called out to her eldest daughter, a girl of twelve, "Kathleen, go wash your face at the sink!"

These tenement house dwellers have a marvelous amount of pride and a code of ethics as strict in its way as that of orthodox society. They resent familiarity and prying questions. They have their own ideas concerning visitors who come without being invited and whose revulsion at the dirt and squalor they are at no pains to conceal. These poor mothers go rarely to church; they have neither the time nor the inclination, not to mention suitable wearing apparel. Their one religion is to lie, beg and steal within the limits of the law, for the sake of keeping their little hovel of a home over their heads, and of saving their children from being taken away from them and sent to some institution. As far as the organization visitor is concerned, their "husband is a fine man, a bit down on his luck," and the children the "best in the world," and "Bless you, ma'am," confided one of these mothers to me, "them young ones gets their bath regular every morning!"

Where are the so-called slums? Like ugly blots on a fair page they are scat-



AN EAST SIDE MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI FACTORY. AT THE RIGHT IS THE TROUGH IN WHICH THE MATERIAL IS KNEADED BY THE CORRUGATED ROLLER. WHEN NOT IN USE THE TROUGH IS EMPLOYED BY THE MEN AS A RECEPTACLE FOR THEIR SOILED UNDERCLOTHES, SOCKS, ETC., AS MAY BE SEEN IN THE PICTURE. AT THE LEFT IS THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MACARONI.

tered throughout the city—north, south, east and west, within a stone's throw of the respectable and well-to-do, and yet as far apart as one one pole from another lie these blocks of squalid humanity, humorous at times, always pathetic, and breaking out now and then in an eruption of ominous significance. The hidden tragedy of the starving and sordid!

In company with one of the city visitors I made a series of visits in the congested district lying on the west side between the North River and Ninth Avenue. Row upon row of brone stone tenements line the streets, their fronts being liberally ornamented with fire escapes. These fire escapes are the playgrounds of the children, and in many cases they are used as out of door sleeping rooms on the hot summer nights.

The entrances to the tenements are rather pretentious, but once inside, the sights, sounds and smells beggar description. Dirt and disorder are the typical badges of cheap tenement house life.

Groping our way up dark staircases, keeping our eyes fixed on the ray of light that comes from the open door at the end of each hallway, we gradually pick our way to the top of the house and then stand bewildered at the number of doors confronting us, for these double tenements are not "double deckers," but "octo-deckers"—eight families to a floor. Stopping before one door we knock, and after a few moments' delay we are admitted by a sleepy-looking woman, with uncombed hair and ragged dress. In her arms is a year old baby with a very dirty face, while two equally dirty children stare with undisguised curiosity.

The apartment consisted of three wretched rooms. The middle one, through which we were admitted, was the kitchen. The front room had two windows looking into an area, but dirt, dirt, dirt was everywhere. To make matters worse, both windows were closed tight, excluding every breath of air. A table still set showed that breakfast and

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURE IN THE REAR OF A FILTHY EAST SIDE TENEMENT.

dinner had been eaten from the same plates, while chunks of raw meat were lying on brown paper around which the flies buzzed greedily. Hurriedly taking the baby to the sink the mother washed its grimy face with her grimier hand and then seating herself by the table wiped the baby's face with the oldest boy's shirt. Another one of the children, who was about three years old, ran around with only a little red worsted jacket on.

"Oh, yes, mum," replied the woman, in a whining voice, in answer to our questions, "it's dreadful hard to get along. I've been out all day looking for work as a janity. The groceries the society gives me keeps us in food, but it's the rent that bothers me. Now, if I could get a place as *janity* where my rent would be free, I'd be all right."

The percentage of gratitude is small—gratitude is a blossom too delicate to take root in the reeking soil of the slums.

"The oatmeal you sent me was all maggotty," said a whining voice in the next place. "The children couldn't eat it; they're not used to that kind of food. As for them tomatoes," she continued, "why, my little Annie, as ain't five years, says to me, she's that cute, 'Mamma,' she says, 'them tomatoes is all white—they ain't no good!' "

Another grateful specimen informed us "there was no 'understanding' in sending split peas without 'a bit of fat to give 'em a taste, an' cookin' ' fuel to keep the pot boiling."

In leaving this woman I had a curious experience. On the ground floor we found a woman weeping over the lifeless body of her husband. As we entered the dark inner chamber she drew a white sheet over the corpse and informed us between her sobs that she hadn't a bite in the house, and that her insurance had run out three weeks ago. During all this story the children and neighbors stood about with every symptom of sympathy and sorrow. I was so moved by the picture that I emptied my purse, and we left, promising to send immediate as-

A ZOOLOGICAL NOOK IN A BAKERY ON LUDLOW STREET. THE OVEN DOOR, WITH THE ROPE TO PULL IT OPEN, MAY BE SEEN AT THE EXTREME RIGHT. THIS IS IN A CELLAR.

sistance. Before I left the alley way I found that I had dropped my address book. I returned at once and entering the open door, received a somewhat severe shock when my eyes fell upon the corpse sitting at the table and counting out my little hoard of silver. I must plead guilty to a lamentable weakness, for an inexplicable sentiment of pity moved me to turn on my heel and steal silently away, minus a very useful address book.

"Come right in, ladies; come right in, and a hearty welcome to you both," said a cheerful Irish voice, as we presented ourselves at an open door. "Don't sit down until I've dusted a chair," and she whisked her apron over two of them.

The room was the front cellar and so damp that the slime fairly oozed from the walls. The whole furniture of the place consisted of a stove, a table, and by actual count twenty-two chairs in every stage of dilapidation. These were placed side by side around the room. There were armless chairs, backless chairs, seatless chairs, and legless chairs. The mantelpiece was ornamented with a dust-covered, broken-nosed teapot, and hanging close to the ceiling was a crayon portrait in a startling gilt frame. A noticeable feature in every home visited was the presence of crayon portraits. No matter how wretched the condition of the people a life-size crayon hung over the mantel. Sometimes two or three.

"I'm awful glad to see you," continued the woman, with a strong Irish accent. "I'm having an awful hard time. I don't want to be complaining, but them last turnips you sent was just awful. We couldn't eat 'em. I was afraid to give 'em to the children. I know you ain't to blame, but I just thought you might like to know," and wiping her hands on her apron she gave way to an apologetic laugh.

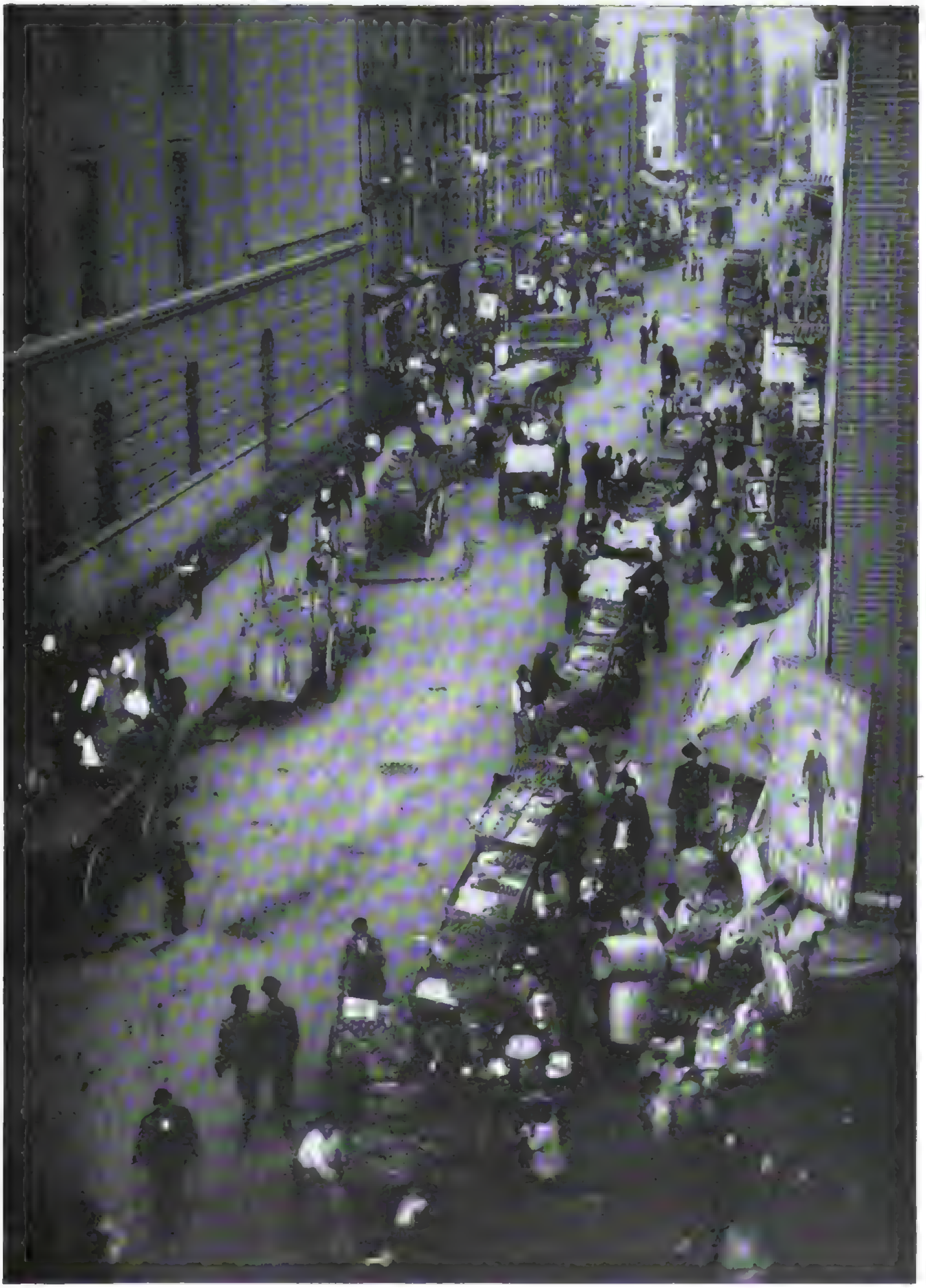
"I'm willing to work and I'll do anything. I did three days' work for a shoemaker so I could get baby some shoes. You, Georgie, turn around and let the ladies see the nice pants and shirt

A CORNER IN A TENEMENT SHOWING LEAKY SEWER PIPES.

I worked at a tailor's a whole week to get. You know the clothes you sent wasn't so very good; but this is a fine suit. He looks like a gentleman in it. But I thank you just the same for what you do."

As we go from home to home we stare in dismay at the squalor and wretchedness of the homes where everything is huddled in perfect chaos in one or two little rooms. Filth and confusion reign everywhere and no one seems to care. Every few steps little children would be met coming out of saloons with cans of beer and each one took a few sips on the way home, thus sowing the seeds which with many will bear fruit before long in drunken lives.

Here and there one was seen picking the rotten fruit and stale fragments out of the ash barrel, and these considered themselves fortunate when they found enough of such refuse to still the gnawing of hunger which is always devouring them. The can of beer! Who can blame the poor from indulging in this ten cents'



IN THE HEART OF THE GHETTO, ESSEX AND HESTER STREETS, NEW YORK.

worth of comfort? For the amount of money expended the maximum of fictitious luxury is obtained. But the visitor from the organization is obliged to refuse the bounty she represents to those who spend their little all on the drink that drags them to lower depths of degradation and misery. For this reason, when the visitor is seen approaching the "growler" is "rushed" out of sight. Under the bed, under the table, anywhere, and although the fumes of stale beer and the condition of the parents tell the tale only too plainly, it is a wise visitor who can bring them to confess that a drop of the stuff has passed their lips.

A somewhat amusing, if pathetic, incident in this connection. We entered a filthy room, where through an open door we caught sight of a pigsty in the rear and a pile of dirty straw. The owner of these quarters was seated on a broken-down cot with the rags of an old lace curtain bound around her head. She was evidently recuperating from an all-night spree.

"I makes you welcome, ma'am," she said, politely, "but I wants nothing from you—nothing at all. Every dollar me husband and me earns we drinks—no odds to you or anybody, and I ain't ashamed of it. I ain't the kind that hides my can of beer when I sees you coming. I sits at me front door and faces you square, and that's more than any other lady in the house can say."

I could not but admire her frankness, with regrets that it was not used in a better cause.

A few doors farther on we came to another tenement and groped our way up a pair of rickety stairs. When we reached the upper floor we turned to the right, passed down a blind hall running the other way and finally knocked at one of a dozen doors that faced us. We heard a dull thud, some fumbling noises and the door slowly opened. Clinging to the knob was a sickly looking woman, who, as soon as she saw who we were, invited us in.

"Yes, the baby's come," was her greeting. "It will be a week old on Tuesday and it's such a beautiful girl. Don't you want to see her?"

Of course we assented, and going over to the bed (the bed was indescribable) she took out a bundle of rags and after unwinding a couple of yards of them displayed the tiniest mite of humanity, who already seemed to bear the mark of death upon the little face and skeleton fingers.

"Dying from lack of nourishment," whispered the visitor.

"We're awful proud it's being a girl," continued the mother, her poor, faded eyes alight with maternal pride. "Just think, we have six boys! I don't know what to do to feed them all. My husband gets no job and the children need so much food. And, if you please, mum, if you'd send a bit of syrup or preserves with the bread, the children could make a meal of it. But the poor little dears won't look at dry bread, and you can't blame 'em. My children are that dainty and particular. They takes after my side of the family."

When the kindly visitor suggested a week in the country for the feeble mother and infant, the woman refused courteously with a "No, ma'am, thank you. I couldn't lie easy out of my own bed."

I looked at the bed again and marveled at the ways and manners of the poor. At their curious pride and clannishness in the midst of sordidness and squalor. A bed, a bureau and a stove were all the furniture in these rooms. The clothing of the family was piled high on the mantelpiece, while whole colonies of cockroaches were crawling everywhere and the odor in the rooms was unbearable.

In the next place was found a most pitiful sight, a boy who could hardly have been more than ten years old, disfigured with two humps. He was kneeling over the back of a chair eating a most uninviting piece of boiled beef, the very odor of which was enough to turn one sick. As we came in he raised his eyes and glanced at us, and the look stabbed me to the heart. The mother was warming some broth over the stove

MACARONI HANGING IN A TENEMENT HOUSE WINDOW TO DRY.

and there was half a loaf of stale bread on the table.

Two huge white rats with pink eyes, the boy's pets, made themselves prominently obtrusive, and being accustomed to notice from the child to our dismay insisted upon receiving attention from his visitors. The boy amused himself during our visit by chirruping to them, while they in their turn squeaked back at him. Such a tale of poverty, hunger and misery as was poured into our ears by the mother. A tale whose truth was borne out by the surroundings.

"Would you like some groceries?" asked the visitor. "Tea, coffee, sugar?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, anything you like; but no coffee. The last was very poor quality, and I can't drink it unless it's good. But Georgie would like some oatmeal, wouldn't you, pet?"

"Yes, ma'am," piped Georgie.

The visitor ran over a list of different edibles, and now and again the mother would interrupt her, saying:

"You'd like some bacon, wouldn't you, pet?"

Each time Pet would answer in his shrill voice, "Yes, ma'am."

For this child the same mother fights like a tigress to save from an institution, and who dare deny that the affection of the squalid home is not worth all the well being of the asylum where it would be missing.

The rents of the tenement house quarters range from five to nine dollars. To preserve this home and the family life—with the responsibilities of the ties of kinship—are now the problems confronting the philanthropist and the city organizations. Charity at the best is but a temporary alleviation. The future alone through the child and the mother can reach the core of the great social plague and root it out.

THE ROMANCE OF STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

By William S. Birge, M. D.

INTIMATELY connected with the early history of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi, are some of the most thrilling stories of disaster known to the civilized world, and the casualty list upon the "Father of Waters," before the railroad trains supplanted the floating palaces as a popular means of transportation, would make volumes. The first steamboat explosion, so the story goes, was on the Ohio River, and was the "Washington." The pulpit, at the time, came out very strongly, pointing to it as a warning, and protesting against the misdirected efforts of mankind.

Authentic accounts of the burning of boats just prior to, and during the civil war are difficult to secure. The real facts in connection with several of the accidents on the lower Mississippi may never be known so that history will accurately record them.

Enough has been revealed, however, to show that when the story of the destruction of some of those boats of ante bellum days is accurately told, the heroic conduct of the men who manned them will be sufficient to awaken some epic-loving bard to sing the deeds of these heroes of the river, even as John Hay has given to the world his "Jim Bludso," and rendered imperishable the name of Oliver Fairchild, the engineer of the steamer "Fashion," the only man to perish in that memorable disaster.

The "Fashion" was built for speed to compete with the mail boats running between Cincinnati and Louisville. After a time her trips were extended down the Mississippi to St. Louis and New Orleans. For a time she was the fastest boat on the river, and never knew what it was to be passed.

It was in a contest with the opposition boats that she caught fire in the waters of the lower Mississippi. When the flames were discovered Fairchild turned her nose to the bank, ran to the wheel when the flames drove him from the engine room, and every passenger got ashore, but before he could reach safety, he was enveloped by the flames and destroyed.

"He weren't no saint; them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike;
One wife in Natchez, under the hill,
  And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk, was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
  I reckon he never knowed how."

Everyone is familiar with the story as told by John Hay, in verse. He changed the name of the hero to Bludso, because that was the name of a family of river men whom he knew.

One of the most romantically horrible accidents that ever occurred on the river was the burning of the "Charles Belcher," whose cargo caught fire through a blazing cinder from the overheated fire-boxes, lodging in the midst of some loose straw, used for packing purposes, on the upper deck. The boat, at the time, was racing with one of the opposition line. A keg of whiskey was taken into the boiler-room where the half-naked firemen were feeding the furnaces with a mixture of wood, coal and rosin. The flames roared through the flues, and the weight on the lever of the safety valves had been moved almost to the danger notch. Such folly was inexcusable, but the captain of the "Belcher" was too delighted at gaining on his opponent to give heed to the warning.

In the midst of the disorder which ensued a young woman stood gazing upward at the deserted pilot-house. At her side on the deck sat an aged man watching with horror the advancing flames. The girl, stooping, kissed him on the forehead, and shouting in his ear, pointed to the wheel. A few moments later, when the wind parted the smoke, the passengers saw at the wheel a tall, handsome young woman, dressed in white, with long, dark hair flying in the breeze. The passengers felt the vessel rock as she swung out of her course, and a few minutes later she struck the bank at full speed, the shock breaking the overworked machinery and snapping the tiller ropes. Out of three hundred and twenty passengers seventy-six were saved. The mystery surrounding the young woman who took the dangerous position at the wheel has never been solved. When the flames swept over the forward part of the boat, enveloping the pilot-house, she disappeared.

The "John Randolph," as she came up the river on March 16, 1836, took fire, and reached the end of her journey in a fierce blaze. Dan Craft, her pilot, a slave, some say, an ex-slave, according to others, stayed at his post and steered for the wharf. The rope, however, was burned in two after the wharf was touched, and the boat swung out in the stream, and burned to the water's edge. Dave Craft's heroic soul went up in the smoke of the wreck, and two other slaves lost their lives. The freight aboard, which was burned, was valued at $200,000.

The loss of the "Leathers," Captain Duke, was one of the most remarkable accidents that ever happened on the Mississippi; while backing from her landing she struck a snag about one hundred feet from the shore, and knocked a hole in her stern some three or four feet in diameter. The passengers and crew were all safely landed, but in twelve minutes after she struck the snag, she went down stern first. The most remarkable circumstance associated with this wreck was that no trace of the steamer was ever found afterwards. It seems hardly creditable that a large boat, the size of the "Leathers," could go down, within one hundred feet of the shore, in water so deep that soundings would reveal no trace of her.

On April 9, 1852, the "Saluda," a large, new vessel, exploded as she was leaving the wharf at Lexington, causing the death of over one hundred passengers, and killing a number of persons on shore. She had been detained for several days at Lexington owing to the breaking up of an ice gorge further up the river. Among the passengers were two hundred Mormons, on their way to Utah, under the leadership of an aged elder. On the third day of the "Saluda's" detention they packed up their belongings and went ashore bag and baggage. In reply to the questions raised as to their action, the aged elder replied:

"The Lord has warned us that an accident will befall the "Saluda" before to-morrow noon—we set out without a sign—it is a rebuke, a lesson—not to heed it would be to sacrifice our lives."

The captain and pilot laughed.

"Ten minutes before the boilers explode to-morrow morning," said the elder, "the steamer's bell will ring three times; if you fail to heed the warning, woe be unto you."

At nine o'clock the next morning, while the captain was below attending to some business, the steamer's big brass bell, which hung over the texas, forward of the pilot-house, sounded three strokes. He ran up on deck, expecting to find some joker who had overheard the Mormon's warning, and tried to play a trick upon him, but the tongue of the bell was lashed down tightly, as he had left it the night before.

The captain ordered the lines cast off, and the boat backed water and left the dock. She had not gone over fifty feet from the shore when her boilers exploded, and fragments of human bodies were thrown a quarter of a mile and fell in the streets of the village. The captain's dead body, without a bruise or a broken bone, was found on the doorsteps of a church, through the roof of which the steamer's bell had fallen. As the books went down with the steamer, it was never known how many passengers were lost.

The bell was hung in the church tower and was rung at the funeral of those killed. For weeks afterwards the people wondered why the sexton rang the bell at half-past nine every morning, and the sexton wondered why the village boys wanted to plague him by ringing the bell so persistently every day. It was then noticed that it gave only three taps. One morning the sexton and minister watched together to catch the guilty boys. At exactly 9.30 the bell rang, but no boy was seen pulling the rope. The people recalled the signal on the "Saluda" just before she blew up, and a passenger who had heard the Mormon elder's warning and had left the boat in consequence, told the story.

For forty years, as the story goes, the bell in the old church at Lexington tapped three times every morning at 9.30. The signal, known as "the elder's warning," remained a mystery to all until fifteen years ago, when a tornado visited the town, blowing the belfry down, and cracking the old bell, silenced it forever.

In the autumn of 1865 the steamers "Walter Scott" and "Comet" ran a race from St. Louis to Cape Girardeau, where a load of wheat was waiting for shipment by the first boat that arrived. They ran down the river at twenty miles an hour, not fifty yards apart, defying all laws governing river navigation, and courting disaster at every turn of their paddle-wheels. At midnight, when twelve miles from their destination, the "Walter Scott" forged slowly ahead. The "Comet" crowded on every inch of steam she could carry, moving the weights on her safety valves out to the extreme ends of the levers, but it was of no use; the "Walter Scott" had a line ashore at the landing before the "Comet" headed for the bank.

The "Comet's" captain had been drinking heavily all the way down, and now, at the thought of losing his freight, he seemed fairly beside himself, and running to the wheelhouse he thrust the pilot aside and took the wheel. A few hundred yards above the "Walter Scott" he headed the vessel for the shore under full steam. As they neared the landing the pilot plucked the captain's sleeve.

"If you don't reverse her you'll ram that boat!" he shouted.

The captain drew a revolver and pointing it at the pilot's head, replied:

"Shut up, you meddlesome whelp, or I'll scatter your brains over the pilot-house!"

Straight for the "Walter Scott's" big wheel the "Comet" ran. Men on board both boats shouted warnings, but without avail, and the "Walter Scott's" pilot signalled his engineer to sound the whistle. Passengers and crew on board the latter boat tumbled ashore, and the "Comet" crashed into her side, cutting her timbers and crushing her into a shapeless mass. Her engineer and one deck hand were killed.

Both vessels were completely wrecked, and quickly sank to their upper decks in the turbid water. Some of the boilers and engines of the "Comet" were raised in after years and enlisted in the unromantic service of driving the machinery of a cotton gin.

It was not until after 1830 that the boats on the Mississippi began to rise to the dignity of floating palaces. Among those prominent at this period was the "Tennessee," which encountered disaster with fearful loss of life. From 1840 on some of the most notable boats that ever sailed the river went into commission. Among them were the Nashville, the Talleyrand, Old Hickory and the Red Rover. After them still finer boats to meet the demand were built to run to New Orleans. Among these were the Tennessee, the Governor Jones, the Harry Hill, and the America.

The most disastrous year in steamboat history was 1860, when one hundred and thirty vessels were lost on Western waters. The greatest loss of life in a single wreck occurred in April, 1864, when the "Sultana" exploded twenty miles above St. Louis, and one thousand six hundred and forty-seven people were scalded, blown to pieces or drowned. The passenger list was made up mostly of Federal soldiers returning home from the war.

Few accidents happen now-a-days, the racing fever has gone by, and in thick or foggy weather the boats tie up. The Federal Government keeps a careful watch on steamboats and steamboat men. A constant effort is being made towards improving navigation.

THE VIOLET GOWN

By Anna McClure Sholl

WHEN Jack Lane first met Cynthia Weston she wore a violet gown, which, as he afterward told her, was of the exact color of her eyes.

Women know better than men that dresses, like individuals, have character; some possessing too much, some too little for their wearers. Cynthia and her violet gown were in perfect accord.

But even a garment with a soul cannot survive the end of a fashion. By the time Jack became engaged to Cynthia the violet gown was under the condemnation—mortal in its significance—of being entirely out of style.

He pleaded with her to continue to wear it, because of its association with the wonderful stages of their romances, and because it matched her eyes. He would not even hear of the sleeves being changed. He denied her assertion that signs of wear had destroyed the beauty of the dress. To reinforce her faith in it, he brought her bunches of violets to wear in its velvet girdle. He desired her to appear in it at least once a week. Among Cynthia's friends her compliance was considered the very symbol and last test of her devotion to Jack, for she had the reputation of keeping in the van of fashion, less for the sake of appearances than from her own dramatic love of novelty.

One day they quarreled. Lovers' quarrels are, as a rule, only the first step to deeper and brighter communions; but this disagreement grew into a warring of two high spirits. Neither would yield, so at the beginning of a June month—the very month, by the irony of things, that lovers should think of mating—the engagement was broken.

Jack's pride carried him bravely through the season of roses, though their very odor was unbearable to him. He had called her his "rose of the world."

In the first week of July he saw her name in the list of passengers on a trans-Atlantic steamer. The name of a man who had once been his rival for her hand was also in the list.

Then Jack's spirit went into a darkness unvisited by any gleams from the golden summer world. He gave himself up to his hopeless wretchedness. When he was not in his office drowning care with hard work, he was pacing the hot, arid streets of the city which had known his lost joy.

One afternoon in late August he felt that he was face to face with real despair—not the emotion of poets who "wilfully live in sadness"—but the genuine feeling; ugly, malignant and dark; as sinister in its approach as the fanning of a great bat's wing against his cheek.

He walked restlessly and aimlessly through the streets of the half-lifeless city so weary of its long summer that it could scarcely draw its breath. The sidewalks were practically deserted. The stores, though open, had few customers.

He was looking idly in the windows as he passed along when suddenly he saw something that sent the blood to his heart, and flashed across his eyes a blinding light. In the broad window of a dyeing and cleaning shop hung Cynthia's violet gown.

Her own violet gown and no one else's in the whole wide world! Did he not know every ruffle and fold of it, every little ornament whose nomenclature was sealed from his masculine mind. There it hung, the old-fashioned sleeves meekly crossed in front, the skirt spread out with careful exactness. He gazed at it as if fascinated, not daring to believe in the significance of what he saw.

As he stood there two women paused before the window.

"Pretty color," one said.

"Yes, but terribly old style—wonder why they put it in the window," the other answered.

"To show how well they kept the color, I guess."

"Well, I'd never pay five dollars to get an old-fashioned dress like that cleaned."

They passed on, and Jack's blessing went with them. Why, indeed, should Cynthia have the violet gown cleaned, unless it was still dear to her—unless—unless—!

Summoning all his courage he entered the shop. The close smell of fabrics seemed a delicious perfume to him; the bored girl with a pompadour behind the counter appeared as beautiful as an angel guarding the gates of paradise.

She regarded Jack—who was good-looking—with toleration, and waited for him to speak.

A fine, clear red overspread his face as he stammered.

"Would you kindly—tell—me; if it's customary for young ladies to have old-fashioned gowns cleaned—like the one in the window."

"S-i-i-r-r?"

The maiden's look changed to ice.

"Don't get funny with me," she went on. "I ain't alone in this shop."

"I beg a thousand pardons," Jack said, humbly, "but the fact is I am acquainted —I—I—"

He stopped short, cleared his throat. Then began again.

"I had thought that the owner of the gown was in Europe. Can you—can you tell me—?"

The girl's expression softened. Having been born and brought up in the city, she had some faculty for putting two and two together.

"We don't know anything about the ladies that bring their dresses here," she said in a milder tone.

Jack pondered a moment, then he said boldly.

"May I write a little note and pin it to the sleeve of that gown?"

The girl smiled and glanced over her shoulder towards the rear of the shop.

"Yes, if you'll be quick about it."

She handed him a pencil and a scrap of paper. Bending over the counter he wrote:

"If you intend ever to wear this again will you let me know? J. L."

He addressed it in a firm hand to Miss Cynthia Weston. By this time the maiden with the pompadour was completely won over.

"I'll pin it on the under sleeve," she whispered.

"You'll see me again in ten minutes," Jack answered.

He returned with a bunch of roses and a box of candy.

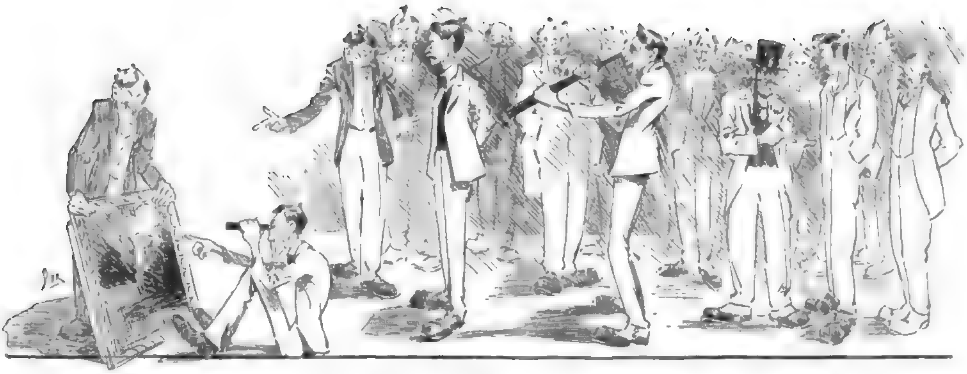
A few days later he received a note of one line.

"I am at home. Cynthia."

Within an hour he was awaiting her in the drawing-room of her city house. His heart beat high with expectation, but the shadow of doubt still fell across his joy. What would she wear when she came down to him?

When he heard her coming he turned his face from the door to prolong his uncertainty. She crossed the room, then as he still kept his eyes from her, she said:

"I think I'll be married in it, Jack. Does it look dreadfully old-fashioned?"



THE JURY OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS FROM A FRENZIED FAKIR'S POINT OF VIEW.

ART STUDENTS IN A FRENZIED FAKE

By "Burr," a Frenzied Fakir

LEAGUE MOTTO.
(APOLOGIES TO MR. SHAKESPEARE.)
Babble, babble
Loaf and dabble,
Boys smoke,
Girlies gabble.

THE students of the League are a sober minded set for nine months of the year. There is no end of earnest, sincere dabbling while the "boys smoke" and even if the "girlies gabble" as our poet declares with a frenzied fakir's license, I, Burr, in my right mind, do testify that they cover the canvas to some purpose with form and color.

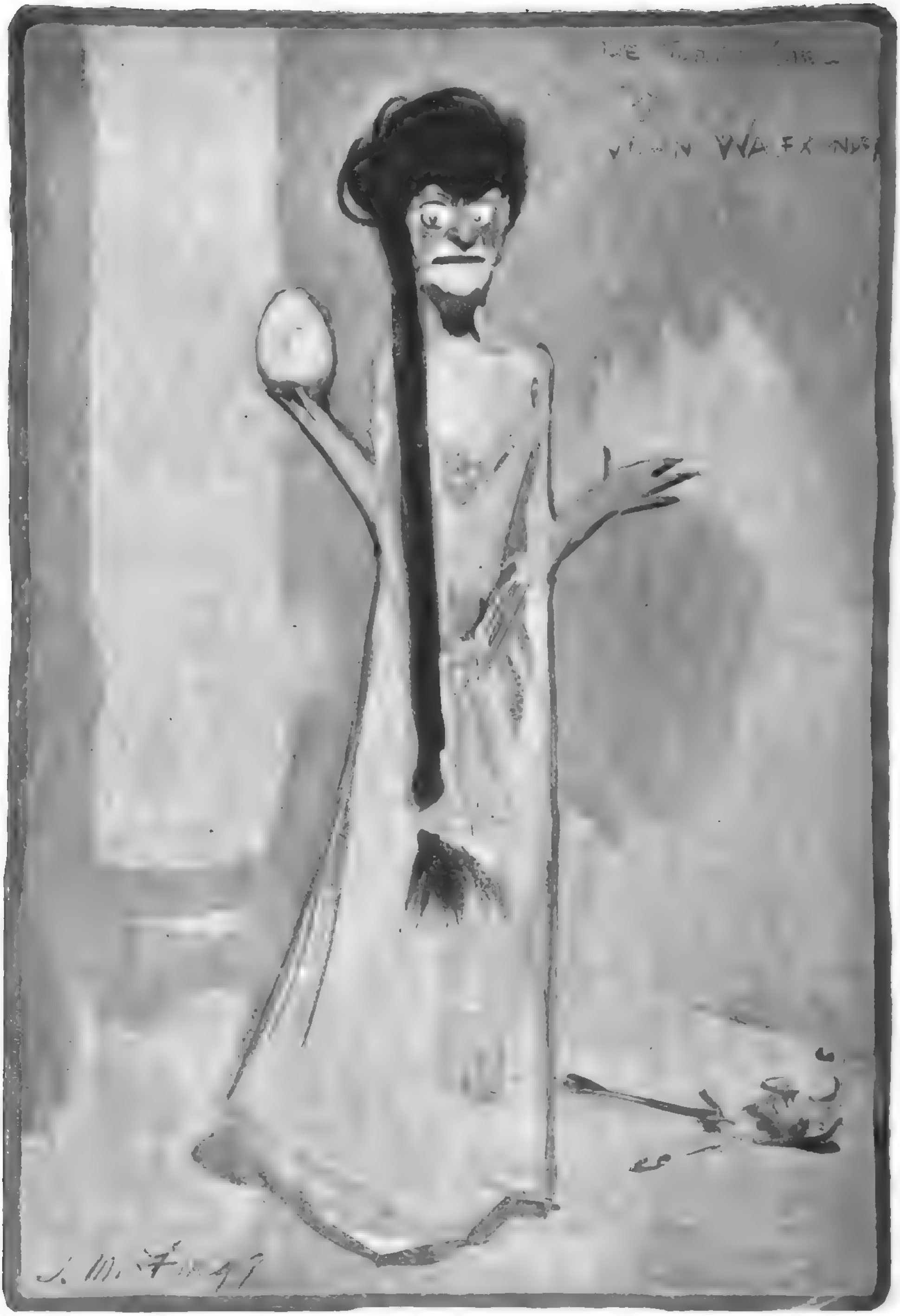
For nine months of the year as we sit on our students' stools before our easels, we make history for the League. We dream dreams of glory, and we see our names inscribed in gold lettering on marble slabs in the Hall of Fame. But tradition commands us to throw wisdom to the winds for a short spell of frenzied fakeism.

Fourteen years ago the frenzied fake bee got into the bonnets of our worthy predecessors—then young and foolish—as they were dreaming the same dreams before the same easels—alas! not one of them has his name inscribed in letters of gold on a marble slab in the Hall of Fame on Riverside Heights.

The bee was a curious fellow and set to buzzing all sorts of frenzied nonsense concerning that pompous and solemn visaged body of men, the Society of American artists. The buzzing bee stung the fingers of the young and foolish students and lo, and behold! a merry spirit of frolic took hold of them, and forsooth they did turn out with much fine cunning certain portraits of the serious visaged personages that sat in judgment on the poor artist's masterpieces and either rejected or starred them, so that no end of laughter and good cheer followed the happy attempt.

Said one of the young and foolish students, "Surely it is good enough to buy," and forthwith it was purchased for silver coin. Then said another of the foolish ones, "Who will produce another, that I may also buy?"

Then the fever broke out and the microbe of frenzied fakeism inoculated the circle of serious and sober frocked scholars of the Art Students' League. Drawings of a merry humor were exchanged for coin of the realm, and when a goodly pile had accumulated a foolish one called out, "What shall we do with it? To eat and drink so great a sum would not be well." Then and there a debate was held and it was speedily determined that the moneys should be laid aside "to the tuition of those blithe young spirits who, having the art bee in their bonnets, have not the plethoric purses with which to purchase new bonnets, the Fakir's Fund is cheerfully and abruptly dedicated."



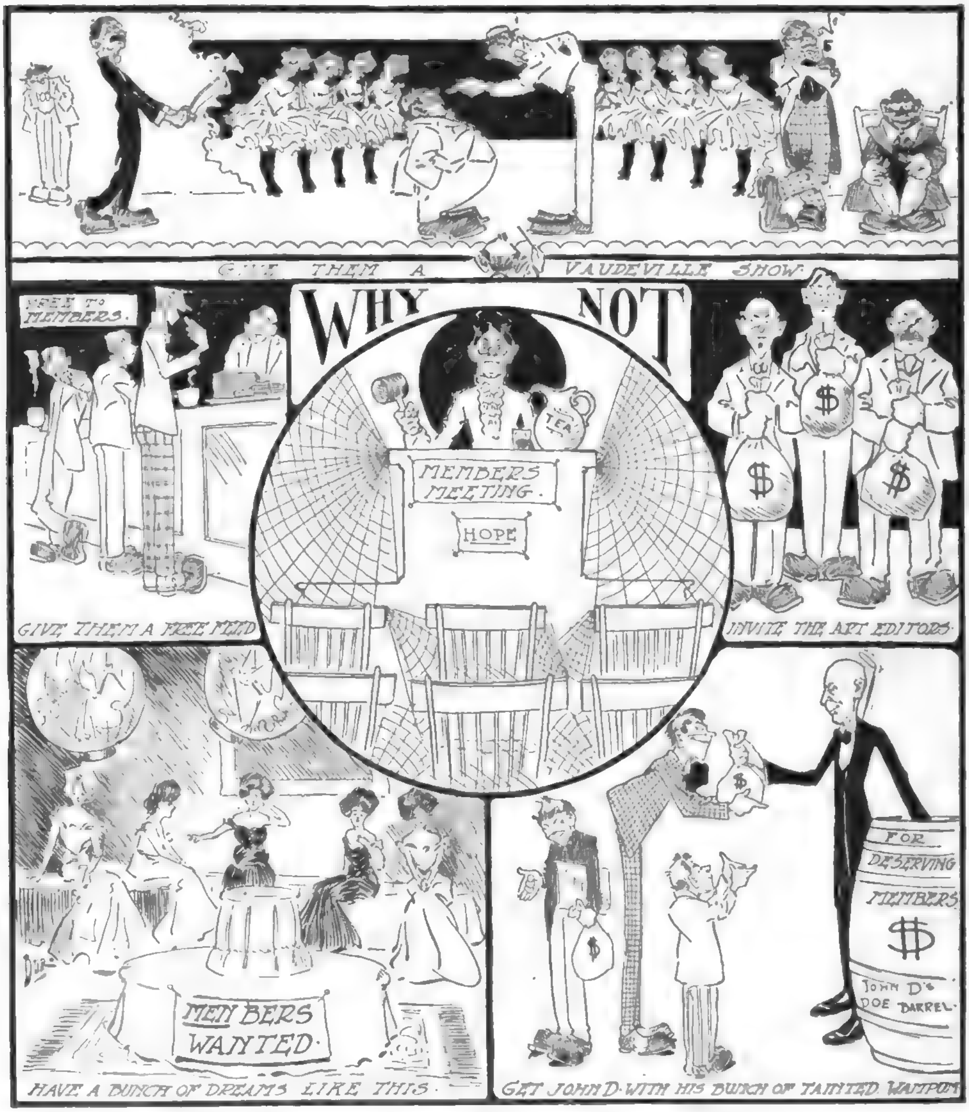
ALEXANDER'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY. A PRANK OF A FRENZIED FAKIR WHICH WON A PRIZE

A GROUP OF ART STUDENTS IN A MERRY MOOD.

Thus in the name of fun and frolic a good deed was perpetrated; for the young and foolish art students not being apt at crying out their good deeds with brass trumpets from the house tops, did in this way declare their intent to assist those of their companions who were in need, and be it said to their honor that the little seed planted that day bore a goodly harvest, for no less than 25 scholarships have since that time been bestowed upon the worthy student who found himself without the wherewith to dream dreams of glory, for does it not require a certain amount of filthy lucre to dream to certain purposes? In all truth man proposes. Money disposes.

The little seed was indeed a fruitful one. So numerous were the merry caricatures of the doings of that worthy body "The Society of American Artists," that it was deemed wise to exhibit them for a modest stipend, and it was deemed discreet to afterward dispose of them to the highest bidders. The hall was fittingly decorated with odds and ends calculated to arouse a spirit of mirth. A placard was hung at the door and much noisy music called the attention of the passer-by to the "Frenzied Exhibit of the Society of American Fakirs." And the people entered willingly, for the time thereof was the 25th of April. The bare trees were putting forth green leaves, the sparrows were chirping on the iron railings that guarded the entrance door, the breezes were balmy, and the fever of Spring gently urged the loiterer to partake of a mild and gentle relaxation. Most gladly, then, did they search in their pockets for the round silver piece that ensured them a good welcome to our exhibit of Fakes.

And once inside the hall there was no lack of entertainment for further expenditure of small and large coins. In private side shows there was much to tempt the unwary. An Egyptian, chosen for her dark and penetrating eyes, told the stars, although she looked no further than one's palm, and was a maiden of fair talent, who came from a farm in the far west. But the frenzied fakir is allowed much poetical license. There was also an inviting side show where many


GIVE THEM A VAUDEVILLE SHOW.
FREE TO MEMBERS.
GIVE THEM A FREE FEED
WHY NOT
TEA
MEMBERS MEETING.
HOPE
$
INVITE THE ART EDITORS.
MEMBERS WANTED.
HAVE A BUNCH OF DREAMS LIKE THIS.
FOR DESERVING MEMBERS
$
JOHN D's DOE DARREL.
GET JOHN D. WITH HIS BUNCH OF TAINTED WAMPUM

THE FOOLISH ONES GUY THE ASSOCIATION'S METHODS OF INCREASING ATTENDANCE AT THEIR SOLEMN CONCLAVES.

of the students and the Society artists were presented in caricature with their features unduly distorted. Thus it was at the first Fake exhibit, fourteen years ago, and thus it was this April in the year 1905. So if I confound the past with the present and the present with the past, let me be treated with indulgence, for am I not one Burr, a Frenzied Fakir, lacking in cunning with my pen?

And fourteen years ago as now, after the auction and the raising of much money, a merry dance was held on the third night and fun ran riot until long after midnight.

The next day a consultation was held and a pamphlet relating the doings, and reproducing the Fakir exhibits was put into the press. Its title was "The Slap Book," being, as it said, "an explanatory and truthful record of the efforts and achievements of that stalwart band of Frenzied Fakirs who are ever ready to lend a hand to suffering humanity in her

ONE OF THE SIDE SHOWS. A FRENZIED FAKIR MAKING A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

struggle with Society Art, and to keep the disease from spreading." This pamphlet was "put into printin' by a peaceful person with pink side whiskers at the Fake Foundry," which place was no less than the Art Students' League. A worthy piece of wit, by name, "The Fakirs' Defitionary," was also framed for the inspiration of future generations of Art Students. It reads as follows:

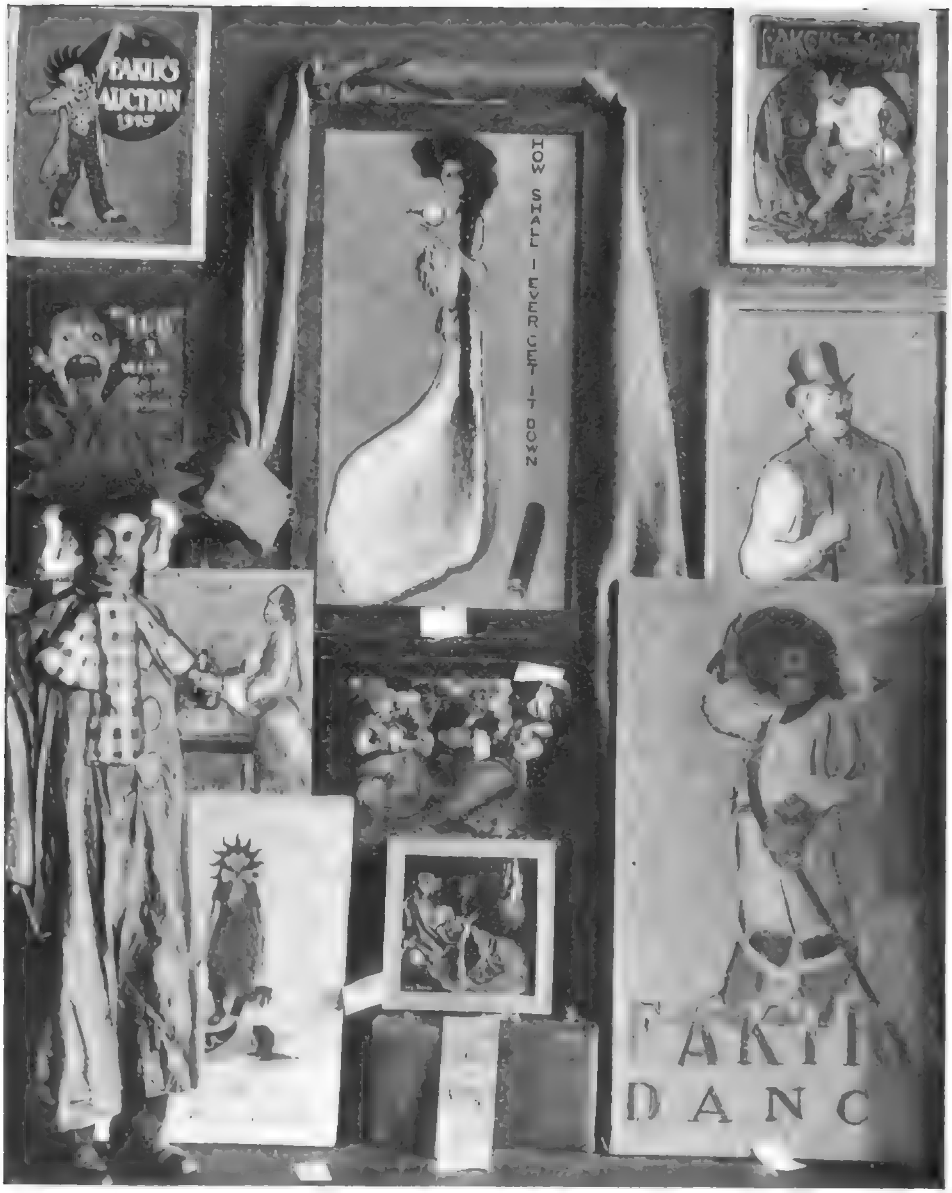
THE FAKIRS' DEFITIONARY.

Art—See society of American Artists, if nothing doing, see two flights higher.

Fake—(a) to originate, (b) to improve, especially when the original is hopeless, unfakable, said of a picture which has never been improved by the Society of American Fakirs.

Fakirs, Society of America—A famous association of the greatest artists in the world, whose work has been copied but never excelled by the minor societies.

Juryman—A friend of a friend's friend.



A FAKIR AND THE PRIZE WINNING FAKES.

Kecheminititis (pronounce, catch-em-in-it-it-is)—Incurable disease, characterized by an inordinate desire for publicity.

Mixed Treat—A daylight dance, held for the purpose of promoting friendship and sociability between men and women of the League—see picture.

pyle (sometimes spelt with a Cap.)—Noun, a colonial interior; verb, to draw in the manner of thirty years ago; compyle, to class; pylot, one who sits in the front row; pyllory, a small kindergarten near Wilmington, Del.

Member, of Art League, masc., an absentee; fem., a consumer of ice-cream; common, a person afflicted with kecheminititis, which do not see.

Member of Society of Am. Artists—

Any free-born American that wants or hopes to.

Society of American Artists—Society —yes, American—unfortunately. Artists —well, well, now!

In the course of years our exhibit increased in marvels and ingenious contrivances of wit, aided by skilful brush and pencil. Even our noble instructors, men of great renown and wealth, do not hesitate to send in their contributions. There is now no stint of prizes to act as incentives to the ambitious.

Those who run may read in our "Slap Book" of this year:

"Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the author and instigator of that meller and upliftin' institution, widely known as the Shaw Fund, which is a fifty-dollar automatic handout to the three best Fakes. The Prize Committee begs to announce that a large chunk of iridescent rhetoric will accompany each and every prize.

"Mr. James W. Gerard has contributed $25.00 as a prize for the best poster advertising the fakirs' celebration.

"Miss Zella Milhau again offers the reward of $5, 3 cents and a Pie for the worst fake."

To which we add in order to warn the weak-minded:

"To avoid misunderstanding, be it known that whenever the prize committee is unable to distinguish between the Fake and the original Society Masterpiece, the Fake shall receive the benefit of the doubt—'noblesse oblige.' "

As a specimen of our poet's work, I beg leave to submit a work of art that requires no further apology. It is entitled

AN EPILEPTIC, IN FOUR CONVULSIONS.

I.

Oh, the Fakir man came
Before a great frame,
That compass'd a wondrous canvass-o
"By the jogs on my halo,
I'll fake this fine fellow,
Oh, will I? Yes! yes! well, I guess so."

II.

So standing he stoot
On the stern of his foot,
And wrap'd was his riveted gaze-o;
When a blithery din
On his ear sight, broke in,
Converting his calm to amaze-o.

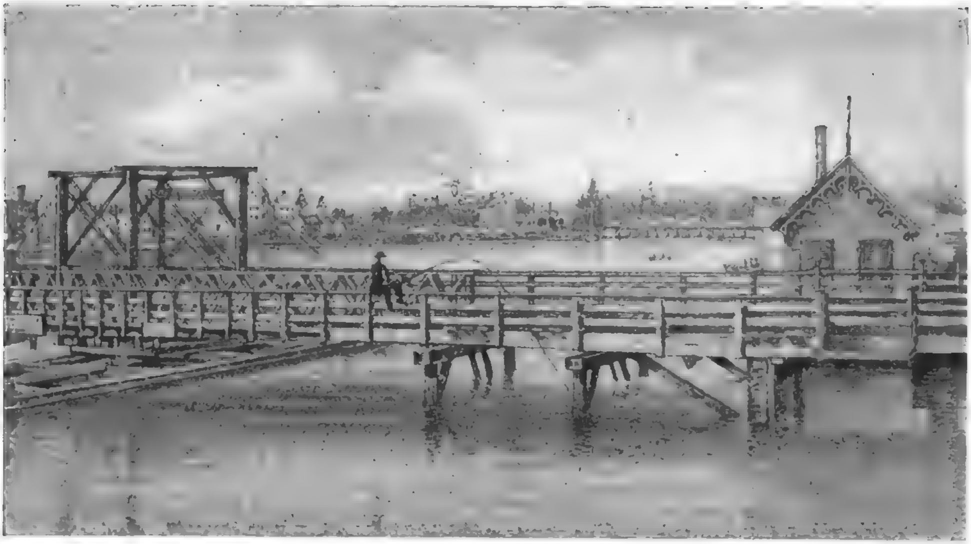
III.

A hatchet! a hammer!
A clithery clamor,
A whoop as of howlings from Hell-o,
"At last we have caught,
In the act, on the spot,
This fiendish and foul Fakir-fellow!"

IV.

"If you please not so quick,
Incarnation's a trick
That may aid in the Fakir-man's cause-o.
Tho' your painting, 'tis scurvy,
And the frame, quite unworthy,
You'll see 'tis some better than 'twas-o
Voila!

In conclusion, I have but to quote again from our "Slap Book," the motto of our annual outbreak into riotous merriment, "We fake for Sweet Charity's Sake." Would that there were always such method in the world's madness!



HARLEM BRIDGE IN 1861.

THE ANCESTORS OF THE "MANSIONS" AND "SKYSCRAPERS"

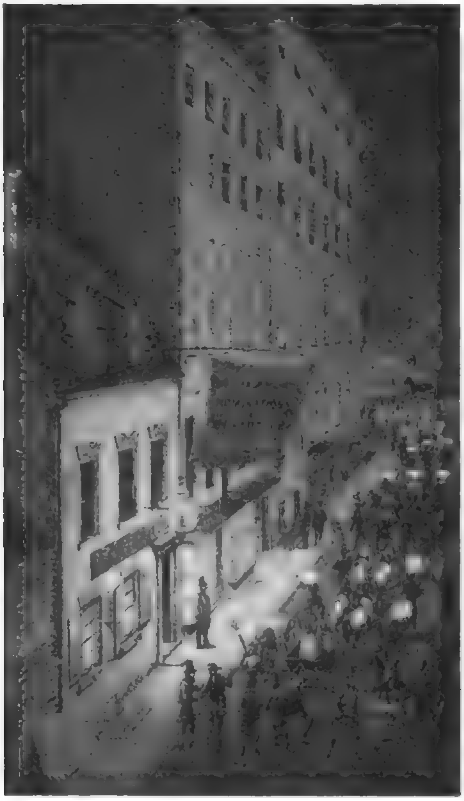
What a Great City Looked Like in Its "Baby" Days

By Henry Waldorf Francis

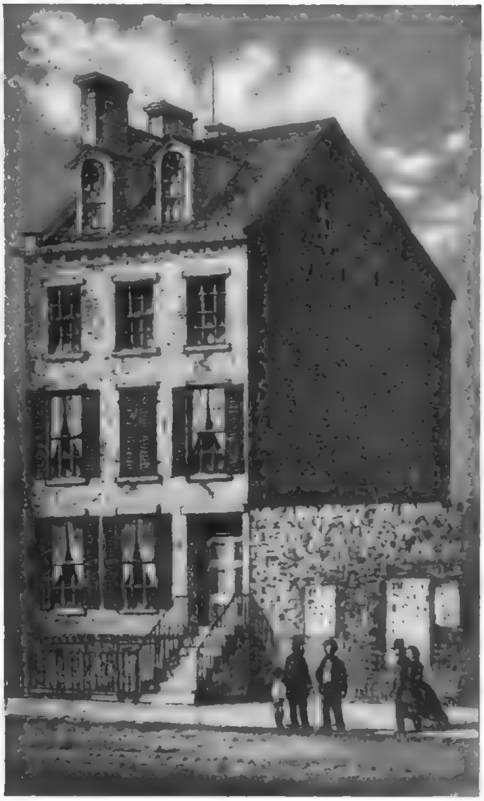
COULD the worthy old Burgomasters, schepens and burghers who lived in New Amsterdam in 1664—those sturdy, frugal and industrious men who settled in the wilderness of Manhattan Island, turned it into a thriving village with fruitful plantations, and reared up a civilized and prosperous community upon the soil of the savage—(New York can never be too thankful for the solid Dutch foundation they gave it)—could they come back now and take a walk along the "Heeren Straat" and the Riverside Drive, they would beyond doubt pinch themselves to find out whether they were awake or asleep, and becoming convinced that they were not dreaming, would solemnly declare that some Aladdin with a lamp more magical than the hero of the Arabian Nights story possessed had been working marvelous and unheard-of wonders. The "Heeren Straat!" Do you feel Broadway quiver with the joys of recollection as it hears its baby name pronounced, or does it turn away and deny that it ever bore such a plebian, Hollandish appellation?

The good burghers—and the bad ones—of those early days when they strolled or drove around the domain which has grown into the Empire City of New York, were very proud of the architectural appearance of their buildings which we of to-day would make bonfires of. Let us drop our strenuous lives for a few minutes and go back and take a look at the infant New York which then rejoiced in the name of New Amsterdam. All of us when we grow old have a desire to visit the localities where we were reared before we pass away; and the New Yorker who now strains his neck in an attempt to see the top of his "skyscrapers" ought to be interested in the early history of his beloved city.

Perhaps the narrowness of New Yorkers of which the West complains



PEWTER MUG TAVERN AND TAMMANY HALL, FRANKFORT ST., 1860.

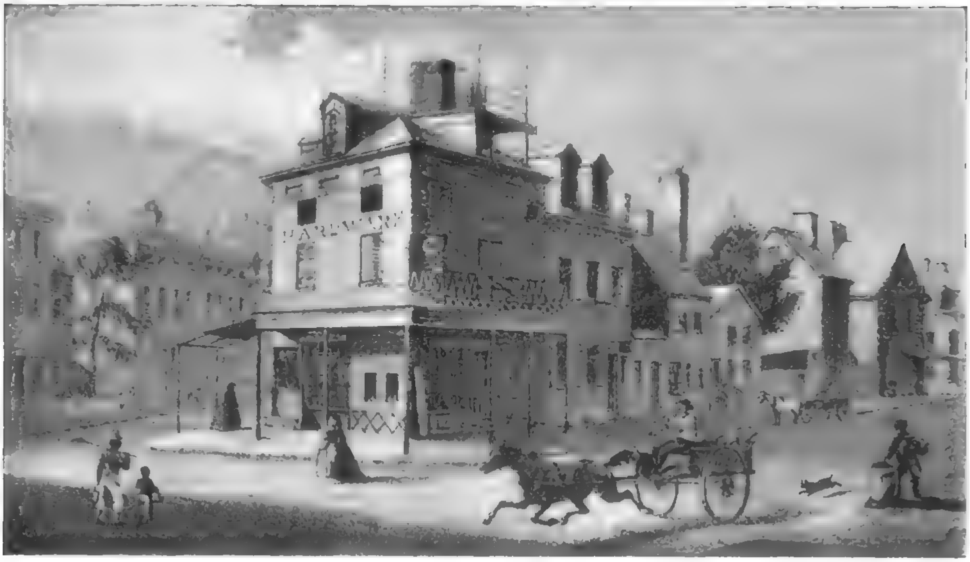


NO. 7 CHERRY ST., NEW YORK, RESIDENCE OF SAM'L LEGGETT, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK GAS CO. THE FIRST HOUSE LIGHTED WITH GAS —1825.

is partly a heritage from its Dutch founders, who were very much wrapped up in themselves, and is partly due to the geographical limitations of Manhattan Island proper, which is confessedly cramped, and perhaps the old streets, such as Nassau and the once glorious Pearl, which will probably remain "cow paths" to the end of the story, exercise their influence on the metropolitan mind.

The log cabin of modern frontier times does not appear to have been known to, or at any rate, was not appreciated by the early settlers in the forest wilderness of Manhattan. Some of them built bark cabins after the Indian style, while others with preference for comfort rather than for show, dug cellars which they roofed over and which were highly commended as temporary dwellings. Opposite Blackwell's Island and emptying into the East River was a stream known as Saw Mill Creek, and here, very early, a saw mill was erected which soon supplied the settlers with lumber. Dwellings were constructed of a very humble character. They were only one story in height and they contained just two rooms and a garret. But the rooms were much larger than those of the modern flat which shelters the New Yorker of today.

For about thirty years after the first settlement, straw thatch was the common roofing material, shingles not being in use. Now you can picture to yourself what the residences of New York looked like during that period as the class of building just described was their characteristic architecture. They had stone fireplaces about six feet in height with

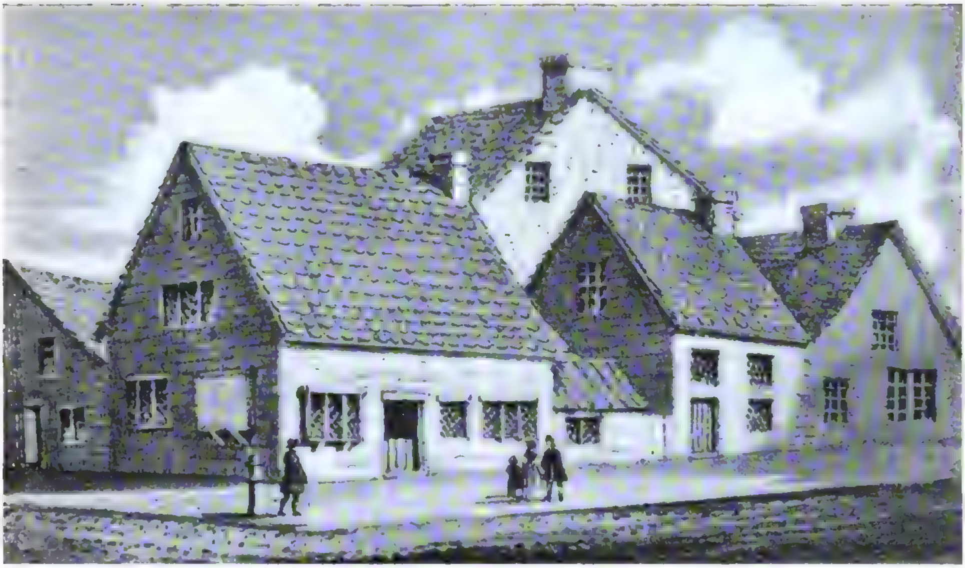


OLD COTTAGES AT THE JUNCTION OF CANAL (LATE WALKER ST.) AND DIVISION ST. 1861.

an oven at the side, and these extended beyond the rear of the house. Bricks they had none, so they constructed the chimneys of boards which they plastered inside with mortar. These "palaces," the land included, averaged about one hundred and fifty dollars in value and rented for twenty-five dollars a year! Oh! for a return of those good old days—so far as rent goes! No doubt the present New York landlord would like an equal return on his investment, however, which thought destroys one's illusion.

In 1660 a notable event occurred which changed the architecture of the city. A brick yard was established by two adventurers rejoicing in the names of De Graaf and Hogebroom, who came to New Amsterdam from Fort Orange—Albany—hoping to make a fortune and succeeding in bankrupting themselves. The brick, which from greater heat exposure were burnt black, were used in the fronts of houses, being shaped into ornamental figures of diamonds, crosses or squares—a custom which was peculiar to the Dutch of New Netherlands and was unknown to any other place in the colonies. The effect was odd but picturesque.

The Burgomasters were very fond of issuing high-sounding edicts, and these led the unfortunate De Graaf and Hogebroom into their disastrous enterprise. The Burgomasters formulated edicts ordering all wooden chimneys to be taken down within six months and similar high pronunciamentos all loaded with severe penalties, but the citizens paid as little respect to these commands as some of us to-day do to the building laws. They made the lives of the inspectors appointed to report infractions of the burgomasters' commands so "hot," inflicting all manner of indignities and insults upon them, that the office shortly went begging. Being a building inspector at the present time is decidedly nicer and more profitable. Public opinion was not to be defied, so the magistrates compromised with their dignity by extending the period for compliance with their building edicts first for six months, then for a year, then for two years and right along as suited the convenience of the burghers, who were in no hurry to part with their money to De Graaf and his associate Several leading and prosperous citizens, however, availed themselves of the opportunity to erect dwellings with brick fronts and with architectural pretensions ahead of what previously existed. Jeronimus Ebbing erected such a build-



OLD BUILDINGS IN WILLIAM ST., LOOKING FROM COR. LIBERTY ST. TOWARDS MAIDEN LANE, 1800.

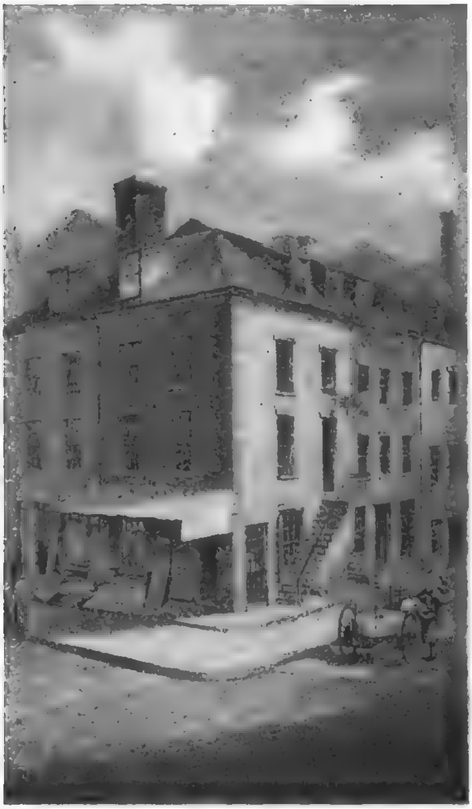
ing, a two-story "skyscraper," on what was called Brouwer Straat—now Stone Street—between Whitehall and Broad, and Peter Cornelisen Vanderveen followed suit with another at the corner of Whitehall and Pearl Streets. Bless you! but they were mighty aristocrats!

Perhaps the most distinguishing peculiarity of the architecture of that period was the taste for very steep roofs, a certain angle of inclination being deemed necessary, in consequence of which, if the building was of any considerable length and breadth, the roof became elevated to a size out of all proportion to the rest of the house, which sometimes had the appearance of having been built for the express purpose of proving that the tail wagged the dog. But each of the several stories above the eaves had its use in the domestic economy. The garret, usually open over the entire floor, was used for storing grain and other similar articles, and also as a sleeping room. In the loft lumber and other articles only occasionally required were stored, while the cockloft was a receptacle for general rubbish. All these roof stories were lighted by dormer windows.

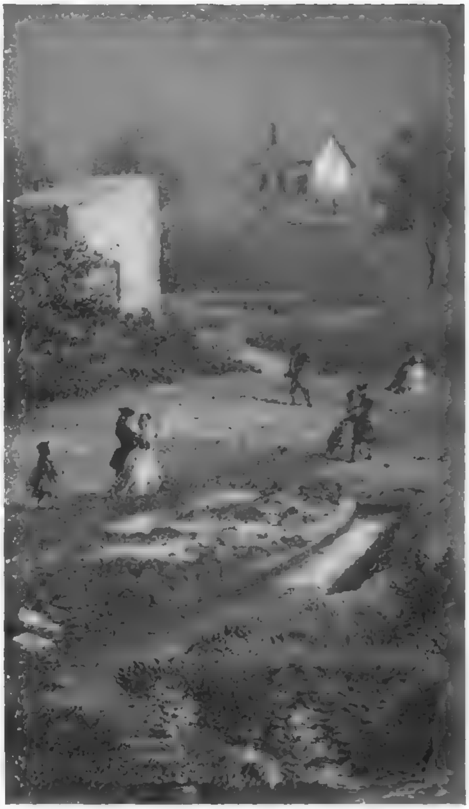
The ceilings of the buildings were low, not exceeding seven or eight feet in height, and the beams were utilized for hanging hats and depositing articles of customary use such as the burghers' arms and household utensils. One can imagine what laughter the "Stadt House" or city tavern would provoke from the present generation, yet it was considered "the thing" in its time, and was confessedly built to inspire strangers with respect for the architectural character of the town which was very proud of it. The "betste," or bedstead, in the rooms was a part of the house, being built like a cupboard in a partition with doors closing upon it when not occupied, so that a single sleeping apartment of an inn could accommodate several travelers, while in the daytime it answered for a public room, affording a neat and unincumbered appearance.

The customs of the Dutch taverns of New Netherlands are thus graphically described by a traveler:

"It was the business of the good vrow or her maid to show up the traveler and open the doors in the smooth partition of the box which was to receive his weary limbs for the night and which otherwise he might not be able to discover, and after he crept into it to come back again and blow out the candle, and in the morning to come in and draw the curtains of the windows at the hour he fixed to rise.



OLD HOUSE COR. BROAD AND WATER STS., BUILT IN 1764.



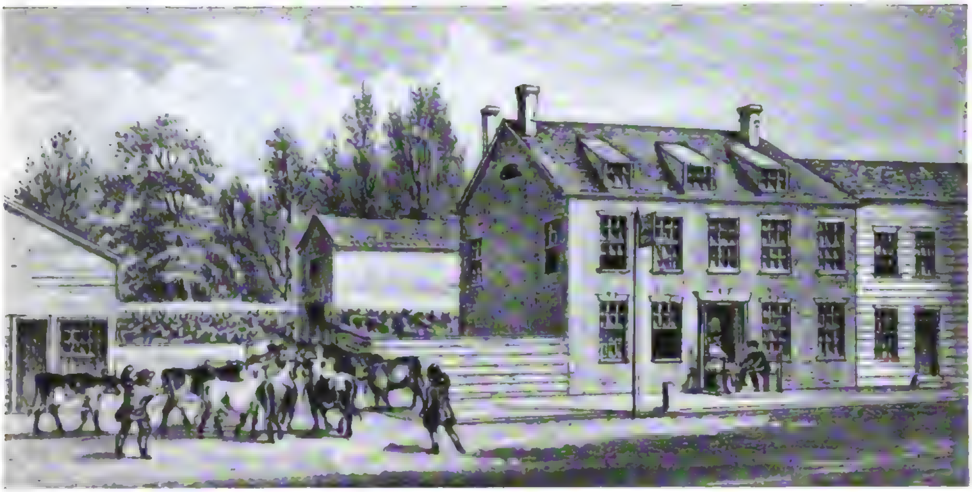
THE LAST OF KISSING BRIDGE ON THE OLD BOSTON ROAD, 1860, 50TH ST. AND 2D AVE.

There was generally one room in which all the guests were received and where there was a pleasant reunion in the evening, and all the visitors ate, drank and smoked."

How much more delightful this than sitting around a modern hotel lobby!

"It had in one corner a closet which when opened"—the writer imagines it was opened every minute or two—"disclosed sundry decanters, glasses and black bottles; and on one side of the room a rack in which were suspended by their bowls a score or two of very long pipes, each one inscribed with the name of its owner. This closet was the room of Mynheer the landlord, who found all his occupation here in attending to the pleasure of his guests. He had no care beyond this: mevrow was the head of the house; she attended to all the wants of the guests and gave them the information which they might desire. She was always upon the spot, as when, with *'wel te rusten'* like a good mother she bade you good-night, and with a *'hoo-y-reis,'* like an old friend, she bade you good-bye."

Oh, you jaded travelers and hotel congregators of modern days, does not this description thrill your palsied souls and make you wish there was some good, old-fashioned Dutch tavern of the New Netherlands type somewhere about now where you could drop in of an evening, fill up a long pipe with fragrant tobacco, drink with Mynheer, listen to the clank of honest glasses, be one of a merry, jovial company, telling and listening to heavy Dutch jokes, kiss the vrow good-night, have the maid put out the light for you and rouse you in the morn by entering your room and opening the windows and turning your room into a closet again while you dressed? There was



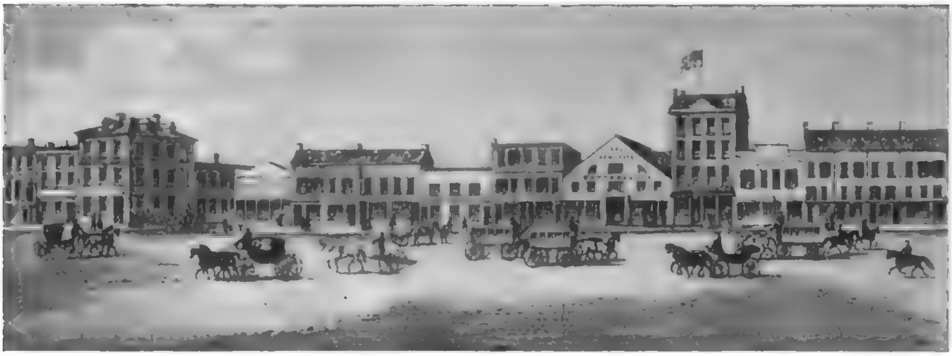
BULL'S HEAD IN THE BOWERY, BETWEEN BAYARD AND PUMP STS., NOW GRAND ST., 1783.

jolly, *real* living for you! The modern hotel in comparison is a gloomy undertaking establishment with all its luxuries!

There were but few stone dwellings constructed for private individuals in the days of the Dutch. A particular feature in the building contracts for these was that the windows were to consist of two lights each. This limited number strikes one as remarkable when it is remembered that the window panes of olden times never exceeded six by eight inches; but it becomes readily understood when the dangers to which the people residing on plantations were exposed from the assaults of savages is recalled, the said savages being so frequently at war with the Dutch that in the erection of dwellings the subject of defence was of paramount importance. For this reason, when the proprietor could afford it—which was seldom—he had a stone house constructed as more defensible, and the windows were in reality portholes. Frame houses in exposed situations being open to the firebrand of the Indians were protected from assault by palisades built around them sufficiently high to prevent the foe from "overloopen"—i. e., escalading.

The reader can form a good idea of the value of the dwellings in the little city of New Amsterdam if he is told the prices at which some of them—being the average—were sold between 1653 and 1660—a period during which the place presented its mature features under the Dutch administration. Also he or she will be able to dimly appreciate the fabulous increase in the value of Manhattan real estate and the enormous fortunes it has created. Thus, Abraham Rycken sold a lot to Jan Rutgersen on the east side of the present Broad Street near Beaver, with all the appurtenances for "the sum of 950 carolus guilders, current wampum." This would be $380, the lot, 30 by 100 feet, being valued at $100, and the house, etc., at $280!

William Beeckman sold Alexander Byrn and William East his plantation on the East River—a farm at Corlear's Hook—"with all the fencing, buildings, and all whatever is earth and nail fast," for 2,600 guilders—$1,040! And here is a quaint sale made by Peter Vanderlinden to Jan Cornelis Van Kleef, of a "certain plantation named Lindenborch, with the house, fences, timber and all that is thereon fastened by earth and nail, situated on this Island Manhatans, on the East River between the plantations of Tomas Samelson and Pieter Stoutenburg, together with six pigs, for the sum of 900 guilders"—$360!—"half in merchantable beavers and half in good Long Island wampum, together with a whole beaver as a present to the seller's wife."



VIEW OF BROADWAY BETWEEN HOWARD AND GRAND STS., 1840.

Note the "present to the seller's wife!" I fear me she was a vain woman, or it was necessary to buy her peace to consummate the transaction! Later on, in 1680, the premises on Broad Street, near Stone, then the heart of the town, brought $600; the house and lot owned by Cornelis Steenwich, one of the wealthiest merchants of his time, occupying one of the finest residences in the city at the corner of Bridge and Whitehall Streets, sold in 1686, for $3,500, while the preceding year a house and lot on the east side of Broadway near Wall Street sold for $450, and fourteen years previous a house and lot, the lot extending from Broad Street to Broadway, with a 25-foot frontage, was sold for $550! What a magnificent investment it would be if one could buy this small piece of ground now for a *thousand* times what it sold for two hundred years ago!

After the conquest by the English the social affairs of the city experienced a great change. English habits became grafted upon the less ambitious Dutch while the settlement of many Huguenot families of the highest respectability, who fled from religious persecution, lent a French tone to society; and at the close of the seventeenth century the Dutch burgher who by slow but successful accumulation had acquired a large fortune with which he had purchased manorial grants, became transformed into an English lord of the manor. Your English scion of aristocracy, appreciating to the full then as now the value of £. s. d. was not loath to connect himself with these owners of acres and establish his family upon the sure foundation of wealth joined to birth. Equally emulous of shining in the social sphere were the refined French emigrants, and soon the settled habits of the old population changed and became memories. Merchants, instead of dwelling in the same building where they traded, established residences in fashionable quarters, tradesmen followed in the wake of progress, and in consequence the architectural pretensions of the city manifested general improvement. Tiled roofs came into common use as did basements entered by cellar doors, castellated gable ends—the houses still fronting with gables to the street—with fanciful weathercocks adorning the highest elevation; double doors with bullseye lights, fancifully devised knockers," "stoopes," with cozy side seats whereon the neighbors gathered in the evening and gossiped—all these told of the progress of the social community. About this time, also, a political incident occurred which stimulated the spirit of emulation.

It was the rivalry of the two prominent religious sects in New York—the Episcopalian, which represented the aristocratic English element, and the Dutch Reformed, which embraced the great body of the people—that toward the close of the seventeenth century contributed greatly to the architectural improvement of the city. Neither sect would admit the fact, but to a great extent politics entered into their rivalry. It was during this period that the intense feeling which had existed for many years between the friends and opponents of the murdered

Leisler reached its height. The Leislerians were almost all of the Dutch Church, their opponents being mostly attached to the Church of England, while those of the anti-Leslerians who originally were not members of the English Church sought to affiliate with its members, finally sheltering themselves under its aegis. So it came about that several of the old Dutch families who during the early period of its dynasty were chief supporters of the Dutch Church, became, as their descendants are still found to be, identified with the National Church of the people who had conquered them.

These political factions instead of entering upon deadly warfare with each other proceeded to build churches and rival each other in architectural enterprises—a glorious and grand example which is commended to nations and people in general! How much better this than sticking a bayonet into your fellowman and mowing him down with cannon, and from a public and economical standpoint how very much wiser and more profitable! But I fear me not even The Hague can bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

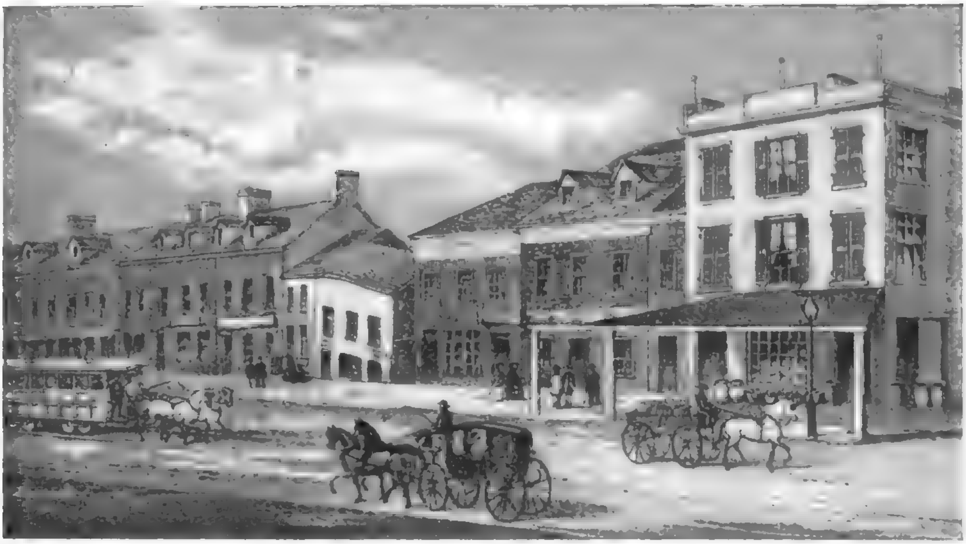
Old Trinity, the Episcopal Church in Broadway, and the Dutch Church in Garden Street—Exchange Place—were built about the same year, 1696, and the old political sores found vent in discussing their architectural merits. Thus the community mind was given an impetus toward improving the city to such an extent that four years later it was unanimously resolved to build a new City Hall. This event marks an era in the architectural history of New York. No public work had been undertaken during the preceding half century and for thirty years succeeding no other was attempted.

It was about the same time that the principal inhabitants of the city selected fashionable quarters for their residences. The glory of those fashionable quarters it is impossible to realize now, for it was the old Smits Valley on the East River side of New York that maintained this distinction for many years, and even up to so late a period as the nineteenth century Queen Street was the favorite location. Queen Street is now Pearl, so one can compare, if desirous, the fashionable New York of those days with Riverside Drive and upper Fifth Avenue of to-day, and realize the change. But Queen Street had a rival in Broadway which at last outshone it.

Broadway was originally granted in large lots. On the west side of the street they extended to the shores of the Hudson, and on the east side, down the steep side of a hill, to the swamp in Broad Street. Opposite the Bowling Green was a favorite place of residence. One can imagine the beauty of the location and sigh that it should ever have been given over to business. It is a pleasure to know that some one has realized what an ideal spot is there for a magnificent modern hotel and that one is about to be erected!

The ground now know as No. 1 Broadway was purchased in 1756 by Captain Archibald Kennedy—English naval captain and collector of the port—for $1,600. He erected a dwelling house which, somewhat altered in dimensions, was still standing in 1861. This started the improvement of Broadway as "the fashion." The Livingstons, the Stevens and others followed the Captain's example and erected dwellings which extended up to Trinity Church. Their gardens reached to the bank along the river shore, and there was an uninterrupted view over river and bay. No New York multimillionaire of to-day can boast of so magnificent a view from his palace, and not to lose any of Nature's beauty these wise men constructed their houses with a roof flattened at the apex and surrounded with balustrades, making of it a delightful resort for social assemblage on sultry evenings. They had their own roof gardens. In front they shaded the street with large trees and gave to the promenade the name of The Mall. Picturing the scene in one's mind's eye one can form an idea of how beautiful is must have been and how prosaic the modern fashionable residence and street are! We are sadly unappreciative of our residential opportunities in all our cities to-day!

The rival fashionable quarter, Queen Street, was up to the close of the seven-



VIEW IN FOURTH AVE., BETWEEN 10TH AND 11TH STS., 1861.

teenth century still known by its ancient cognomen of Smits Valley. The name Queen was first given to the present Pine Street, then newly laid out and designed to be one of the principal streets of the city, forming in connection with Broadway and Pearl Street a "round" promenade. The inhabitants, however, did not chime in with the designers' ideas and forced them to drop the favorite title of their sovereign and substitute the name of King Street in its place after her royal consort; and shortly following the accession of William and Mary to the throne the old Smits Valley adopted the name of Queen Street. Under this name the thoroughfare enjoyed prosperity and popularity for eighty years and was the scene of many gay and festive events which were the talk of the day in the world fashionable. It was one of the Depeyster family who erected the first three-story dwelling house in New York in Pearl Street, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Some others followed his lead, but the dwellings generally were two-story brick edifices, substantial and—from our standpoint—unpretentious, ranging in value, the ground included, from $1,500 to $6,000.

Gradually, as the century moved along the social character of Queen Street changed; the English families accomplished a *grande coup* by settling on the top of the hill, which they soon occupied exclusively and robbed Queen Street of its glory and prestige. The triangular section we have known as Franklin Square became just previous to the Revolutionary War and continued for some time afterwards to be, the fashionable section of old New York.

Marble palaces and brownstone mansions have taken the place of the two and three-story dwellings which were once fashionable, but would now be regarded with scorn by "anybody who is anybody," and the "skyscraper" stands where the one-story store represented mercantile prosperity; but it is a question open to doubt whether they who sleep in the mansions and slave in the "skyscrapers" know the happiness and real comfort the old order sheltered. Possibly not many of us would care to give up the modern conveniences and appointments, but who would not rejoice if he could rent a house considered decent to-day for twenty-five dollars a year? We pay that for trunk room in a "skyscraper" warehouse, while we hunt for a resting place the owner of which does not consider it an unpardonable crime to have one or two "living jewels" in one's menage!

DOING THORNTON

By William MacLeod Raine

(*With Apologies to the Defunct and Resurrected Mr. Raffles.*)

IT was not often that Jack Belding's essays as a soldier of fortune came to grief, but among our most harrowing experiences certainly the Crampton diamond relief expedition may be counted the banner one. Relieving the lady of her necklace of diamonds was easy enough, but the promptness of the discovery which followed was most disconcerting.

The function was rather an immense affair, so that Belding and I had little difficulty in getting admittance. He is such a presentable chap, and his audacity is so overwhelming that no surprise took me when I saw him doing the agreeable to the hostess herself. Jack has as much as any man I know the knack of making himself interesting, and that night he was at his sparkling best. She was palpably taken with the young scamp, though I knew she was beating her brain to determine where in the world she had met him before. Since this was the first occasion on which she had set eyes on him, Mrs. Crampton was to be pardoned for her remissness in locating the when and where of their former acquaintance. If she were adroit in her efforts to find out without letting him suspect the fact who under heaven he was, Belding's apparent lack of comprehension was a perfect foil to her attack.

"I believe you have forgotten who I am," he was saying as I lounged past.

"No, no," she protested, "I remember you *perfectly*. How can you accuse me of not remembering. I remember just as *distinctly*."

"Where then did we meet?" he challenged, audaciously.

"Oh, *where!* I never remember places, but I always remember people when they are interesting," the young widow smiled. "Now you—I would wager anything that you never thought once of me until you met me again this evening."

Jack's eyes were on the famous circlet of shining diamonds that fitted so well her beautiful throat. "On the contrary, I have thought of you all day and for many days," he cried, softly, and I vow the man's whole ardent being—his eager, unhappy eyes, his quivering nostrils and parted lips, the look of tense misery upon him—seemed to substantiate his claim of a silent, pent-up love suddenly leaping over the bounds of restraint.

She looked at him, surprised and startled.

"Oh, I know I am nothing to you," he was breaking out in an impassioned whisper when she stopped him with a finger on her lips.

A square-set, heavy-jowled man was approaching. From my retired corner I heard the lively beauty introduce him to Belding as Captain Thornton. I did not like the fellow. There were heavy pouches under his light, fishy eyes that had been left there by dissipation. That, of course, was his business, but the supercilious insolence of his cold stare was mine when later he turned it on me. He looked Jack over in the imperturbably impertinent way which is native only to the Britisher, as much as to say, "Who the devil are you?" offered Mrs. Crampton an arm and led her away with an air of proprietorship. Gossip had it that Thornton was decidedly in the running for the widow.

Jack laughed and shortly flushed me in my obscure corner.

"Captain Thornton does not appear to share the opinion of our hostess about you," I said, dryly.

"He's a jealous ass."

"But discriminating," I retorted.

"He certainly is a connoisseur in beauty," conceded Jack.

"By the way, I suppose you didn't get the necklace, did you?"

"Not yet, but it will be in my pocket before the night is past."

It was. He got a precious two minutes with Mrs. Crampton behind the palms. When they emerged there was something both of admiration and of shyness in the sudden glance she flashed at him. As for Jack he was as triumphantly happy as a schoolboy. The necklace still reposed on her neck, but whether it was the real article or Jack's paste I could not tell till Belding made over to me.

"Let's take a hike, Tommy."

"Get the loot, Jack?"

He fell to gloom.

"Yes; found something wrong with the clasp and substituted the paste while I was pretending to straighten it. I feel about as good as a ghoul who has stolen the pennies from the eyes of his dead grandfather. Let's get out of this. She's the most confiding little woman."

We had been hurrying through an empty room toward the hall, the same room in which Jack and our hostess had found the palms so convenient. At Jack's words a voice like the splash of icy water fell on us.

"Just a little too confiding, don't you think, Mr. Belding?"

Jack whirled on his heel. From behind the palms Captain Thornton emerged, his eyes as cold and hard as steel. His hand caressed a revolver.

"Awfully sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for Mrs. Crampton's necklace. It happens to be a family heirloom. Meanwhile, I'll call for a little assistance in taking care of you two scoundrels."

The sound of the electric buzz came to us as he pressed a button behind him.

"Scoundrels is good," retorted Jack. "I don't dispute your choice of words, but what would you call a man who wanted to marry a woman for her money after he had purposely ruined her husband?"

The man purpled.

"You lie, by God! Toss over that necklace."

"Catch!"

Belding tossed the diamond chain toward him. The throw was too high, and as Captain Thornton leaped up at the flashing circlet Jack was at his throat like a wildcat. I dived for the brilliants, and crossing behind the struggling men caught the Captain's windpipe with my forearm and flung him backward. Belding went down with him, but came up an instant later to make good our retreat.

It was a near thing. At the door we carromed into a flunkey. Thornton, hard on our heels, reached a hand for Belding, but he shook loose and we took the stairs three at a time.

We were leading by a neck when we reached the street and dodged into the ruck of waiting carriages. Down the dark street we went side by side, our shouting pursuers close behind. Jack took the first convenient hedge and cleared it at a leap into the grounds beyond. As for me, I scudded along the paving stones with that howling mob of idiots hard on my heels. I knew the chase could not endure long, for scarce a hundred yards in front of me the lights of a crowded thoroughfare were shining. I flung myself to the top of a stonewall and raced up the terraced lawn. One must suppose that I had some vague idea of finding a temporary hiding place about the stables, but when the door of the house opened to let out a shaft of light my purpose changed. I wheeled toward the light and dashed up the steps. In another instant I was inside the hall and had slammed the door to.

I stood panting, my breath coming short and fast by inches. As my eyes circled the hall, they met another pair of eyes, weary and cynical, with a clubman's jaded ennui, but for the moment lit by a sardonic humor. The man was in evening dress, and overcoated for the street. But at sight of me, standing there white and hunted, he drew off his coat and tossed it to the halltree. As he did so there came the hurried rush of feet and the ring of the doorbell.

He smiled grimly.

"I seem to be entertaining this evening. A surprise party, I take it."

"They're hunting me," I panted.

"Indeed! How interesting! If you will step behind the portiere——"

In a jiffy I had whipped back the curtains and was within the room. The street door opened again and you may conceive with what anxiety I heard the murmur of voices in hurried explanation, followed by my host's cool and suave surprise. The sound of the door closing relieved me, and presently those sardonic eyes were again taking me in with amusement.

"Your urgent friends have departed without you. I really couldn't lose you so soon. My name is Ambrose Fairley, and he is very much at your service, Mr. —er—suppose we say Hasty. It's a name that seems applicable to the beginning of our acquaintance, which I am sure will prove pleasant to me—although I hope not profitable to you, professionally speaking."

He was talking carelessly, making sport of me as he leaned easily against the mantel; but even as the words were on his lips a surprised recognition shot into his eyes.

"By God! it's Tommie Blantyre. I saw you last when you were pulling seven in the university boat the year Belding was stroke. I heard you had both gone wrong. I suppose it's the sport of the thing that appeals to you? Both of you used to be plucky devils."

"I suppose it is the sport largely—the same instinct that led you to shield me ten minutes ago. It seemed the sporting thing to do."

Fairley mused.

"But it doesn't seem like Belding and you to take a young woman's diamonds from her. That's hardly the sporting thing, is it?"

"She was guarded by detectives and we got them in spite of them. Besides, they are not hers. They belong to the Cramptons. They only let her wear them because she sets them off so well," I explained for justification.

"Oh, that makes it wear a different face," Fairley assented.

"If you mean the necklace Mrs. Crampton is wearing they'll find it wears several different facets when they examine it carefully," I punned, fingering the necklace in my trousers pocket.

Fairley studied me narrowly.

"I suppose you speculate along different and varying lines of illegality," he mused, presently.

"By variety is life spiced," I retorted.

"Are you married?" he jerked out, abruptly.

"Thank heaven, no!"

"I gather from your fervency that you are not likely to be."

"Not with my consent, thank you. My hours of labor do not coincide with matrimony. Besides, I am a bird of passage."

"So much the better." He hesitated before he committed himself. "Blantyre, I want you to engage yourself to a girl."

"This is very sudden," I grinned.

"Don't be an ass. I mean it. Listen a moment. You remember Dave Sargent? He must have been about your time at the old coll—a kind of a sissy chap, and a distant relative of mine. His uncle was a wealthy ranchman in Montana, and Dave was brought up by him and was considered his heir. Dave has a sister—a first-rate sort, but old Sargent does not cotton to girls. There is another nephew, too—a Captain Thornton, as arrant a blackleg as ever lived—but the old ranchman had quarreled with Thornton's father. So there would have been nobody in the running but Dave—if Dave had only kept steady. But he's a weak sister. He got into a hard crowd and went from bad to worse till he forged his uncle's name to a check. The old man paid the bill and cut Dave adrift. After that old Sargent came East to look over the field. I happen to be morally certain that Thornton engineered Dave's fall from grace. But I can't prove it. Well, old Sargent's private inquiries about Thornton were not very reassuring. He gets the name of being a cad, but the evidence is a little short and, not to make a long story of it, Sargent decided that the evidence was "not proven." Before he had made up his mind what to do the old rancher fell sick. He's in the house now, and he won't live forty-eight hours, the doctors say. The only decent thing for him to do is to leave his money to Miss Sargent, and he would if it were not for one thing. His only sister eloped with a scoundrel named Thornton—Captain Thornton's father—who married her for her money and then treated her like a dog. He's got some crotchet in his head that Miss Sargent might do the same thing, and he put it to me plainly that if he knew she were going to marry a man worth while he would leave her the money, otherwise it would go to Captain Thornton. I lied like a trooper and swore that Miss Sargent was engaged to be married to a good fellow. You know she has been living with us here for a year or two. He asked me to bring the man to him that he might see him. I want you to stand for him to-night, Blantyre. It's an honest deception to accomplish a good end."

"You may count me in on any deal against Thornton," I said, savagely. "But how about Miss Sargent? Will she stand pat?"

"Yes. She's a good sort, is Jimmie; but she hates Thornton with all her staunch heart. She won't stick at a trifle to do him out of the fortune he ruined her brother to get. And, talking of angels, I hear the rustle of her silk-lined skirt."

It was a very charming angel that presented itself at that moment to my vision. Long and supple was she, with a dark glow beneath the russet of her cheeks that the untempered sun of Montana's wind-swept plains had put there. Unless I read wrong the curve of her lip and the sweep of her steady eyes, she was one to hold a fine edge of disdain for meanness.

Fairley nodded carelessly to her.

"Glad you came, Jimmie. I want you to meet Mr. Blantyre. I used to know him at college. We haven't been in the way of meeting since, though our occupations are something similar. Mr. Blantyre breaks safes; I break the lambs that butt in on my preserves. His profession is morally the better of the two. Legally I rather hold the whip hand; but that is because my kind make the laws by which he suffers."

Miss Sargent looked to me for commentary notes.

"You'll have to explain his nonsense to me, Mr. Blantyre. There is usually some grain of truth in what he says. I suppose in this instance it is in what he says about himself. Of course you're not a safe-breaker."

"Of course he *is*. He is everything that is forninst the law, Jimmie. He doesn't care whether it is safes or heads he cracks."

I flushed.

"Mr. Fairley does me too much honor. I'm a soldier of fortune, Miss Sargent."

"That's an elastic term. It means one thing in Montana. Very likely it means something very different in the East." The girl looked at me narrowly. "Just what do *you* mean by soldier of fortune, Mr. Blantyre?"

I looked her straight in her face.

"My definition of the term is one who'll do anything that may become a man to help a friend, and sometimes those who are not quite friends. Is there anything I may be allowed to do for you, Miss Sargent?"

"Which brings us to the order of business of the day," interjected Fairley. "I was about to go down to the club, Jimmie, in search of a man to serve our purpose. I opened the door and in dropped Mr. Blantyre right out of heaven, which is to say, being interpreted, out of Mrs. Crampton's ballroom. Mr. Blantyre is young; he is not over-scrupulous; he is already furnished with a distaste for Captain Thornton. Furthermore, he is presentable. Innocence shines regnant out of those blue eyes of his. What more would you have?"

The girl looked at me in swift disdain of the company with which she was allied. She would have liked to have been at liberty to scorn me openly, but the false situation in which she found herself cramped her liberty. It was not every one that would stand up for her with a lie on his lips to a dying man. I am sure the fortune counted for nothing with her, but her hatred of Thornton was a spur that would not be denied.

"Since Mr. Blantyre is so good as to offer himself a temporary victim——" she began, with a distinct haughtiness that dared me to take advantage of the circumstances.

I interrupted vindictively.

"I'd do more than that to take a fall out of Captain Thornton."

She was patently pleased at the motive I had suggested which seemed to lift from her any obligation to me. "Then shall we have the ordeal over with, Mr. Blantyre? I'll try to make it as easy for you as possible."

We went upstairs to the room where the old Montana pioneer lay dying. Miss Sargent introduced me as her affianced, and we stood before him, her hand resting lightly on my arm. Keen eyes looked out at me from under grizzled eyebrows. They sized me up in a long silence.

"I s'pose, young fellow, you think there ain't anything to this country but New York and Boston. Eh?"

"I punched cattle in Arizona one year and I still own a half interest in a ranch at Caspar, Wyoming," I answered, glad to be able to tell the truth.

"You do! Good for you, young man. What's the name of your outfit?"

"The Lazy D."

"You don't ever go out there, do you?" suspiciously.

"You bet I get out every year in time for the round-up."

He was much pleased and I stayed with him for an hour talking of night herds and cuts and stampedes to his Montana-hungry soul's content. Then, tired out, he fell back on his pillows.

"Send for a good lawyer, Fairley," he panted. "I want to make my will. Blantyre's a man, and I guess Jimmie is all right with him. We'll make Thornton look sick when he hears the will read," chuckled the old plainsman.

When we were down-stairs again Ambrose Fairley thanked me warmly, and Miss Sargent, with a friendliness from which the hauteur had quite melted.

"And I think, Mr. Blantyre, if I were you I would take to ranching for keeps instead of being a—a soldier of fortune," she ventured hesitantly.

I told her I was often of that mind myself.

I read in the papers next evening that old Sargent had died early in the morning. Two days later I received a notice to attend the reading of the old man's will. I did not, however, go, for I judged it better not to meet Captain Thornton so soon after our last *rencontre*. Conceive my amazement next day when I read the terms of the old rancher's last disposition of his estate. There were several small bequests. Miss Sargent got the bulk of the property, and to Mr. Thomas Blantyre was willed the Sunset ranch, including all the cattle on it, "because he is the only Easterner I ever met with sense enough to know that this country reaches farther west than the Atlantic seaboard."

It is only fair to Miss Sargent to say that she promptly turned over one-half of her share of the property to establish a hospital for consumptives in Wyoming.

THE GIRL THAT ALWAYS MEETS ME

By Lulie Wells Smith

She comes to meet me every morn,
  The sweetest little maid,
With eyes like two belated stars,
  And ebon-wreathed head.
With flowers rare, she comes to greet,
  And shyly offering, cries:
"For you, monsieur, carnations red,
  And bluets deep as skies!
Loves' trophies—will you take from me—
  How many? Thanks! Adieu!"
She is my little flower girl,
  And I, her customer!

ROBERT BURNS AND GEO. WASHINGTON

By Walter Beverley Crane

A rare, almost unknown, ode by the Scotch poet to the American patriot.

IT has been regarded as singular that Burns, who cannot have been ignorant of Washington's career as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," did not allude to him in prose or verse.

Burns' compositions between 1777 and 1783, when the American War was ended, were neither numerous nor important.

The fecundity of his genius became apparent, in the number and merit of his productions, between the latter date and the summer of 1786, when his poems were first collected and published in book form. It was his youth, then, when our War of Independence was in progress, and at its conclusion, that prevented Burns, a man of the most liberal opinions, from alluding to it or to its heroes in his verse.

In his second edition, in 1787, he introduced "A Fragment" of nine stanzas, narrating, in the quaintly familiar language of a rustic, the events of, and connected with the American War. As a poem this is poor, and chiefly to be valued as showing its author's political feeling.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in June, 1794, only two years before his death, he says: "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road" (he wrote, he said, "in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, of Castle Douglas"). "The subject is 'Liberty.' You know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms I come to Scotland, thus:

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
  Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
  Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of,———

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved Usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing;
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age."

Fragments of verse were numerous, Dr. Currie said, among the loose papers of the poet. "These lines" (as quoted above) "formed the commencement," notes Allan Cunningham, "of an ode commemorating the achievement of liberty for America under the directing genius of Washington and Franklin."

It was not known to the general public that this poem was ever completed. All who admire Burns, and their name is legion, will be glad to see it in full. It runs thus:

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No Spartan tale, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake:
'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.
See, gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared!
No more the despot of Columbia's race;
A tyrant's proudest insults braved
They shout, a people freed! they hail an empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold,
That eye that can, unmoved, behold
The wildest rage, the wildest storm,
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod;

Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Can'st laud the arm that struck the insulting blow?
Art thou of man's imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the royalty of man.
Alfred, on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And roused the free-born Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own.
Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honor braving,
England in thunder calls—"The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell thro' all her confines raise the exulting voice—
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linked with such damned deed of everlasting shame!

Judging from internal evidence, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of this lay of liberty, although it has never appeared in any edition of Burns. To Mrs. Dunlop, the gentle, highly intellectual and well-informed lady who, on the first accidental perusal of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," solicited his acquaintance, and was his best and wisest friend ever after, Burns had communicated a few stanzas of his Washington ode, and we find them in the above poem with a few alterations which prove the authorship.

The question, "Whence comes it now?" is to be answered in a little narrative.

About the year 1833 William Wilson, of gentle blood and culture, arrived in the United States with his family from Scotland, and settled in Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, as bookseller and publisher and continued there until his death, in his fifty-ninth year, in August, 1860. Like Pope, he might have said: "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He was an early friend of the late Robert Chambers. Between 1826 and his emigration to this country Mr. Wilson had contributed, most acceptably, to "Blackwood's Magazine," H. G. Bell's "Edinburgh Literary Journal," "Chambers' Journal," and other periodicals, and he continued to write, chiefly poetry, all his life. A selection of his poems, edited by Benson J. Lossing, appeared in 1870, and a second edition was published in 1875.

William Wilson, himself "one of the mildest-mannered men that ever lived," must have had fighting blood in his veins. His oldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsula battles, and finally at Waterloo. Three of his own sons were in the army of the Union during the Civil War, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg.

General James Grant Wilson, one of his sons, who served all through the war and rose to his rank by good conduct and bravery, is a distinguished man of letters, best known, perhaps, as the editor and biographer of Fitz-Greene Halleck. In General Wilson's popular work, "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," published by Harper & Brothers, is given a comprehensive view of Scottish song from Thomas the Rhymer, who wrote in the thirteenth century, to the Marquis of Lorne, born in 1845, whose narrative poem of "Guido and Lita," with illustrations by the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, was published in 1875.

There is also given, printed from the author's autograph, the ode which appears in this issue of BROADWAY MAGAZINE and unpublished poems by several other Scottish writers.

When the London "Times" noticed this work, the editor complained that, "with the exception of Douglas, whose beautiful and well-known ballad of 'Annie Laurie' is relegated to the appendix, the earliest writer quoted is Thomas Campbell," and asked why Allan Ramsay, William Dunbar, Sir David Lyndesay, the Marquis of Montrose—even Robert Burns and Walter Scott—had not been mentioned.

In a subsequent notice the critic had to confess that not General Wilson, but himself, had made a mistake—the fact being that the critic had seen only the second volume, in which, beginning with Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, only the Scottish poesy of the 19th century is dealt with! The rare poem was in evidence in the first volume.

So rarely has the Jupiter Tonans of European journalism been "caught napping" that this instance is worth noticing.

The American press, however, was wide awake at the time—particularly "The Philadelphia Press," which copied and drew attention to the Washington ode. Since that time, 1876, the year of our Centennial celebration, little has been heard or seen of the Ode to Washington's Birthday. In the many editions, old and new, of Burns' poems, it has been neglected. Why? I hear you ask. Because, dear reader, we Americans have not the time for study and research. To General James Grant Wilson and that part of the American press that knows a fine poem when it sees it, the public and the writer are indebted for this "rediscovery." The American people which has a sentiment of kinship to the Scottish bard will rejoice to add the ode to Washington to his other masterpieces.

WISDOM AND WOMEN

By Grace G. Bostwick

A woman without temper is to thee as butter without salt; flavorless and wearying to thy palate.

The reason for a woman's love is beyond all fathoming, for she knoweth naught but that she loveth, and all else is as a sealed book.

If one should say, "Man, I like not thy comings-in, nor thy goings out," take heed of her what she should mean and be not deceived thereby, for a fault-finding woman is as a hair in the butter; thou hast not the heart to pluck it out.

If a woman openeth her heart to a man and he looketh not therein, she will hate him forever more with an exceeding hatred. Learnest thou therefore and be not as the foolish who cast their knowledge to the four winds.

If thou wooest a stubborn maid and she turneth thee down, be not dismayed therefor; sendest thou many flowers and choice gifts, but withhold thou thy card; even thus, shalt thou fan her curiosity into the flame of interest and the rest it cometh easy as a baby's tooth.

If thy wife look with delight upon the stranger within thy gates, smiling much and granting him many and diverse favors, take thou no heed; for she is a foolish woman who trieth thy love as a kitten testeth her claws. If she be over-silent, drooping her lashes much before his gaze, depart thou into mourning, for thou hast lost what thou may nevermore regain.

If thou wouldst win a woman, love her with all thy heart; if thou wouldst keep her, love her with all thy soul. This is wisdom exceeding great.

She that hath a wise head to let thee go thy ways in peace; she that hath a wise heart to love when thou desirest, and she that hath a wise temper, that sheweth not her anger; seek these and blessed be in the finding.

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COL. W. C. GORGAS.

U. S. HEALTH OFFICER ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA AND ALSO OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

FIGHTING THE MOSQUITO AND SANITATION IN PANAMA

By Col. William C. Gorgas

Health Officer of the Panaman and United States Governments, who has Temporarily Succeeded Governor Davis in Military Control of the Panama Canal Zone.

OF all good things in this world, health is best and the Panamans are already beginning to realize it. A new time is stirring the pulse of the new Republic and while the authorities are trying to secure a better condition of affairs between the native and United States Governments we are forging ahead with the problem of sanitation. It has indeed been a complex undertaking and up to the present time we have had no precedence to guide us in solving the health problem on a scale of such magnitude. The real danger, the tremendous difficulties that beset the way are powerful factors in rousing the Commission to action and the apparent impossibilities are in themselves a challenge to the unyielding march of civilization. One of the darkest incidents in the darkest chapter of Panama's history is that of its enormous mortality when the long list of deadly epidemics killed the French employees at the rate of 600 per thousand a year, and it is safe to say that the fear of yellow fever in the Canal Zone has given more concern than the engineering features of the proposed canal.

Until recently the history of the Isthmus of Panama has consisted of brawls for supremacy, but the city standing as it does at the cross roads of the two seas, has become all in a moment a center of interest from a hygienic standpoint.

Heretofore the Republic of the Canal Territory has been the abode of supreme idleness, the climate suited it and the natives adored it and when one considers their contentment, one unconsciously grudges the land the one thing for which it has long been noted: that easy indolence that does not go with civilization and which they can never by any chance regain.

However, centuries of war and pillage with intervals of peace have not left our Latin neighbors hopeless, for it is one of their dearest beliefs that their new republic will be converted into a health resort and what once seemed like a dream may soon be a reality.

Though the questions of wise and efficient legislation are great, those of sanitation are greater and it is a hopeful sign and infinitely easier to direct, in that both governments have chosen the same health officer to represent them.

As yet, the work is only in the preliminary stage, for business and government interests have been very seriously affected by the questions at issue, but even these points of dispute did not stop the work entirely and the benefits are manifest on every hand, in streets, homes and yards.

The initiatory work is in full swing and about 95 per cent. of the laborers engaged in sanitary employment are Jamaicans and natives of the Republic of Panama. The problem of health is a many-sided affair and is almost military in its character.

Street cleaning, sickness, disposition of garbage and isolation of infectious diseases are wholly within the jurisdiction of the health office and at the present time have a closer and more careful supervision than hitherto known in the application of tropical sanitation.

Our work so far is the beginning of what we hope may come to be a perfect system of sanitation in a few months. Our treaty requires us to put in the sewerage and water supply for the whole Canal Zone, including the terminal cities Colon and Panama and the villages along the line.

Before setting about the construction of the big enterprise, I gave much consideration to the subject which, while not new to me in treatment, has had no authoritative example on so large a scale. I knew I was entering on a way sure to lead me into a long series of expenditures and experiences, and in spite of the fruitful labor at Havana, success (at Panama, where so much is at stake and where so many have failed) can come only after systems have been tried and no doubt changed many times to suit the exigencies of this peculiar land and people.

No problem, perhaps, in the annals of canal building has presented so many difficulties and appeared so impossible of solution as the question of preserving the efficiency of the laborers. A glance at any considerable map of this zone will show that vast portions of this country, north and south, are swamps, but these will soon be reclaimed. The significance of the Canal and Sanitation will be better understood when these big lakes and rivers unequalled on the face of the globe are carrying trade to the interior and bristling with the noise and energy of commerce. When we consider how great an area of wilderness is here wasting away, why the effects of sanitation will be nothing short of revolutionary and will mark the opening of a new era which will prove that this region is the natural provision market of the world.

Our work will touch every town within the Canal Zone, a province containing 500 square miles, and extending five miles on each side of the Canal. The sanitary

U. S. HOSPITAL AT COLON WHERE FEVER PATIENTS ARE TREATED.

THE DE LESSEPS PALACE AT COLON BEING CONVERTED INTO OFFICES FOR THE U. S. DISBURSEMENT AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENTS.

measures are now being rapidly pushed with the energy and resources of Uncle Sam to the earliest practicable conclusion.

In the first place, it is impossible for an American to imagine the filth and squalor of the community unless he has been there. Fever is perpetual and hunger is the staple diet. In the interior the native lives for the most part in floorless grass houses infested with creeping things, near stagnant pools that are the great breeding places for fever and mosquitoes. But the science of health is bringing advantages of all kinds; it may do away with much of the picturesque, for the grass huts that cluster so prettily under the palm trees, are doomed and will be substituted as soon as possible by the less beautiful but more hygienic homes of frame with roofs of corrugated iron.

But while we may destroy the artistic old piles, we will give instead, better homes, better health, better foods, better clothes and, take it all in all, a better and higher conception of life.

Sanitation constitutes the first movement in Canal construction and I wish to emphasize one important point, that cleaning the Strip is not of so much consequence as the extermination of the mosquito and the isolation of the fever victim.

These great effects are made possible by giving our department unlimited authority and ample funds to do the work without stint. Politics had to be excluded and in its stead the more certain light of pure public spirit has been substituted. Localism was also excluded and we have chosen the best things and the ablest men, regardless of nationality or creed.

We are working in perfect harmony with the Sisters of Charity who had sole charge of the hospitals before they came under American control and everyone feels gratified at the condition of health that now prevails to a degree never known before. The Panama authorities are helping me to the extent of their power and between us there is no friction. There is the tingle of big events in the air and the natives are happy in the belief that the unsavory reputation which has clung to them for years will soon be wiped out by the United States agency. They are anxious to remove the stigma from their country that became so notorious through the influence of the Chagres River and made it a place to be dreaded. In the first place the whole city of Colon with the exception of the railroad property will have to be reclaimed from a swamp. The same system will be introduced in Panama, where now there are but two small sewers in this city (and these only connect with a few of the best houses) there will be sewer connection in all of the houses. Not only will the system be used in the terminal cities, but all along the line of the canal. Then, too, we have established a very rigid quarantine service, with stations at Colon and Panama. Vessels are

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT PANAMA BEING BUILT BY THE PANAMA REPUBLIC.

SANITARY OFFICE IN PANAMA, SHOWING ONE OF THE NEW REGULATIONS WHERE FINES ARE IMPOSED FOR FAILURE TO USE THE GARBAGE CANS.

examined as they are in other ports and the sick are isolated and cared for. This protects us from outside diseases and makes it easier to control the sick within our own territory. This quarantine also benefits other South American ports, for they are already making progress in this direction in their efforts to keep abreast of their progressive neighbors.

Another feature of our work which will enable us to make rapid strides against sickness is the universal law which everyone is bound to obey, namely, to report all of the sick in the territory and to come to us for treatment. We found our great stumbling block at Havana was due to a violation of this law, and consequently we levied fines and inflicted punishment upon all who either willfully or ignorantly refused treatment. We had to be severe for they had no respect for our leniency and the great epidemic of yellow fever which came upon us as a result of our clemency was an object lesson that we will not soon forget. The natives are naturally superstitious and suspicious of all foreigners and believed that home treatment was best.

In order to outwit us they would hide their cases and the fever gained rapid headway. So, in view of our experience in Cuba, we compel all who have slight attacks of fever to come to the hospitals. We then put them in a screened ward and treat the cases from the start with the best possible conditions for improvement. We know that the female mosquito is the active agent in distributing fevers and we put the fever patient in a screened room where mosquitoes may not bite him and in turn carry his malady to another. Our hospitals are furnished with the best personnel in the way of nurses and physicians and every improvement that modern science has developed has been added to our equipment. This is one of the profits of an unlimited money supply. I have been allowed one million dollars for this year's work and can draw as much more as is needed to complete the enterprise.

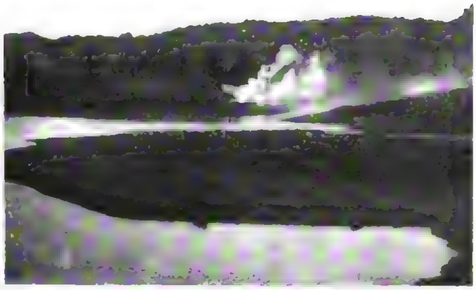
Most of the expense of sanitation will turn upon the hospitals, for when the canal work begins in earnest, if our efforts are propitious we expect a population of 5,000 to care for.

We have now over 200 victims of malarial fevers in these departments and these cases in the main are treated on the same plan as the yellow fever patients, for both fevers are distributed by mosquitoes.

Only by isolation of the patient and the extermination of the insects can these diseases be obliterated. Mosquito brigades have been organized to wipe out the blight and householders whose yards contain bottles, tins or anything that will hold water and furnish a breeding place for these pests are fined or imprisoned, or both, if they have been found to offend more than once.

Inspectors are sent out each day to examine the conditions of houses and yards and drainage ditches have converted much swampy ground within the city limits into grassy plots. Garbage wagons

PRIVATE CAR BUILT FOR THE USE OF CHIEF ENGINEER WALLACE, IN HIS INSPECTION OF THE CANAL CONSTRUCTION.



CLEARING THE RIVER BASIN IN PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT DAM AND ARTIFICIAL LAKE WHICH WILL FURNISH THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE CANAL ZONE.

make a house-to-house canvass each day and the refuse (which has heretofore been cast into the streets or else allowed to breed fever mosquitoes in the back yards) is carted away and all who fail to contribute to the garbage can supplied by the United States are fined. It is only by enforcement of such strict measures that we hope to meet with success.

In Panama there is an insufficient water supply of inferior water piped in from a river in the country and as good water is of vital necessity to our scheme of sanitation, we have made some of our biggest efforts to supply that demand.

We are now building a dam across the Rio Grande River to make a reservoir for the water supply for the Strip. This lake will contain an area of 600 square yards and is fed from the headwaters of the Chagres, near the Divide.

Pipes are being laid along the railroad to Panama and Colon and the villages and stations along the route will at the same time be provided with fresh, cool water.

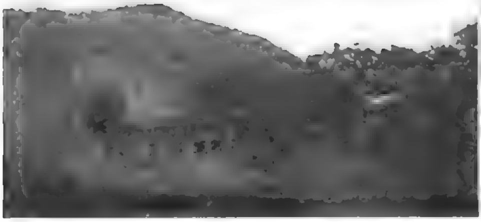
But the principal thing we are determined to do is to lay siege to the mosquitoes. Our brigades fumigate houses, drain swamps and have begun the battle to the death against this plague.

So many Americans have said that they escaped malaria while in Panama, but they no sooner arrived in a temperate climate than the fever developed. The reason for this state of health is that it takes just 15 days for a mosquito to develop the malaria after she has bitten the fever victim (and it is only the female that bites) and when she has become inoculated and bites a newcomer it will require 15 days, the same length of time, for the disease to develop in the individual who may, if he travels, be in a temperate climate before he is aware he is affected.

Our great efforts, under the direction of Dr. John Ross, U. S. A., will be to treat these individual cases daily and drive the malarial parasite from the blood.

By this means we hope to have the population so free from malarial infection before the great influx of labor begins, that if any mosquitoes remain they will have no infected persons to bite and in themselves be harmless.

To obtain these conditions of health, it is necessary to maintain a strict and rigid discipline about the camps where the laborers will live, as well as in the towns where he is bound to spend his idle hours and that brings me to the subject of the canteen. Personally, I would rather see the Zone improved without this stuff being sold, I think it is injurious and do not believe, as most of the foreigners do, that it is a necessary drink for a tropic country, but since the laborers demand it, I think it advisable that the U. S. Government furnish the liquor, which is bound to be purer in quality that it would be bought elsewhere. Then, too, I would recommend a strict police svstem about these canteens such as obtained at army



THE HOSPITAL AT PANAMA WHERE 200 SICK LABORERS ARE QUARANTINED. IT IS ONE OF THE FINEST HOSPITALS IN THE WORLD.

A VIEW OF COLON THAT HAS BEEN RECLAIMED BY AMERICAN SANITATION FROM A SWAMP AND IS NOW A GRASSY PLOT.

posts, and when a man has had his drinks (the number should be limited) see that he is started home, and any canteen bartender that sells drink to an intoxicated man should be fined for first offence and his punishment increased to banishment from the Zone if found advisable.

In all probability we shall organize a prevention of cruelty to animals society this year, for that society would come directly under our supervision and if reports are true, there is sad need of this association, for the natives have a bad reputation in their cruelty to animals.

By far the greatest expense of sanitation will turn upon the hospitals, for we expect a big population to cleanse of tropic diseases and, to begin with, we have ample room for the accommodation of 700 patients at Ancon hospital near Panama.

This hospital is admirably situated to meet our requirements for isolation, as all of the wards are separated and on the side of Ancon mountain, overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

This hospital is said to have cost $5,000,000 and is now being supplied with the best modern appliances. There is also a good hospital at Colon that is undergoing repairs; it is located on the Caribbean Sea, and has been the asylum of the Panama railroad employees for several years.

Our department of health contains an excellent personnel in the way of physicians and nurses and their numbers will be increased as the emergency calls for it. We have 40 trained nurses and 14 physicians altogether in hospitals, and about 200 working for the sanitary division.

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Henry R. Carter, who is chief of quarantine and manager of the Marine hospital service on the Isthmus. Dr. Pierce is in charge of the quarantine at Panama, and Dr. Perry does similar work at Colon.

With this perfect organization to help us, we predict that by next spring the Canal Strip will be giving a better health record than any city in the United States.

SITE OF THE NEW DOCKS, SHOWING THE NEW WHARVES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CANAL AT COLON.

U. S. DOCKS AT COLON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL ON THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS.

ALEXANDER CLARKE AND ANNA BOYD IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By Geo. C. Jenks

IN these days there is no such thing as the end of the theatrical period. It never ends. The seasons change, and the locale of the stage entertainment shifts from the theatre indoors to the playhouse out-of-doors. That is all. It may be to the roof of the city building, or to the seashore or suburbs. But always the drama is with us. People want to be amused as much in the summer as in the winter, and five persons out of six find their greatest and most enduring recreation in watching other persons pretend to be somebody else, developing the freakish fancy of an unseen person who has burned the midnight oil and most of his invention in devising a new twist to the thirty-six original dramatic situations which we are told mark the limit of possibility.

So, when the interior of the playhouse becomes a little too close—as it may about the Fourth of July—a beneficent management lifts the whole assembly—audience, performers, ushers and all—to the roof. You find that the season is still in full swing. You do not get the dismal drama, for Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann and Israel Zangwill have no business on the stage of a roof-garden, but you do get "musical comedy," and if you like that kind of thing—why, you will take it.

While many of the musical things are so inane that you wonder how the librettist ever had the nerve to face the composer, and how the pair of them ever plucked up courage enough to present their joint offering to the public, still some of these entertainments are pleasant enough pastime for a summer evening. So long as Victor Herbert continues to

Photo by Sarony.

KYRLE BELLEW AS YOUNG MARLOW IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

write light music for the stage, musical comedy and so-called "comic opera" will not be altogether hopeless.

But, although the theatrical season is a complete circle nowadays, so that there never is a period when the stage is out of the popular mind, the end of the winter comes, and it is instructive in the spring to look back over the six months that have elapsed since we settled down for cold weather entertainment, just to see what happened.

What really happened this time was a procession of weak-spined plays, relieved by a few more than a dozen which were really worth staging. Let us run over some of the successes as they occur without much mental effort. There was "The Music Master," "The Duke of Killicrankie" (fundamentally absurd, but a success nevertheless), "The Woman in the Case" (the only good thing from Clyde Fitch's pen for the winter), "Strongheart," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "Leah Kleschna," "The College Widow," "You Never Can Tell," "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Adrea," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

There are a few musical productions which cannot be overlooked, to say nothing of "Humpty-Dumpty," which is such a jolly pantomime that it is bound to draw the crowds. These tuneful things that may last another season include "It Happened in Nordland," "The School Girl," "Lady Teazle," and "Fantana."

Of course, there were many productions which stayed in New York for a few weeks, and then went on the road to make money for their managers and stars. The well-known favorites, like W.

Photo by Burr McIntosh.
HATTIE WILLIAMS IN "THE ROLLICKING GIRL."

H. Crane, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, James K. Hackett and a few others, who are independent of their plays, had nothing to complain about, so far as attendance was concerned. Besides, the verdict of other cities and towns is not always that of the metropolis.

If I were to try to name all the failures and quasi-failures of the winter it would take up too much space. You remember among them "The Coronet of the Duchess," "A Wife Without a Smile," "The Rich Mrs. Repton," "The Lady Shore," "Bird Center," "The Spell Binder," "Friquet," "The Trifler," and Edward Terry in several plays that did not please New York, whatever they may do in England.

There were dozens of others. What boots it to place their names here in print? They may turn up later in stock or traveling repertoire companies, because most of them have "printing," as it is expressed in the jargon of the Rialto, and this "printing"—meaning lithographic pictures for the adorning of dead walls and barber shops—has a commerical value, which will offset the artistic worthlessness of the plays they advertise.

There is always a refuge for stage failures if only they have the credentials of spectacular four-color showbills. Some of them even go forth to the road with a "star" unknown to Broadway in the leading role, and make more money than the original manager of the thing lost in New

GUY BATES POST IN "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH."

York when he offered it as what is impressively called "a Broadway show," even if it wasn't.

As proof of the fact that there is no end to the theatrical season in these times, let me mention a few productions which have been made of late. There was "The Proud Laird," for instance, produced at the Manhattan Theatre by Harrison Grey Fiske, as a supplement to the regular season, which closed when Mrs. Fiske went on tour with "Leah Kleschna." "The Proud Laird" was introduced as a "canny comedy," written by Cosmo Hamilton and Charles Cartwright. It lasted a week. Presented by a company comprising many good names, it still did not seem to have power enough to compel paying audiences, such as the theatre had become used to with "Leah Kleschna." So Mr. Fiske took it off at the end of the first week, boarded up the main entrance of the house for the summer and tacitly admitted that the new play would not do.

It looks as if Scottish plays do not appeal strongly to New York audiences. Two dramas with Caledonian environment have fizzled out within a few weeks. "Nancy Stair," with Mary Mannering in the title-role, soon went a-glimmering,

MISS ISABEL IRVING. MRS. CALVERT. SIDNEY DREW.
A SCENE FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

and "The Proud Laird" followed. Even "The Bonnie Brier Bush," which has been traveling about the country for five years or thereabouts, playing return engagements and enjoying other assurances of popularity, never could establish itself in a Broadway theatre. The best it ever could do was to fill Harlem and Brooklyn with enthusiasm. Perhaps "Nancy Stair" and "The Proud Laird" will delight some thousands of playgoers next season, but they will not do it below Fiftieth Street.

Many persons who make a business of reviewing plays insist that there must be literary value as well as clever stage technique to make a comedy or drama a success. Let them go and see "The Heir to the Hoorah" and explain to themselves why it is one of the big hits of the spring. Although the author, Paul Armstrong, is a graceful writer ordinarily, he has not troubled himself about grace or literary style in compounding "The Heir to the Hoorah." Not a bit of it. He has taken his ax over his shoulder, sallied forth to the alkali regions of the West, and hewn out chunks of human nature for presentation before the footlights. They are good stuff, too. With a keen sense of humor as a heaven-endowed gift, he has managed to give a comical aspect to every character. Even his pathos has that homely quality which causes a laugh to dry the tear almost on the instant.

There is a good story in "The Heir to the Hoorah." Never mind whether it is probable or not—and it is hard to believe that such a cad as poor Joe Lacy's young wife could exist under a western sun—you accept it as you sit in the theatre. That is all the playwright requires. If he can hold your common sense well in the grasp of your emotions while looking at and listening to his work, he has got you.

There has not been a success in New York for years which has been so much criticized as this new western comedy by a new dramatist; but, after all, it remains an entertainment of which you enjoy every moment.

Guy Bates Post, as Joe Lacy, a western miner who has struck it rich, has a sympathetic character, to which he does justice, while John W. Cope, as his broth-

FRANK DANIELS IN "SERGEANT BRUE."

er, with half a dozen other breezy men of the mines, help to frame in the central figure convincingly. Beverly Sitgreaves, as a nondescript female, hard to understand, is artistic, because she is an artist, but the play could get along without Kate Brandon, it seems to me. The gentleman who plays what is supposed to be an English footman should try to get more of the flunkey unctiousness into his part. The average British man in livery would call him "a bloomin' Hamerican, don't yer know," as soon as he opened his mouth.

In explaining why "The Firm of Cunningham" is not an unqualified hit it is only necessary to examine the underlying motive of the plot. That is enough to determine why one can never shake off the feeling that false morals and an apology for a disagreeable feminine obliquity are forced on you from rise to fall of curtain. A lying, flirtatious, shallow, almost criminal, woman is not a pleasant figure in a comedy. She is in the wrong environment. When such a personage appears in a melodrama she usually wears no false colors, but is introduced so that she can be penitent in the last act, sending the audience away convinced that she is sincere—for the moment, at all events. But you never believe in the protestations of repentance made by Dora Calvert, in "The Firm of Cunningham." She has hardly a redeeming quality aside from her personal charm, and that must be credited to the actress playing the part, Miss Hilda Spong.

BLANCHE RING AS LADY BICKENHALL IN "SERGEANT BRUE."

From the first moment that she comes into a lawyer's office to borrow money to play the races and to confess that she has been carrying on a scandalous flirtation with young Clive Cunningham, you set her down as the kind of woman to whom an angry husband would be likely to apply an expressive and decidedly unpleasant epithet. The dramatist is careful to tell you, through the lips of some of the people in the play, particularly her own, that Dora Calvert is thoughtless, but not bad at heart. But you do not believe him. You are only sorry to think that such women are at large, and still more you regret that the type has been used as the leading figure in a comedy which in other respects is clever enough.

Having said this much about Dora Calvert, played with spirit and the true comedy aplomb by Hilda Spong, you can allow that "The Firm of Cunningham" is a fair sample of modern comedy, built on French lines, and well constructed according to American ideas of playcraft. Willis Steell is the author. I believe he has written other things for the stage. At least, he has learned the elements of his calling, which is saying a great deal for any man in these days of hit-and-mis dramatizing.

Nothing better than William Harcourt's David Cunningham have I seen for months. He is a middle-aged lawyer,

A SCENE FROM "THE FIRM OF CUNNINGHAM."

in quiet business suit, with a sprinkling of gray in his black hair and a stubbly iron-gray mustache. This is a lawyer, not a stage-player. He has divested himself altogether of the actor atmosphere and taken on that of the attorney's office. You may see dozens of David Cunninghams any day in the Supreme Court or Court of Appeals buildings.

There are only nine people in the cast. They illustrate a principle that many managers delight to set at naught by announcing for a new play that "it will require the services of a very long cast," as if that were desirable. The principle is that a short cast and a good one is better for the audience as well as the play; if everyone is fitted to his part. That is the main point. In this little comedy we have such excellent actors as Katherine Grey (who looks as girlish as ever she did in the old Lyceum days), Henry Bergman, Charles W. Butler, Emily Wakeman, William Lamp and Jeannette Elberts.

Miss Alice Fischer, having had a whirl in musical comedy, has come into her own again in one of those peculiar combinations of old fashions and modern stagecraft in which Stanislaus Stange excels. It is a comedy called "The School for Husbands." Written in the manner of Sheridan and Oliver Goldsmith, bristling with platitudinous epigram, dressed in brocaded silken skirts, velvet coats and waistcoats and lace ruffles, and profane with such outre oaths as "Stap my vitals!" it pulses with emotions which rage as fiercely to-day as they did in 1720 in London, the time and place of this play.

Mr. Stange has a deft hand for turning out a comedy of manners of nearly two centuries ago, as he has shown in other work. Given a good, sound plot —and that he has in "The School for Husbands"—it was easy for him to befrill and beflounce it with incident and repartee. It is all workmanlike and polished.

The story, in brief, shows that Sir John Manners, a careless husband who is dangerously near bankruptcy, treats his wife with indifference. She loves him, but can get very little outward return from him. At the opening of the comedy we see that such conditions prevail as might well make a devoted wife sad as

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW, WHO JUST MADE A SUCCESSFUL DEBUT AS MDLLE. ELVANNA IN GRAND OPERA AT ROME AS "LUCIA."

well as indignant. Sir John has a set of roystering companions who come into his home drunk, and he is also disposed to flirt with any pretty woman that comes along. There is a short scene between husband and wife in which Sir John snubs her shamefully. Then someone gives her the advice to treat her husband in the manner he adopts toward her, and pretend she has ceased to love him.

The climax of the first act sounds the keynote of what is to follow. The husband has sworn at her and breaks a jardinière. She responds by smashing a costly china plate. He is astonished at her unusual conduct, but recovers himself and destroys several vases. She retaliates by saying "Damn!" and hurling a few dishes and other breakables to the floor, winding up by pulling off the tablecloth and sending everything on the table to everlasting smash. This is a most exciting episode, and of course the curtain goes down with roars of applause and laughter.

The rest of the play, in a series of beautiful scenes, shows how Lady Belinda fools her husband until he is ready to fall at her feet. She has fallen heir to a large sum of money, unknown to him, which enables her to purchase new gowns and jewelry, incidentally driving him into a frenzy of jealousy, until at the end she explains all and saves him from the officers who are about to arrest him for debt.

The play is so full of action that it

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
ADRIENNE ANGARDE IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTSIC."

would take many pages to follow it. Everyone of the characters has something to do with the plot, which is closely knit and always interesting. It gives Miss Fischer the best part she has ever had. She carries it much as would Ada Rehan, whom she resembles in method as well as in figure, if not in feature, and you are always in sympathy with her, even while recognizing that her husband, played by Joseph Kilgour, is not a bad sort of fellow, when he is put in the straight path.

Jameson Lee Finney, who can do a fop of the eighteenth century about as well as anyone we have, is the principal "Stap my vitals!" personage. He is called Lord Foppington in this play, and he is one of those fellows that every healthy-minded man of these times would like to kick. If he lived in New York nowadays he would wear pink silk shirts, a wide-skirted coat and a dinky little hat. He would smoke cigarettes, too. In "The School for Husbands" he takes snuff.

Miss Grace Filkins (who, I believe, is to star next fall) is the butterfly Lady Airish. The character is not a pleasant one, so we cannot blame Miss Filkins for being as offensive in her way as Lord Foppington is in his. Arthur Forrest gives us something out of the ordinary as a jealous East Indian prince, ablaze with jewels and smoking with jealous passion for a colorless young English girl, Clarissa Huntleigh, represented by Miss Frances Stevens.

That was not a bad idea of Charles Frohman's to bring Marie Tempest over from London for a four weeks' engagement in New York, in her new comedy, "The Freedom of Suzanne." No one will insist that the comedy is a great one, but it suits Miss Tempest. Then there is the spicy incident of the stocking pulled off the cute little Marie's foot, which makes the entertainment worth while, even if it were not a comfortable offering all the way through. I suppose it will come again next fall. If it does, Miss Tempest's hosiery will be as much discussed throughout the country as was Blanche Bates's when she was doing things with stockings in the now-forgotten affair called "Naughty Anthony," some three or four years ago.

Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams have their new musical comedy "The Rollicking Girl" at the Herald Square Theatre. It is booked for a summer run. It matters very little what is the libretto in such an entertainment as this. Mr. Bernard and Miss Williams practically make their own libretto when the comedy gets to the point where it runs smoothly. So long as they can be amusing, it is not to be supposed that they are to be nailed down to "lines" many of which only just escape being stupid.

There is some catchy music in "The Rollicking Girl," and it is sung by a company that knows how to keep on the key. The scenery and costumes are brilliant, of course. Did you ever see a spectacular "girl show" that was not well equipped in this way?

Whenever you see Frank Daniels on the stage you see your old friend of "A Rag Baby" and "Little Puck," if your theatrical memory goes back so far. I do not know of a comedian who is more thoroughly himself than is Mr. Daniels. There is this comfort for us—that we do not want him to be anyone else. It was lucky for him, taking into consideration his avocation, that he was born with a comical personality. He has it now, plus an intelligent idea of what really is funny in word and action.

There is only one style of man in which Frank Daniels never is convincing, and that is a cockney. He makes the character funny, and we all enjoy it, but he never is the cockney. This is shown in "Sergeant Brue," the musical comedy at the Knickerbocker Theatre. There is nothing of the London "Bobby" in Frank Daniels' offering, except his uniform. Aside from that, however, Sergeant Brue is a most engaging chap, and you can laugh and laugh, and not care a jot whether the part was played differently in London in the original production or not. They can have any kind of Sergeant Brue they want on the Strand. Frank Daniels' Brue will do for Broadway.

Blanche Ring, the attractive young woman who came into notice about two years ago by her singing of "The Belle of Avenue A" and "The Good Old Summer Time," helps Mr. Daniels, and Harry Macdonough also has a prominent part.

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE."

Clara Morris has reached the vaudeville stage. It is pleasing to know that she is not presenting a "sketch" or a "playlet," as so many well-known actresses do when they come into the "continuous" to make

KATIE BARRY IN "FANTANA."

a bigger salary than they have been able to earn for many years. Miss Morris merely tells stories of her own stage life. So able a story teller in print could hardly fail to be entertaining as a lecturer, and it was a foregone conclusion that the great Camille and Magdalene of other years should be able to hold her audiences in vaudeville.

We have had a revival of "Trilby" at the New Amsterdam, under the direction of W. A. Brady. Revivals of old successes have been popular for the last few years, and, of course, "Trilby" had to come among them. Although the production at the New Amsterdam was as brilliant a one as could be made, with most of the original cast, including Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, Virginia Harned as Trilby and Burr McIntosh as Taffy, there seemed to be lacking the enthusiasm that accompanied the performance nearly ten years ago at the Garden. This may have been due rather to the lack of interest in the Du Maurier story than to any shortcoming in the stage performance. Booksellers say they do not sell one copy of "Trilby" in a year in these times.

One of the revivals that did make a hit, however, was that of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Eleanor Robson in the part of Kate Hardcastle. The cast was strong. Kyrle Bellew was the Young Marlow, and Mrs. Calvert, a famous English actress, was brought over specially to play Mrs. Hardcastle. The other parts were filled by well-known people, and the attendance was so large during the short season in New York that there could be no doubt about the general approval. But then "She Stoops to Conquer" always has been liked, continuously. It cannot be regarded as a dust-covered relic of a former generation—like "London Assurance" for example.

SADYE HARRIS, SISTER OF LEW FIELDS, WILL BE SEEN NEXT YEAR WITH MISS MARIE CAHILL.

Ethel Barrymore has been playing Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." So many talented women have essayed the part that the play is better known than any other by the great Norwegian. Miss Barrymore gives us a new Nora. Whether it is better or worse than that of Mrs. Fiske or any of the others who have done it will give us an interesting subject of discussion for the summer. It will be a capital thing to talk over on drowsy afternoons. The fact that no conclusion is likely to be reached will make it all the more fascinating.

James T. Powers in his old part in "San Toy," has been a spring amusement at Daly's, but "The Prince of Pilsen" revival did not last long at the New York, any more than did "Florodora" at the Broadway.

The Hippodrome has been drawing immense crowds ever since it opened. The place is enormous, and the entertainment is different from anything we have had before. It will continue to be a great attraction for visitors from other cities, and that will probably give it all the patronage it needs. The ordinary New Yorker, after seeing it once or twice, will not be likely to go often, except as escort to country cousins. That is the way with the Eden Musée, and the Hippodrome probably will drop into the same class.

There will be several roof gardens open before the next issue of the Broadway Magazine. All kinds of glorious promises of summer evening joys are made by the respective managers.

LILLIAN HUDSON IN "LIFTING THE LID"—NEW AMSTERDAM AERIAL THEATRE.

An interesting episode in theatrical circles is the appearance of Mme. Bertha Kalisch in her first trial in an English speaking rôle, that of Fedora. Mme. Kalisch won her laurels as one of the greatest and most realistic interpreters of the emotional ever seen in New York on the modest boards of the Yiddish theatre of lower New York. She was discovered, I believe, by David Belasco, who was so enthusiastic over her work that he conceived the idea of bringing her out as a star in English speaking rôles, but the inevitable blocked his way. Mme. Kalisch did not speak English, and Mr. Belasco made the curious announcement that even if she managed to memorize her rôles in English, she would most probably *think* in Yiddish and thus lose the spontaniety of her genius.

Since that time, five years ago, Mme. Kalisch has set herself the task of mastering the English tongue. To such good purpose has she worked, that it is expected that she will create a stir in theatrical circles by her impersonation of that most powerful of rôles, Fedora. If she meets with the success that her managers have every reason to hope, Mme. Kalisch will become a prominent factor in next season's theatricals.

THE ART OF FACIAL EXPRESSION

By Elizabeth Faulkner Chapman

Illustrated by a series of specially taken photographs.

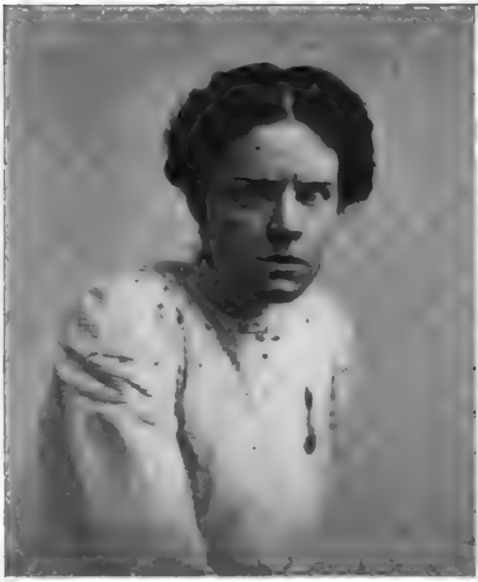
IN those far-off days when the art of acting was still in swaddling clothes, masks were used to convey any striking change of facial expression. As a matter of fact, they were incapable of any of the finer shades of feeling, for when an actor wished to alter his countenance he was obliged to change his mask. Indeed, the ancients considered that but two masks were necessary, the one depicting mirth and the other horror. These expressions were obtained by turning the corners of the mouth up or down and putting a few lines here and there on the surface of the mask.

MISS ELIZABETH FAULKNER CHAPMAN.

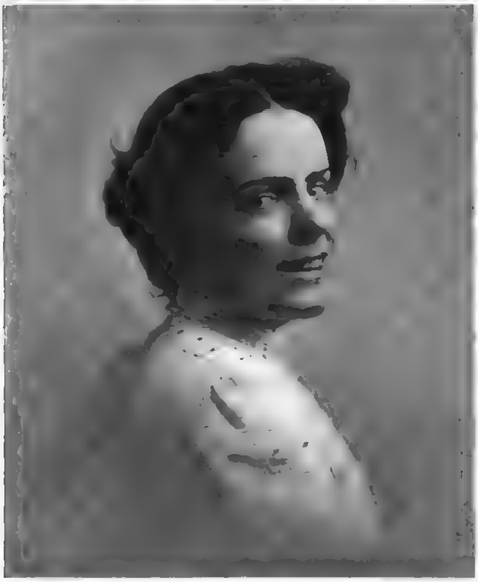
Of course this was the crudest and most elementary way of depicting emotions, and necessarily greatly exaggerated the general peculiarities of the human countenance in any mood and precluded the possibility of using the most important of most cogent instruments of conveying all expressions, whether of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain—namely, the eyes. These are the crystal mirrors in which one's emotions are first reflected; they light up before a sound can escape the lips or a gesture be formulated by the hands. It is a medical fact that persons suddenly stricken down, though they have not had time to cry out or move, show the horror of death in their eyes after all organic functions have apparently ceased. The muscles of the face are fixed, perhaps in a last smile. The eyes are the only evidence that death was anticipated.

Thus the eyes and all that pertains to them—the eyelids, the brows and the lashes must be forced to serve the purpose of the actor—this purpose can only be attained through the inner attitude. If one feels contempt, the lids will unconsciously droop, the eyes will lose their directness and glance obliquely. An attitude of defiance will force the eyes open, and the eye will hurl its speech at its opponent as a warrior his arrow.

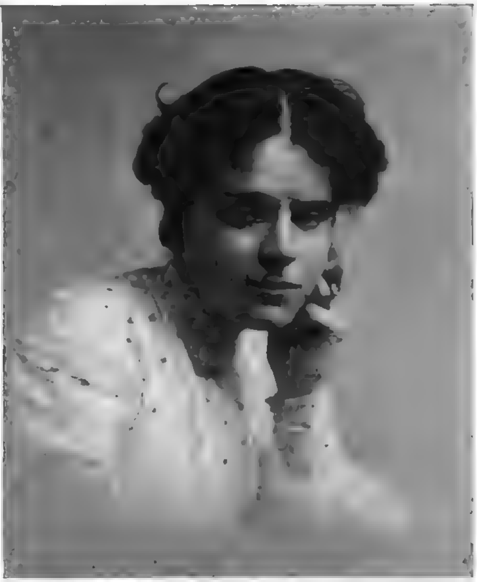
It is well to train oneself before the mirror, and in this way master the different degrees of force which must be employed to convey a convincing impression. The actor must be convinced himself before he can hope to convince others. In studying the eyes, the position into which the lips and hands naturally and unconsciously fall should be



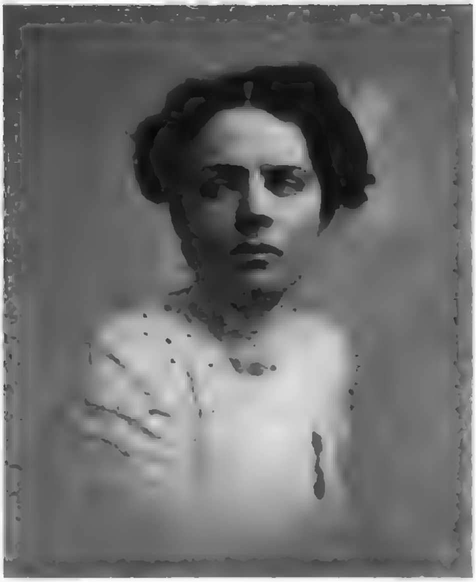
HATRED.



COQUETRY.



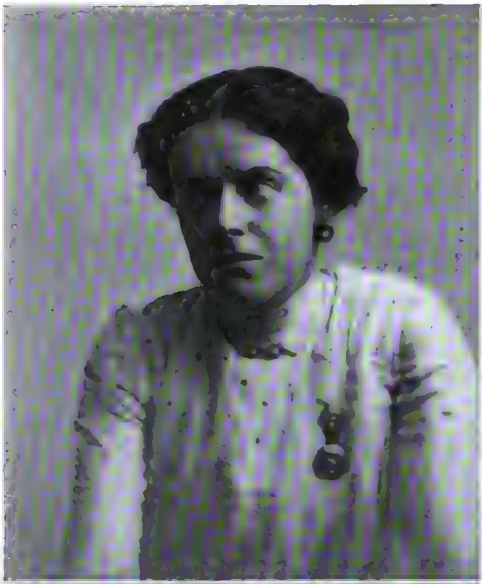
MEDITATION.

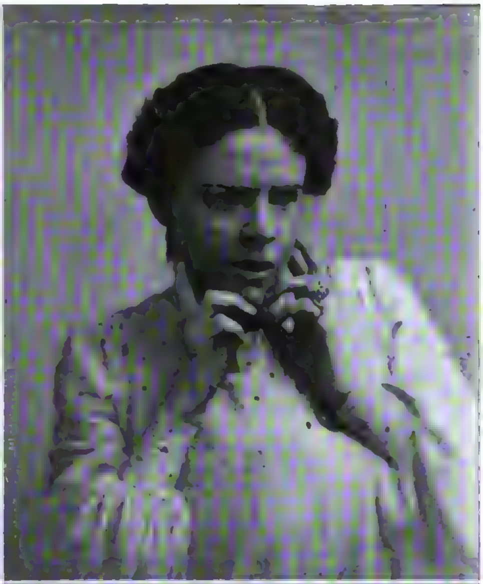


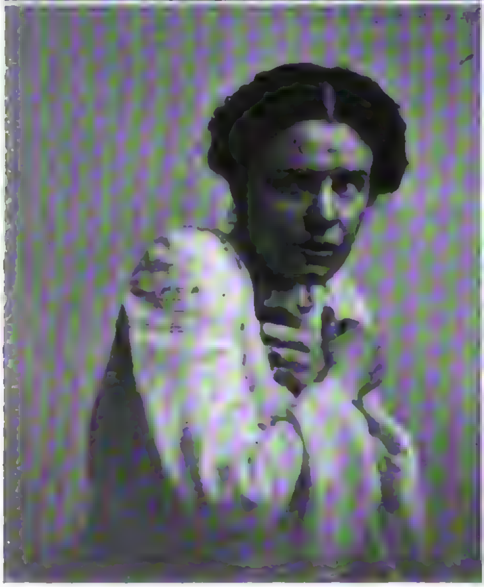
CONTEMPT.

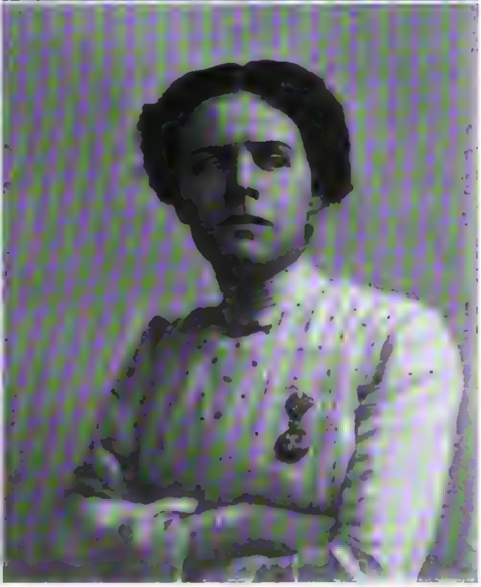
carefully noted, and then "sensed"—that is to say, one should be able to feel when it is just right. This sort of intuition—while to a certain extent innate, can be cultivated until it reaches a state of unerring sensitiveness.

Unfortunately the distance of an actor from the audience and the necessity for quickly and easily conveying comprehension of the lines have a tendency to develop exaggerated methods. If an actor did not exaggerate both in expression and action, important points very often would be overlooked altogether, or not caught on to quickly enough. Granted that a certain amount of "high light" is necessary both in interpretation and make-up, still it must be admitted that this fault in both directions is one of the most glaring. How seldom is any









PATHOS. HORROR. FEAR. DEFIANCE.

strong emotion portrayed by an actor without wrinkling and contorting the countenance! How rarely is a part presented without an undue amount of "make up"! It is my conviction that the "make up" of an emotion should be used as a last resource. It is well known stage tradition that the powder puff used surreptitiously has assisted many a ruddy leading woman to "turn pale" or to die with a becoming pallor.

But when all the possible technique and routine of one's lines have been mastered, the soul is still the source of true feeling and true expression—good or bad. Whether the ability to express the sentiments on the face is acquired or not is in the same category as the question whether acting is natural or acquired. A mobile face is a natural gift, just as the sense of dramatic interpretation is more or less an intuition. A quality beyond one's ordinance; but there is a set of rules which governs both, and in many cases one may acquire by systematic training a more than fair imitation of a god-given quality.

Facial expression is to a great extent the power of imagination allied to the faculty of concentration. One must first imagine the given point of a situation, and then focus one's mentality and will force upon it. One must will to experience a certain emotion by placing a highly colored picture of it before the mind's eye, and then the whole being must concentrate upon the scene. If this can be done, the eye, the lips, the entire face will fall into lines that are unmistakably convincing. The countenance speaks before a word is uttered.

The accompanying photographs show in some degree what is meant by naturalness as opposed to exaggeration. Due allowance must be made for the fact that there is absolutely no makeup on the face, and that the camera is a stolid and unresponsive audience, and refuses to show any expression properly speaking in the eyes. In posing as well as in acting the mind must be centered on some subject akin to the emotion one wishes to produce in the beholder. Thus in "meditation," I was watching with my mind's eye my two beautiful little children frolicking in a flower-decked meadow. From a pleasing contemplation of their innocent gambols, my imagination passed on to "pathos" in dwelling perhaps on an unloving father and cruel husband, who had deserted and betrayed his little home. He appears suddenly upon the scene. I meet him with "scorn." He upbraids me and threatens to separate me from my little ones. My glances defy him to rob me of my treasures. He lays a rough hand upon them to tear them from my arms. With the rage of a wild animal I fix my gaze upon him, and in a passion of fear I spring forward to regain them. The children escape and cross the nearby tracks. I hear the whistle of an approaching train. "Horror" takes possession of me!

And in this manner the story is woven as I stand before the camera, which for the time being is my audience. At the conclusion of the sitting, so convinced am I of the reality of the situation I have brought to a climax, that my hands are clammy and beads of perspiration are upon my forehead.

A PARADOX

By Clarissa Dixon

Dreamers of beautiful dreams,
Oh, thou dreamer who dreamest forever!
While lying on cushions thou wanderest
Lightly where mists follow streams
And the fairies with age have grown clever.
Yet easefully resting, thou ponderest
Problems most weighty; there seems
But a breath 'twixt thee, Solemn World-weaver,
And thou who so light the day squanderest.

GROUP OF STUDENTS CONDUCTING THE SPRING DAY CELEBRATION.

SPRING DAY CELEBRATION AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

By A. Austin

ONE of the unique features of college life that will be reenacted this spring is the amusing spectacle at Cornell University known as Spring Day. This is a recent custom of the senior class to give themselves over for one day to all kinds of exaggerated nonsense before assuming once for all the dignity of degrees and worldly wisdom.

During the celebration the campus is transformed for a few hours into a composite Midway, circus and fair grounds, where strange companies of freaks and fakirs parade in fantastic costumes and swindle the onlookers for the benefit of the university athletic fund. The custom has existed but three years, and since each observance has surpassed the previous in point of outlandishness and noise, it is no wonder that the faculty has come to look upon the institution with no little misgiving and some disfavor. Nevertheless, Spring Day is likely to continue a lively feature of the college year and one that receives a hearty response from the students at large as well as the townspeople.

Last year the celebration netted the fund eighteen hundred dollars through the combined proceeds of the morning performance on the campus and the supplementary burlesque at some theatre in the evening, when the usual varied bill of a college vaudeville was presented to a large crowd.

Promptly at eleven o'clock on the morning of May 13th, the fête is opened with a grand parade on the campus, headed by the university brass band and a

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMPUS DURING THE FAIR.

wild troupe of cowboys à la Buffalo Bill, on more or less dilapidated ponies. After these come the lumbering "Deadwood Coach" with its load of be-gunned and be-whiskered desperadoes, and the famous "Annie Oakley, sharpshootist," riding on the roof. Following are grotesque throngs of hoboes, sailors, Indians, physical enormities and beautiful (?) females, among whom shines resplendent, riding on a white palfrey, the famous Mrs. Let-us-Cart-Her, red as to the hair, in the character of "Dewberry," heroine of the "hysterical, historical tragedy by David Tabasco," to be presented later in the day at the Lyceum. Last of all comes the closely guarded wagon containing the much-advertised and terrible "Mzupzi" — "Awful, Mastodonic, Man-eating Monster"—and decidedly the drawing card of the exhibition.

As the pageant moves along the campus roads, the maskers make frequent onslaughts upon the crowds, demanding in heavy tones every kodak or camera in sight. On the green in the quadrangle the concourse halts and scatters to the tents and booths that have been erected the night before. Here the air is filled with a hideous noise of barkers proclaiming the attractions within and extolling the virtues of the particular toy or trash they have for sale. Whirligigs, pop guns, whistles, chewing gum, rattles, tops, buzzing wheels, balloons, horns —everything, in fact, to produce noise or color, is sold to eager purchasers at profits that would have made a Broadway merchant green with envy. At the booths are pink lemonade, pop-corn, gayly colored neckties, and fascinating diversions of ring tossing and hitting-the-doll-for-a-cigar. Patrons who are not overly inclined to large charity must be careful beforehand to provide themselves with small coin, for the word is given forth that positively no change will be returned, and many a five and ten-dollar bill goes uncut that day as the price for a two-cent toy.

The good-natured crowd generally patronizes everything, especially "Mzupzi." At this tent twenty-five cents is charged to enter, although when within an additional ten cents was enacted to look upon the Monster. Once in the inner precincts the curious can see by craning their necks the mild and harmless figure of a small negro boy attired in the red and gold of an Eastern nabob. The youngster grins, and the crowd swallows the sell and emerges to

INTERESTED SPECTATORS AND STUDENTS.

try to persuade their friends to enter and be fooled likewise.

Two other tents contain "The Congress of Beauty"—students weirdly and grotesquely arrayed in the character of fair ladies—and "The Bench Show" of kidnapped canines of unhappy looks and various pedigrees, assembled from far and near. At one o'clock the show is over. The tents fall like magic; the crowd dissolves into the hot sunshine, and the campus resumes its wonted dignity and silence.

THE TOMBOY

By W. B. C.

The breath of the meadow is violet sweet,
The little white heifer is flinging her feet,
The brook sings again and the trout leaps in joy,
All Nature is smiling at Spring, the tomboy.

Barefooted she runs o'er the emerald green,
And where her foot touches the daisy is seen;
Old Sol sheds his splendor, no cloud lends alloy,
Earth trembles with laughter at Spring, the tomboy.

The madcap's light tresses are loose, unconfin'd,
The fragrance is borne me by soft southern wind;
I hasten to follow 'ere time will destroy
The footprints, sweet footprints of Spring, the tomboy.

Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

KELLAR,
THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN MAGICIANS.

THE MAKING OF A MAGICIAN

By Kellar

The Most Famous Magician of Modern Times

CONJURERS are made, not born. The tricks of the magician represent the highest standard of consummate skill in a selected direction. The man who, in the glare of the footlights, successfully deludes the senses and mental vision of a more or less suspicious and watchful audience is as close to perfection in his work as it is possible to reach in a given environment.

Indeed, I have no hesitation in going a step further and declaring that by dint of training and observation he has developed a set of senses and brain cells unknown to the ordinary mortal who makes no demand upon these dormant perceptions and faculties. The magician cultivates the unusual. He *knows* more than that other man who sits spellbound and awestruck before his display of knowledge. The other man cannot realize that it is all a mere matter of acquired development—to him it savors of the supernatural.

As a matter of fact, he has yet to learn that his own hands, if large and flexible, his own brains if quick to apply the ordinary laws of nature to a pastime, possess the same possibilities of working "miracles" as those of the man who can bring forth in the passing of a few seconds, a blossoming rose tree from a tiny seed, or can cause, by the mere passing of hands, a body to be suspended in mid-air. There is no end of machinery rusting for want of use in the make-up of the ordinary thinking and unthinking man.

I have recently read of a well-known theatrical manager who lost his entire tongue through a surgical operation. This man and the eminent surgeons interested in his case had every reason to believe that the result of the operation would be a complete loss of the powers of articulation. The patient was to be doomed to speechlessness. But necessity brought out the fact that a set of muscles in the throat could be made to supply the purpose of the tongue as far as enunciation was concerned. The man is restored to speech. This set of muscles has been used from time immemorial by the ventriloquist to amuse or terrify the public.

As I said before, it is altogether a question of training—of training started when the mind and muscles are flexible—necessarily at a tender age. The sleight-of-hand acrobat cannot begin his career when the bones of his hand are fixed. These bones must be as flexible as elastic. His mind must be developed into a lightning-like quickness to grasp a situation. He must read human nature in every language, seize upon it and make it as much a thing of his hands and service as the handkerchief he hides up his sleeve, or the bits of silver coin he tosses in the air. The great feat of the magician lies not in his tricks, but in the art of his acting. He is generally an admirable actor in the most difficult of rôles.

It is curious to note that there are to-day before the public so few conjurors or magicians of note. The career, when it rises beyond the average, is most difficult, demanding not only the actual training, but an ingratiating presence, good command of language, an eagle eye, and absolute control of the audience. The conjuror is always in the attitude of a heart to heart talk. If he shows the slightest sign of flurry or haste, his trick is a failure. I recall my wife saying to me one day:

"Do be more careful, my dear. I watch you in fear and trembling lest an accident should happen. You *slouch* in and out and around your apparatus as though you were a cat in a closet of china."

"I thank you for your compliment," I returned, with a courtly bow. "It has taken me just about fifty years to learn the art of slouching around like a cat in a china cupboard!"

Away back, I am not going to say how many years ago, I was one of a few hundred youngsters assembled in the big, bare schoolhouse of Erie, Pa., watching the "Fakir of Ava" give a performance of sleight of hand. Since that time I have seen tens of thousands of bulging-eyed kids watch me with the same fixed gaze of stupefied admiration and awe. For a week afterward, I had day dreams and night dreams of the "Fakir of Ava" and his wonder tricks. They were not tricks to me, but realities. I was consumed with a burning desire to go and do likewise. On Saturday evening the weekly paper fell into my hands, and there, staring me in the eyes was the following advertisement: "Wanted, a small boy as assistant to the Fakir of Ava." The applicants were told to apply the following Monday morning at the magician's country house situated some miles distant in a certain fashionable suburb.

The moment I was released from school I tore breathlessly along the dusty high-road toward Cold Spring, my destination. I entered, finally, a glorious private park, with a driveway leading to a fine mansion. As I passed through the big iron gates, a flushed, dusty, perspiring bit of humanity, a little black dog dashed out from the shrubbery, and with every sign of joy, began bounding before me, rushing back every now and then to jump upon me, licking my hands in an ecstacy of dog welcome. In this fashion I was escorted to the house, and there upon the wide verandah at the head of the steps stood the great man, "the Fakir of Ava."

"Welcome, my lad; you are the boy I've been waiting for," he called out. "You've come for the position—no need to tell me—I know it. It's yours! The sign has been given. A hundred boys have been here to-day. This little dog of mine has snapped and snarled at every one of them. You are the only one he has brought to me. Stay with me, and I'll make as great a magician of you as I am myself!"

Thus it was I started upon my career. The magician of Ava spoke truly—there was no better man in his line of work. I served him faithfully for ten years, first as pupil, then as assistant, and finally as junior partner. We traveled together all over America—East, West, North and South. From a rosy-cheeked, freckled-faced lad I had become a tall young man, experienced, of fair speech, and master of all that could be imparted to me by the "Fakir of Ava."

But I became restless and ambitious. On my twenty-first birthday I announced my intention of starting out for myself.

"Go, my boy," said my dear, old master, with a choke in his voice, "and when you are dead broke, why come back to me."

Well, I started upon my own responsibility, with a small stock of apparatus and a big stock of hope and enthusiasm. Within an incredibly short space of time I was so well broke that my apparatus, an empty box office, and no small share of youthful enthusiasm were in the possession of the sheriff. I was too proud to return to the Fakir of Ava. But I happened to know that the Davenport Bros., the great spiritualists, were conducting public manifestations in a town some fifty miles distant. Necessity made a veritable tramp of me. I stole half the distance on a freight train, and footed the other twenty as best I could on an empty stomach.

I was a sorry-looking sight when I applied for a position, but I employed my most engaging manner and managed to secure a temporary position for a few nights only as doorkeeper. I held the position for one performance only. The next morning with a handful of make-shift apparatus, it did not take long for me to convince the Davenport Bros. that I knew a thing or two. I was given an act and in the course of time I not only became their general manager and stage manager, but added all their spiritual manifestations to my stock in trade. I learned to move tables in a dance over the stage. I mastered the art of spirit raps, of slate messages, of spirit hands ringing bells and beating tambourines in a mysterious cabinet built before the audience's eyes. I learned that our profession was a series of finely contrived tricks—but tricks, tricks, always tricks!

It was in 1875 that Bill Fay, the best man in the company, and I, the stage manager and general utility, decided that we were a sufficiently strong combination to make a separate venture. We toured South America and Mexico and money began to pile up in a glorious way.

Grown wise through past experiences, I deposited my money in a New York banking house. I was determined that I should never go broke again. I was a self-satisfied and well-to-do young man when, on a certain date, I sailed from South America on my way to a French port. Not only had I added to my store of knowledge by all that the conjurors of the country could teach me, but I had saved to such purpose that I was comparatively a wealthy man.

Alas! for the plans of the young and self-satisfied. On Friday, August 13th, our sailing vessel was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. I was picked up from a raft and arrived in France, penniless, without a tool of my trade, and in a few borrowed clothes. But this was not the end of my troubles. On reaching my agents I found a cablegram announcing the loss of my entire fortune through the failure of my American banking house. In spite of my fine resolution, I was broke again.

But I was not destitute of friends. Mr. Morgan, the father of John Pierrepont Morgan, was a chance, but kindly acquaintance. He lent me £100 and was satisfied to take my simple word that I would return it to his son, Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, as soon as I could see my way clear to earn it upon my return to America.

In a short time after my return to New York I was on my feet again. Mr. Alf Hayman, then a young and hustling theatrical man, looking around for a money-making proposition, combined my accumulated knowledge with that of "Ling

Long," a genuine Yankee, but supposed to be a Chinese conjuror. He starred us throughout America—then took us to Australia—and finally to Japan and China. At Hong Kong, Ling Long, my partner, died. I cancelled all engagements. Grief-stricken and more broken up than I had ever been before I decided to go to India.

India! The land of the occult and the mysterious. The country of the wonder priest—the religious fakir! It was a crisis in my life and I approached its mysteries with something of awe and much of reverence. I will admit frankly that for months and even years I assisted dumbfounded and puzzled at the marvelous manifestations of the supernatural given by the priests as a part of their religious worship in the temples of the people. The suspension of a human body in midair, at the command of the conjuror was as great and incomprehensible a mystery to me as it is to any of my audiences who witness it to-day. But I determined to remain in the country until I had mastered the knowledge, natural or supernatural, of its high-caste fakirs. It was a long and hard struggle against an almost impenetrable wall of class and racial prejudice; but the key that locked the fortress of their mysteries was held in my hand when I discovered that the wonders performed by the priests were based on the science of natural laws. The knowledge that in this country is given to the public in inventions of inestimable commercial value is kept secret and exclusive by the Hindu priests and used only to impress the people in the cause of religion.

I learned that what appeared supernatural was merely the application in an ingenious way of some natural law with which I had been familiar from childhood. The fakirs of India perform no miracles—their so-called miracles are tricks and deceptions, inasmuch as they pretend to be miracles. But they are most clever manipulations of those great unchangeable laws of science, brought into subjection to amuse or amaze.

As a curious example of what I mean I remember an occasion when I was exhibiting a simple, but ingenious, trick before a body of professors. A bowl of water in which was a little swan was placed on a table. At my word of command the swan would duck under water. The body of learned men announced themselves as properly amazed, with the exception of the professor of electricity, who suggested that the table concealed a magnet which acted upon the steel swan.

"Very well, sir," I replied, "give me your hat. We'll take away the bowl of water and the swan."

I placed the derby hat upon the table and at my command it began a series of eccentric jumping up and down as though possessed by a demoniacal exhilaration of spirits. The learned professor of electricity admitted his defeat, and to this day undoubtedly repeats the story of his strange experience.

The mystery is simple if once explained. My days of hard luck had taught me that a derby hat, if worn to a certain state of shabbiness will exhibit a bit of steel wire around its outer edge. Many a time I had endeavored to conceal this tell-tale badge of poverty by a coat of ink. This rim of steel charged by the magnet concealed in the table was all I required to work a seeming miracle. This little story tells the whole secret of the conjuror's art. It is that he knows more than the man who is watching him perform the trick.

When all is said and done, the conjuror must first of all win the confidence and sympathy of his audience—for an unsympathetic audience will give the magician a set of fingers so awkward that they seem to him as heavy as so many thumbs. The audience makes the magician. It is the magician's place to make his audience believe that he is a wonder worker—a priest of magic—a dealer in the supernatural, and then he must make his confession and admit he is a player of tricks. Only then will he receive absolution.

THE DRAMA VERSUS THE DOLLAR

A Reply to A. L. P. in May Broadway Magazine

AN art is the highest possible form of human expression. As the spirit is greater than the body, the soul than the animal, so the art is greater than the mechanical or professional function. That it is greater than any manifestation of the commercial instinct is manifest from these premises. Trade and barter are the lowest in the scale of all human pursuits. They have grown great in our day through the artificial necessities of an over-developed civilization.

It has come to pass therefore in the course of this modern age, that a commerce-breeding civilization has almost swamped by its own artificiality and redundance one of the great forms of artistic display. In an era whose only cry is "the dollar" it is little wonder that the commonest of these arts, that which comes nearest to the everyday lives of the whole people, should have been finally ensnared by the commercial genius of the time whose highest form of manifestation is the so-called "trust."

To expect a like unholy incursion into the domain of the other great arts— painting, music and literature— is not at all unnatural, in fact, evidences of the kind so far as music and letters are concerned is already at hand. The drama is, however, the only art which the canker of commerce has thus far invaded with anything like palpable results. The spirit of pure gain has so far entered into the domain of this, the lesser of the four great forms of art, that the business— the term will be pardoned, it is inevitable —of this entire country in stage representation is now practically in the hands of some half dozen gentlemen of commercial enterprise whose headquarters are in New York. Incredible as it may sound, the foregoing statement is exact fact. A fact which could not possibly have been predicted even fifteen years ago.

To explain the swiftness with which this remarkable result has been brought about, it is only necessary to remember that we are all very busy nowadays worshipping commerce ourselves, in fact, we are slaves of the lamp for ten hours or more daily; and that the workings of the theatrical octopus are unnoted and uncared for by our weary brains and bodies as we sink into our orchestra chairs eager only for what the scene reveals as the curtain rises. Who after all cares to bother himself with inspecting the kitchen so long as the dinner is well cooked and served? And most certainly most of us know less about theatrical management than we do about cooking. And we all feel infinitely surer to a man that we could acquire a diploma as chef-de-cuisine a dozen times over than we could learn to run a theatre. So to these half dozen gentlemen of pronounced proclivities for gain by the Thespian route, is delegated the drama in America to-day. From Dan to Beersheba, from Eastport to Los Angles, the theatrical trust is all powerful. It is the first instance in the history of all time of an art being concontrolled with purely "legitimate" business ends in view.

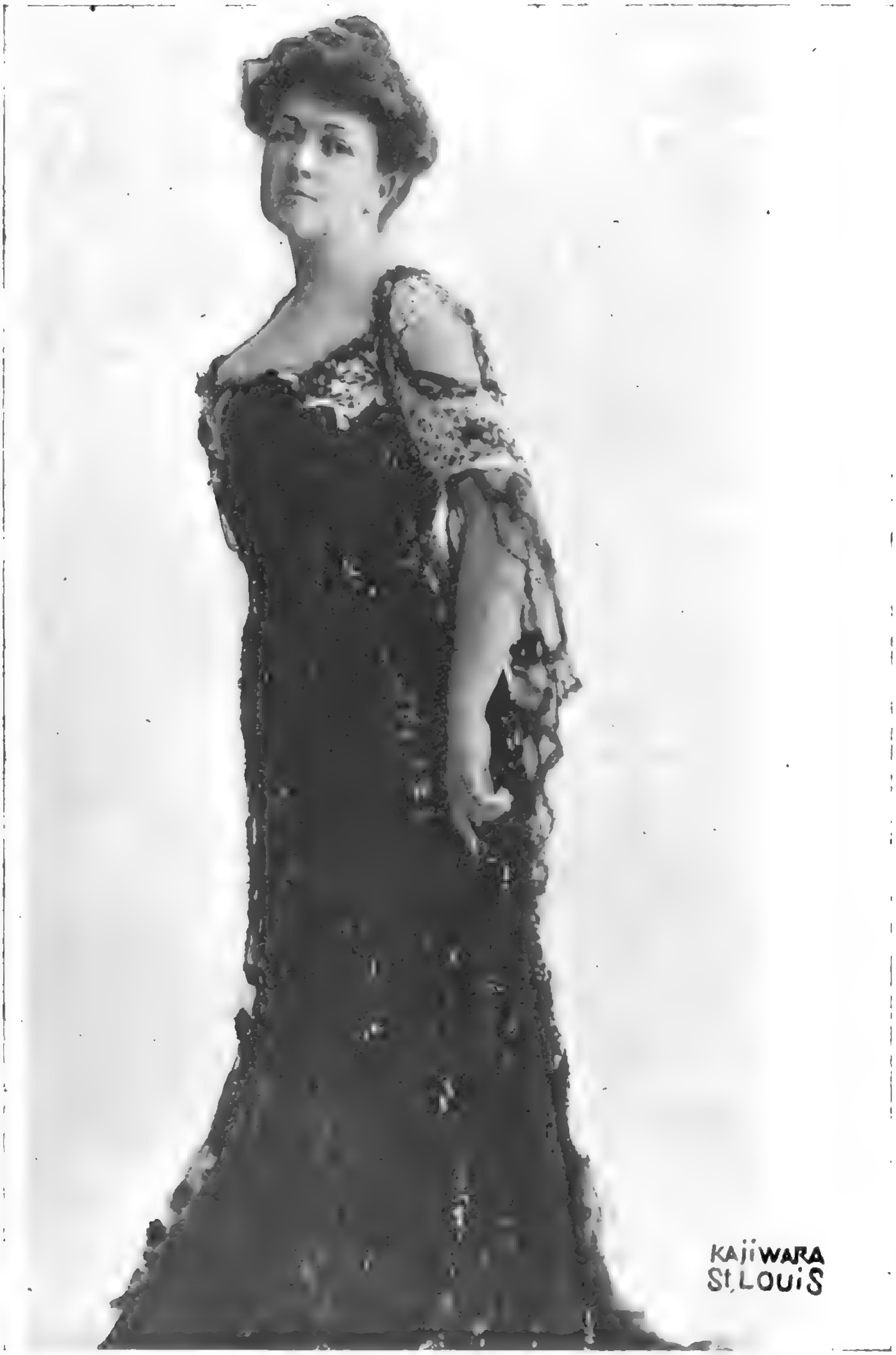
But, after all, the statement is a mockery, for an art cannot be so controlled. By its very nature, by the exigencies of the conditions which give it expression, it must remain free and untrammeled of commonplace laws. Thus, by the limitation of the artificial, overheated commercial conditions which have produced the theatrical trust, that august entity will fade away with them. The theatrical trust was born with the present generation and it will pass away with its manes. Its current glory is great and its tale promises on the future page of this commercial era to rival the history of Standard Oil. For 'tis an art, remark you, Messieurs, that is captured and enchained. An art, not an oil, nor an oleomargarine. And quite the boldest and most splendid in its assurance and promises of all the trusts is the theatrical trust of America. Only less than some half dozen pale artists, but these by the way happen to be the very cream of the dramatic profession, remain alive outside of its circumflected grasp to-day;—at once a protest and the germ of future promise. There are besides a couple of prominent managers.

As a matter of plain statement the units of the entire opposition can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. This means that the trust controls every theatre of importance in America, saving only two in New York City. That it dictates terms to metropolitan and provincial managers alike and has every important star, with less than half a dozen exceptions, fairly in its coils. That the entire foreign market for plays, the principal source of American supply is controlled by the trust absolutely. That the services of nearly every actor in America are wholly at its beck and call. That to be "sent for by Frohman" means nowadays what "signed with Booth" meant a generation ago. The difference being a difference of art wholly. To sign with Booth meant a liberal education in the highest walks of the drama. To sign with Frohman means just the opposite. It means that the signer is not an actor in the old liberal sense at all, but an intelligent automaton whose physical and mental characteristics have cast him in a certain mold.

"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." This is the supreme dictum of the theatrical trust to the actor. And it all means a complete evolution in the professional idea.

It means that the profession as an art has vanished for the time being, excepting in stray places. The inevitable end, the apotheosis, the summit of it all, will be the actor of one part only. And finally that one actor who like Camille Flammarion's "last man," will sit and sigh over the total ruin of his art. That is, if it ever gets that far. But it will not. No form of art can be destroyed. It can be submerged or choked under, but it cannot perish.

As against this condition of things in America we have subsidized art and the greatest possible stimulus to freedom of production in the older countries. We, who call ourselves a free nation, find we are indeed in the grasp of a six-headed tyrant so far as that great art the drama is concerned. Is it the natural reaction from too much freedom? Is it the awful stimulus of the centuries of poverty out of which we are born which makes the gospel of gold the only real creed of the hour? In whatever way the question can be answered economically there is but one ethical answer. The theatrical trust is wrong. Wrong in its inception, its workings and its results. Because from first to last its direct tendency is to throttle an art and destroy the liberty and blight the progress of a classical form of human expression. And if man in his highest form is only the servant of art, then is the theatrical trust the most culpable manifestation of the spirit of commercial greed which that Moloch Mammon has thus far produced. The beef trust, the oil trust, the sugar trust, play at dice with the devil for gain of our bodies. The theatrical trust with a potent form of art as the stake, hazards for our souls.


KAJIWARA
ST. LOUIS

MISS BLANCHE BATES, POSED BY THE JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER, KAJIWARA.

THE RÔLE AND THE SOUL

By Blanche Bates

I HAVE been Yo San, the little Japanese maiden in "The Darling of the Gods," for three long seasons. It seems to me that I have been playing the rôle for the term of my natural life. For six evenings a week and two afternoons, not counting innumerable rehearsals, I have been living, thinking and having my being in the joys and sorrows of an assumed yet peculiarly real experience—into which I bring all that I possess of training, routine, temperament and talent.

The question of how much a rôle takes possession of the soul of the actor who interprets it and colors his real personality is a curious and interesting one. There are actors and actresses who through iliosyncrasies of individuality become so identified with certain rôles that when one meets them off the stage, one is thoroughly impressed with the not-to-be-ignored fact that a "part that fits" is oftentimes another name for genius and success. The real test of the divine spark is in an all-around illuminating quality. Every rôle becomes diffused with the God-given radiance. Stock work will always be the touchstone not only of histrionic interpretation, but of dramatic standards. It carries to life and fruition all that is vital and possible of fruitage. It brings to my mind the homely fact that if one keeps a potato with many primising eyes under proper condition, every eye that is going to sprout, puts forth shoots, and within a short time one can calculate to a certainty on the outcome.

My experience with "long runs" is a limited one in comparison to those many others on the stage—for instance, the late Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," the late James Herne in "Shore Acres" and Denman Thompson, who is still appearing in "The Old Homestead," all of whose seasons have covered twenty and thirty years. But speaking personally, it seems to me, that after an unusually long run, one acquires the mannerisms of a rôle. The actor's soul—the ego—is left intact. In other words the effect is only skin deep.

I may be mistaken, for I have never entered very deeply into the psychology of the question, but I am convinced that one is always master of the emotions one is able to portray with deliberate intent and calculation. A negro never depicts the unctuous and humorous touches of his people as a white man. An Irishman, who is typical of his race, would never be selected for the Irish comedian on the stage. A man, a slave to drink, is not the best interpreter of a drunkard. A girl of fifteen fails utterly as an ingenue, and the best interpreter of a child on the stage is a young woman of at least twenty-five. A woman of ungovernable temper cannot portray the shrew with a judicious amount of self-poise and mastery of herself. Interpretation is more than understanding and vision—it is selection and calculation. It is more than that. It is *Suggestion,* and suggestion is the finest and most subtle quality in the conveyance of a desired effect.

Because as Yo San I depict the tiny mind, the tiny emotions and the tiny figure of the immature child-woman, it does not, by any means, presuppose that I have a half-formed mind, any more than I am five feet in height, when as a matter of fact, I am five feet seven. By force of suggestion, I appear small, just as a homely woman, with sufficient suggestive force, can appear beautiful to her audiences when she plays the rôle of a beautiful woman. Wilton Lackaye, by the way, as Svengali, suggests with marvelous wit that he is possessed of hypnotic powers—as a matter of fact he could not hypnotize a fly, to put it crudely, while an experienced hypnotist, minus the art of a Lackaye, would most probably fail utterly in the rôle.

KAJIWARA
ST LOUIS

MISS BATES FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH.

While I am no more of a Japanese woman than one who has never played the rôle, I find that I have unconsciously acquired a few superficial mannerisms. I oftentimes clap my hands in a fit of abstraction, when I call my maid, and I have formed the habit of holding my thumbs in the palms of my hands, as is the custom of the Japanese maiden to denote purity and reverence. In the same way, after a few seasons of "Under Two Flags" I discovered that it was difficult for me to act otherwise than the girl-boy—I strutted about like a noisy lad. This, I admit, was a return to those not so far-off days when I was something of a merry hoyden—and had to be reminded by my gentle mother that I was "grown up" and a "young lady."

Let those who can, explain why a continued interpretation of vicious rôles in no wise affects the innate nobility and goodness of a character. The rôle is put on and thrown off like a garment. Those who have impersonated with most convincing art such characters as Shylock, Louis XI, Iago, the villain in "The Moor of Venice," or any other of the great villains of the classics, have been men of more than ordinary liberality of mind and philanthropy. The unreal has never any kinship with the real. The two are as far apart as the poles. Truth only can reach the soul. The greatest wretch on the face of the earth would never by any chance elect to appear as the interpreter of a villain, for the simple reason, he would not be sufficient master of his motives and passions to suggest them with conviction. He is their slave, and driven here and there as a feather in a whirlpool. How then has he the power to direct the exact course and the momentum of his storm-tossed soul?

On the other hand, it seems to me (for again I repeat I have never given the subject my serious consideration) that there is something within us that responds to noble utterances. I am positive that no actor or actress could continually interpret great heroic rôles, without absorbing something fine and good from the mere repetition in speech and action of great thoughts and praiseworthy deeds. Just as the voice of the Shakespearian actor becomes sonorous and musical, and his carriage noble and majestic.

This must be that we have only fallen from grace, and need only an incentive to turn us toward our natural state of perfection, known to Adam in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps I might say with truth that we are always more heroic than we appear, and always less of a sinner than we act; therefore the actor must be judged by the art of the noble things he interprets before his audiences, and be considered conqueror of the evil he portrays with harrowing realism. He is never a villain, save through his art in a given rôle. He is always a hero because of his soul.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

By R. S. Phillips

HE was utterly at variance with his surroundings, the one note out of harmony with the perfect chord.

A vivid sunset flushed in the sky, a soft, airy breeze brought the spicy fragrance of June roses and heliotrope from the old-fashioned garden beyond the white picket fence. Summer, the temptress, had spread her sinuous snare in all directions. The twilight breathed wayward desire, tempted to outlaw love. And he—he hated it. He hated humanity and humanity's emotions. He wanted the vague sadness of autumn, the chill bitterness of winter. Dame Summer, he thought, with sarcastic amusement wavering the corners of his stern lips, was wasting her allurements. He was not to be caught with chaff. She could not instill into his heart romantic boy thoughts and longings for the soft madness of love. Houri forms and eyes of mocking witchery might be for others, but for him, Ross North, there was naught but the barrenness, the dross, the husks of life.

He filled his pipe as he wandered on aimlessly, and paused to strike a match on the picket fence. When the pipe was lit, he leaned against the fence, smoking meditatively, moodily. Yes, the world—his world—had all gone wrong because one pair of lips——

Something soft, and warm, and fragrant, blotted out the sunset above the sky line of cedars. "Guess who?" whispered a voice, very tenderly.

He put up his free hand and felt the other hand, small, feminine, dainty, which blinded his eyes. His expression grew angrily sarcastic. June had dared to introduce the Eternal Feminine into the warp and woof of her scheme.

"I don't care to guess. Take your hand away," he said, curtly.

"Is his lordship pleased to be angry?" whispered the voice. "Really, naughtily angry on a night like this; a night made——"

"A night made, I presume, for mosquitoes and inane nonsense," North finished, coldly. "However, I care nothing about the night except to spend it in solitude."

"Fie! Fie! My lord!"

The hand was withdrawn, and immediately after, a something swung lightly over the picket fence, and "she" was bowing before him in the white dust of the road.

Bitterly angry as he was, Ross North admitted the charm of the bit of femininity before him. She was small and slender and dainty, like a wind flower, or a vagrant little poppy adrift in a sea of young corn. Her eyes were large, grey, haunting; her lips a dash of scarlet flecked with white as they parted in a saucy smile and showed tiny, even teeth. Her gown, misty black, low necked and sleeveless and long, sweeping the dust of the highway, suited her to perfection. A long, white scarf of some transparent material was thrown carelessly over one shoulder and twisted about one dimpled arm, and in the masses of her dark hair a bit of red geranium burnt vividly.

"Are you angry—still?" she laughed.

The laugh held a note of triumph, a sureness of her power to conquer. It closed the little rift in North's icy armor that her unexpected loveliness had made. He turned away carelessly.

"No, not angry; simply bored. I dislike women who make advances—who lay themselves open to insult."

Her eyes grew black with anger. "How dare you! How dare you!" she breathed, through gritted teeth. Then a childish petulance swept across her mobile features. "I was dreaming. It was a midsummer's night's dream. You have spoiled it all—you, who were to have been its knight, its hero. Go! I hate you!"

North felt uncomfortable—a brute.

"I'm sorry," he began, awkwardly. "I didn't mean to be quite so rude."

"You have heard, without doubt, the axiom about actions, etc. I don't need to quote it. Spend your evening alone, then, and regret when I am gone."

She waved one long end of the white scarf in an airy "good bye" and was sweeping daintily away. His curiosity and love of fair women won a signal victory. He started forward impulsively.

"Let us dream it out together," he suggested, whimsically.

"I care nothing about the night except to spend it in solitude," she mocked, over her shoulder, and North started. The echo of his own voice came to him.

"Now, didn't it sound rather rude?" she commented, as she continued to walk slowly away.

"I felt rude. I wanted to be rude. But if I say I'm truly sorry——"

North hesitated.

"I wouldn't believe you," she protested.

Then she wheeled with a delicious laugh, rippling and clear cadenced. "But just the same I am going to forgive. It suits my mood to do so."

She came close to him, and laid a slender hand lightly on his arm. The lingering twilight was almost gone, and he could only half discern the laughter in her eyes.

"Beyond those cedars are sand dunes, and beyond the sand dunes is the sea. Will you come with me? Or shall I go alone?"

"I will come," he answered, following an irresistible impulse.

There was barely light enough among the trees to enable them to see their way. He was unused to the ground and trudged stolidly. But she danced along, a veritable will-o-the-wisp, flitting, shadowy, in her sombre robes.

When they came to the dunes, the last wavering glory of the sunset flashed up into the sky and vanished. The waves of sand rose, grey and forbidding, before them. Now and again could be seen the sheen of pools of brackish water. The "boom boom" of the sea sounded sharply just beyond. Here was melancholy, and only the soft air suggested June. The world seemed to have changed, grown old, dismal.

"Isn't it fascinating?" half whispered the girl.

"It is dreary," he answered, in a hushed voice. "The rose garden was better."

"Wait!" she laughed. "Beyond—is the sea."

Involuntarily they paused at the top of the last dune. The narrow beach was just visible to their straining eyes. Along its ragged edge the breakers struck unevenly, a serpent of foam. Then, for a brief moment, darkness was all about them.

The girl's soft, warm fingers found his and clung to them, half appealingly. He drew her nearer until she was resting against his shoulder. The thrill of the contact angered him, and he sobered his pulses by a supreme effort of will.

A tiny rim of silver peeped above the waste of tumbling water. Then, suddenly, the moon threw a gleaming pathway across the waves, a pathway that seemed to lead straight to them.

The girl laughed elfishly, and drew away from his encircling.

"I was foolish to be frightened. I love them! I love them! The dear old moon and the sober sea!"

She tossed the filmy sweep of her gown across one dimpled arm, and ran down the slope in an abandon of rapture, the buckles of her little slippers twinkling radiantly as she sped.

North caught the infection and raced after her.

At the water's very edge they stopped, breathless. The waves receded, and the next breakers swept wildly in as they stood there. He drew her back, out of reach of the tumbling froth of foam and into his arms.

"Tell me your name, little sprite," he said, with a queer unsteadiness in his strong voice.

She smiled up into his eyes saucily.

"Titania! Will that do? As for yours—I do not care. I shall call you 'Man.' But see!" she went on, deftly slipping from the shelter of his embrace. "My slippers are all wet. And what will the girlie do now, poor thing?"

"We will make a fire—a beach fire—and dry them."

"You will make the fire," she corrected. "Titania was made to rule, not for such a mundane thing as work. And building fires is man's prerogative."

A little farther along the shore he found a tangle of cedar boughs, and dragged them to where she sat on a grey log half buried in the shifting sands. She had wound the long scarf around and around her shoulders

"I shall be glad of the fire," she said, with a little ghost of a shiver. "The grand, grey old sea does not approve of my costume, for he's sent a chill breeze my way."

He stripped off his coat and wrapped it about her.

"I hate to do it—it spoils the picture," he whispered, and his breath came rather unevenly. "But Titania must not indulge in a chill."

Then he turned away resolutely and began to place the cedar boughs ready for lighting. He would not—he dared not—allow the charm of the time, the girl, and the surroundings to gain the mastery.

The first match spluttered and went out, the second did likewise. As the third flamed and died away impotently, Titania deserted her throne with a gleeful chuckle and danced across the gleaming sand to his side.

"I know a blissful little cove," she rippled. "It's about a quarter of a mile from here. It's a sheltered spot, almost ideal, and I believe—I'm not quite sure, though—that I left a rug there to-day. The fire would burn beautifully, and we could watch the moon and sea and be content."

Again North felt that sense of useless anger sweep over him. He did not wish to yield to the lotus witchery of the hour and let himself drift with the tide of circumstance. One woman had made him play the fool, and this girl——

But "this girl's" light, compelling touch was on his arm now, and her fascination was too strong to control his saner instincts.

"Where is this cove?" he asked, shortly.

"Follow me," she commanded, "and bring the boughs."

And so he followed blindly where she led.

The moon was high in the heavens now, the beach a shining path stretching away, away, to a land of dream glory. Titania had not exaggerated the charms of the cove. It was tucked away in the broken line of dunes, sheltered by them from the chill wind, but with none of the beauties of sea and sky shut out. A grey rug with a gay scarlet border lay in a heap near the entrance.

The girl pounced upon this rapturously. "Bring the boughs here, quick," she cried, with the pleased excitement of a child. "I can hardly wait. The crackling red of the fire will add the one touch needful."

She tossed aside North's coat with an impatient gesture, and fastened the trailing length of her gown deftly out of her way with a golden dagger that gleamed in her corsage. Then she spread the gay bordered rug where the greatest wealth of golden light lay, and helped North stack the wood ready for lighting in the faint shadow opposite. In a brief time the dry branches were crackling merrily.

She sighed contentedly.

"Come! Let us sit on the rug, and be blissfully happy for awhile, forgetting that the world is a hollow mockery, and our dolls stuffed with sawdust, and that our idols have feet of clay."

She subsided into a pretty fluff of black and white, and North threw his six feet two of brawn and muscle down beside her. For a moment they watched the hungry flames creep in and out among the boughs in silence. Then he looked up into her face.

"Tell me about yourself, you strange child. You are a witch, I know; but I want to know more about you than just that."

"I am what you would be pleased to think me. Don't descend to personalities. This is a dream hour, and they are so few, so very few. I shall ask no questions—you must not. All I know, all I care, is that you are my knight, my loyal knight, without fear, without reproach."

"Don't indulge in ideals. They never ring true after the first hour or so. I have so many failings, such glaring faults——"

"You have no faults," she insisted, with a resolute hand on his lips.

North kissed the pink palm that was checking his power of speech. When it was withdrawn, he laughed, good-humoredly.

"Have it your own way, little girl," he said. His voice was like a caress.

"Laugh again," she commanded.

From sheer surprise North obeyed.

"It's a great pity you don't do that oftener." Her tone was serious, but mischievous amusement twinkled in the depths of the grey eyes. "I like your laugh. There's a world of cheer and comfort in it."

North sat up resolutely.

"Titania, I think I had better take you back to the rose garden and civilization, and continue this acquaintance in the sober light of day. You are probably immune, but every moment is fraught with added danger for me."

"With danger?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"Yes, the danger of learning to think of you until I could not forget," he answered, soberly.

"I do not want you to forget." Her voice held nothing of its lilting mockery now. "Why should you? I shall remember you always. When the fire dies, we will go back to the world of stern realities. It will not be long. The boughs burn so quickly. But until then, there is only the sea and the sand, the moon and you and I."

He kissed the rosy palm again, and then the slender wrist above it.

"It shall be as you say. And back in the world I will try——"

"You are dealing in futures. You must not. Forget everything save the brilliant bauble of the present. To-morrow is the world's—but this time is our own—our very own."

North's personality began to respond to her fanciful mood.

"We will make it our hour, whether the world is willing or not. You are the queen of this fair realm, and I your loving, loyal servant."

He leaped to his feet and executed an extravagant bow; then, kneeling, took both the small hands in his and kissed them.

"Arise, O Knight of the Sounding Sea! It is our royal pleasure to make you king."

"And the token of my lady's favor?" questioned North.

Again that enchanting, rippling, infectious laugh! She drew the bit of scarlet geranium from among her dark hair and fastened it in the lapel of his coat.

"Even after it has faded and become dust, and land and sea divide us, this flower, O Sir Knight, shall be a lasting bond between us who have reigned in the world of dreams together."

"So be it," whispered North, reverently. He kissed her hands again. He had quite forgotten his desire to resist. He started to arrange the rug more comfortably about her feet, and his hands touched something small and cold and wet.

"Your slippers! Your precious slippers, my queen! Will you allow me?"

She nodded a gracious assent. North slowly, lingeringly, unbuttoned the wonderful bits of soft kid and gleaming buckles and drew them off gently.

"You are Cinderella's own cousin, surely," he said, as he placed them near the crackling boughs.

She laughed and tucked the silken stockings under the fluff of her gown. "Remember what a wee girl I am."

"But even a wee girl must not catch cold. Are you sure that you are warm enough? Don't you want my coat again?"

"No; I am like toast near this blissful fire. My scarf is all I need." She wound it about her as she spoke.

"You are the lady of the sea now, caught in a bit of drifting mist."

"The rug is wide enough for two," she murmured, irrelevantly.

"I am lost in a maze of wondering admiration. Dare I venture near? Am I not destined, if I do, to become hopelessly entangled in the toils of a siren?"

Nevertheless, in spite of his words, he sat down beside the siren.

"It is a perfect world," he sighed, contentedly, his gaze fastened on the fair vision beside him.

" 'Would we not shatter it to bits and mould it nearer to our heart's desire?' " she quoted, softly, her eyes following the waverings of the spiteful little flames.

North studied her reflectively. The red light of the fire threw a rosy glow over the small head with its masses of sombre hair, over the white neck and arms outlined beneath the mistiness of the scarf. Impulsively he put his strong right arm about her.

"Make believe you are chilly—I must have some excuse."

She nestled her head on the broad shoulder.

"I don't need to make believe. The other was—about the scarf being warm."

Her eyes shot a dancing gleam into his, then went back to the fiery boughs.

"Titania! Titania! You wonderful midget! An hour ago I would not have believed it—I was done with all of you. And yet—I love you! I love you!" he whispered, fervently.

Bending, he brushed the sombre hair lightly with his lips. Her scarlet mouth, just beyond, tempted him sorely, but he did not dare. He felt it would be a trust betrayed.

A cold little hand slipped into his broad palm, and his warm fingers closed over and imprisoned it.

"An hour ago," she answered, slowly, "I thought you rude. And now——"

She paused.

"And now," insisted North.

"You are the knight of the land of my heart's desire."

"And you"—North's voice was eager —"you *are* my heart's desire."

"Ah! Man! Man!" whispered the girl in a sweetly sad tone, "How like a man—and yet, ah, yes; I would not have you otherwise. See, though, the fire is dying. It is almost time for us to awaken."

"Wait!"

North tore off his coat, wrapped it about her, swung to his feet with the dexterity of a trained athlete and vanished. Almost before the girl had time to begin to wonder, he reappeared. His arms were filled with a fragrant burden of boughs. These he threw carefully upon the fainting flames with a triumphant laugh.

"At least I have won so much from time. You said 'when the fire dies.' "

"I had not counted on your resource. But strategy cannot be allowed again."

The tone rebuked a trifle, the smile that accompanied it was sunny and warm and bright.

"And, yes, the tide is creeping in. I could not cheat again even had I not exhausted my stock of fuel. But I have won a little by my hazard. Are you glad?"

He lifted the little slippers reverently and, kneeling, placed them on the slender feet stretched out toward him.

"We may have to run for it—at the very last," he warned, with a glance at the nearer creeping line of foam. "But we will not do so till the very last. You are not afraid?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"No, not with you."

"And that I cheated time? You have not answered. Are you glad?"

"Yes."

Again he imprisoned her hands in his strong clasp.

"I love you, little mite. Will you let me tell you of it—of just what you are to me?"

"Yes," she answered again. Her cheeks flamed scarlet.

"I was cynical, tired, disgusted. You came and made life sweet and true and right again. All my days I shall bless you for it. I was ready to give up the battle—because of a woman. But now the old desire to win has come back to me—because of a woman—because of you. Do you wonder that I love you?

Do you marvel, distrust, when I say that this love cannot die?"

"No," she whispered, her eyes blinded by a mist of tender tears. Oh, my dear! my dear! This is what I have always wanted to be to some man, an inspiration —a help. And, oh, I do believe you! How could I distrust! All our lives have tended toward this hour. In all the coming years we will never forget."

With an angry hiss one unusually daring breaker vented its spite on the darting flames. The next one lapped the edge of the grey and scarlet rug. But the man and the girl did not heed them. It was the all too brief moment when mortals behold Paradise.

At last he realized. He was on his feet in an instant, and lifted her up beside him.

"We shall have to run for it," he cried, gaily.

"But I am not afraid." And her eyes held not one trace of fear.

Deftly he took her in his arms.

"This would make dying worth while," he breathed.

She slipped one arm about his neck. The waves retreated a little. In a thrice he was out of the cove, racing along the wet, gleaming sand. The last angry hiss of the fire mingled with the roar of the next breaker. But they were beyond the line now, and it only spattered harmlessly over his faultlessly clad feet.

"All the court of Arthur could not have boasted a worthier knight," she laughed, as he placed her safe on the bit of dry beach.

"And all the courts of the great, wide world could not have boasted a fairer lady."

"Will you promise the lady one thing?"

She looked so tiny, and yet so regal, silhouetted against the grey vagueness of the desolate dunes. North bowed his acquiescence.

"Will you always keep up the fight? Will you promise not to let anything, anybody, turn you aside—make any difference?"

"What would I not promise, what would I not dare, for you?"

The light that is never on sea or land shone in North's eyes.

"But—do you promise?"

"Yes, yes, always."

His tone was resolute, finite.

Her eyes filled with a shining glory.

"I shall always know if you are failing. But you will not fail. For you and I that word is no longer significant. We left it in the disappointing world—and now its power is gone forever."

"Titania! My darling!"

He drew her nearer, into his arms, against his heart. The world was a wonderful, glittering chaos of love. For a long moment she rested there, content. Then she drew away a little, and raised her eyes to his. The scarlet mouth tempted him again, and, reading no denial in her eyes, he bent and pressed his lips to hers.

"And now it is late—and you are tired. We will go over the hills of sand, back to the rose garden. And to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow never comes, you foolish man. It is always to-day, or to-night—or the present. But before we leave this magic land, I want to take one good look at you. Stand quite still now, while I catch a mental snap shot."

She was again the rollicking sprite of the first moments of their acquaintance. Laughing, she danced a little away from him.

"Yes," she commented, "you are good to look at—tall and brown and strong. I like your eyes. I like your laugh. And you are to remember always that—I love you. Now wait."

North waited. A quizzical, adoring smile had replaced the sarcastic dissatisfaction of his rather stern mouth. A moment of almost absolute silence, and then the small hands shut out sea and sky and glistening sand.

"Guess who?" said her dearly tender voice.

"The girl of my heart," he whispered. He turned almost with a groan and caught her in his arms. "Will you ever forgive my rudeness—the way I would have put you out of my life?"

"Will you ever forgive the way I would not be put out of it?"

For answer, he gathered her up in his arms, and kissed her eyes and lips and hair, over and over and over again. At last she commanded:

"Put me down now, you strong man."

North obeyed. The moon skurried behind one of the tiny clouds that were beginning to float in the clear blue of the sky.

"Now close your eyes and wait."

It seemed but a second of time when her voice sounded in the distance, above and beyond—"Good bye." The cadence of it was mournful. He wheeled suddenly, a vague fear making him draw his breath sharply. He caught a glimpse of her on the crest of the first sand hill, and then she was gone. Blindly, madly, he tore over the sand and up the yielding slope. At the top he paused, uncertainly. Yes, there was the gleam of her white scarf to the left. A great, ragged, angry cloud obscured the moon, leaving him with only a sense of direction as a guide. He managed somehow to reach the point where he had seen her last. The scarf! He had it in his hands.

"You witch! How you frightened me!"

He put out his arms. They clasped a dry bush. Then once more the golden light made the way plain. Away and away in the distance he heard again the sobbing note of her "Good bye." He could not locate the sound. It might be here—it might be there.

"Titania! Titania!" he shouted, wildly, desperately.

But only the multitudinous echoes among the grey dunes answered his cry.

A MEMORY OF JOE JEFFERSON

By Martha Nelson Yenowine McCan

THE passing of dear old Joe Jefferson brings to my mind a little supper that was given for Mr. Jefferson at the old Pendennis Club in Louisville by George H. Yenowine, then of the *Louisville Courier Journal*. The guests at this little entertainment were, of course, first and foremost, Joe Jefferson; Eugene Field, who was as well known and well beloved in the theatrical profession as any in the fold, and Sol Smith Russell, the celebrated character actor. Mr. Field was *en route* from New Orleans, where he had been spending the winter, stopping over in Louisville to visit his friend, Mr. Yenowine, whose country home was just out of town. Sol Smith Russell was passing through Louisville on his way to his home in Minneapolis, at the close of a long season. Mr. Jefferson was making a spring tour of the South, in his private car, playing only one night in each large city, and taking his time in going from one place to another. It is needless to say that the houses were always packed whenever and wherever he played, for everybody has always had a soft spot in their hearts for Rip Van Winkle. When Mr. Yenowine and Mr. Field asked Mr. Jefferson if he would take supper with them after the performance, Mr. Jefferson said, "Yes; if there will be no function," and when he was assured there would be no one there except his friends, Mr. Field and Mr. Russell, he accepted with pleasure.

Mr. Yenowine, knowing that after the exertion of playing Mr. Jefferson would be apt to be hungry, asked him what would suit him best in the way of a supper. Mr. Jefferson replied, as he was to be in the hands of his friends, and he could have just what he wanted most, he would like some beefsteak and onions, and a glass of whiskey. This was cheerfully provided, with a few extras for the others, who had not been working and did not require such a heavy diet. All of the party except Mr. Jefferson were staying at the Louisville Hotel, and as we passed through the main office on the way to the theatre, Mr. Field stopped to listen to a phonograph. Curious enough, the first thing he heard was a recitation by Sol Smith Russell, who, as he listened to it, said in the words of the Mother Goose rhyme, "Oh, deary me, can this be I?" for he asserted so far as he knew he had never recited for the benefit of the phonograph man. The next roll was the ravings of poor John McCullough in an insane asylum. This gave us all the horrors, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that possibly they were not real any more than Mr. Russell's recitation.

Rip Van Winkle was, as always, a perfect delight, and we wept and laughed at our dear old friend's sorrows and joys. The house was crowded to the door, with box office closed, and Mr. Jefferson received a perfect ovation. That evening, at the close of the performance, in one of the private dining-rooms of the Pendennis Club, with Henry, the head man, who is known far and wide by *bon vivants,* to serve us, there were, as one might well imagine, many clever and interesting stories told. Mr. Jefferson was in one of his happiest moods, which made it most enjoyable for the rest of us. Apropos of autograph seekers, Mr. Jefferson said he was besieged at one time by a certain person, who shall be nameless, for his autograph. He thought he would test the genuineness of this desire, so he issued a pass for two seats for that night, signed by himself, and awaited results. As he expected, that night when the box office receipts were counted, the looked-for pass with the much-coveted autograph was handed in.

The following story was told by a member of the party about Mr. Jefferson, who at one time was supposed to be in California, and went into a bank to get a draft cashed. The cashier, who had no doubt spent most of his time in the far West, said, after examining the draft:

"We cannot let you have any money on this unless you are identified, as we do not know you."

Mr. Jefferson looked around and said:

"If my dog Schnieder was here he would know me."

Whereupon the cashier handed him his money.

Another story came after this: At one time Jefferson's son, whom he called Willie, was away from home, and was in need of some money; he telegraphed his father for five hundred dollars. Mr. Jefferson's reply to this message was, "What for?" The answer came at once, in few but expressive words, "For Willie."

After these anecdotes were told Mr. Jefferson was asked if they really happened; he said in his own sweet, gentle way: "They are like a great many others that are repeated about me—very good, but not true.

At a late hour we adjourned, all getting into one carriage, Mr. Jefferson returning to his car.

This was not many years ago; but all these well-known men are gone, the one woman present is the only person out of the little number left. The first to go was Mr. Field, so well known for his "Sharps and Flats" and for his child verses; next, the host, George H. Yenowine, who had just signed with *Scribner's* to write the true life of Mr. Field, when he was taken; then Sol Smith Russell, who was several years breaking down, and oldest of all but the last to go was our good friend, Joe Jefferson, who always will be thought of with the pleasantest memories by everybody as Rip Van Winkle.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL STORY

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

"CONVENTIONALITY," said Musgrove, "is the course of modern society." The house party at "Ardenhal," the country home of Jane Elmore's father, had been a great success. An exceedingly congenial company of young folks had gathered there for two weeks of pleasure, and with boating, dancing, golfing, and the dozen other things which go to make up a good time for youthful blood and care-free minds, the days had passed merrily for one and all. Jane had invited Howard Musgrove after considerable deliberation. She had known him but slightly, but he was a young author whose work was beginning to be recognized in the highest circles, and she felt that his presence would lend a certain prestige. He came, and while he was agreeable and courteous he never pushed himself forward, and so was left pretty much to himself. Wednesday night of the second week was the big ball, and as Musgrove did not dance, his hostess thought it her duty to sit out some of the numbers with him. They were on the piazza now which faced the river, and he was speaking, in his slow, deep, measured voice.

"Whichever way you turn you soon bump your head into a wall, or get pricked on a barbed wire fence. No cayuse was ever more completely circumscribed by the limits of his corral than we poor mortals are to-day by the restrictions which conventionality has thrown about our actions and our speech. We are hampered, tortured by these foolish laws which custom establishes and which none of us have the courage to disregard. How often am I tempted to thrust them aside and be free!"

He sat firmly on his chair, his feet flat on the floor, his knees slightly apart. One hand rested lightly on his leg; one arm was stretched along the top of the railing of the piazza. The girl before him thought that she had never seen so powerful a man. His form was not bulky, but he was tall, with shoulders like a slab of stone and proportions with which the eye could find no fault. He was a strong man, physically and mentally. There was strength in the poise of his head, in his slightest gesture, in his very breathing, which made his shining shirt front to crackle with each respiration. He was the embodiment of calm power. Jane had felt drawn towards him from the first day. He was courteous to her, nothing more.

"I fear we should quickly run to barbarism," she answered, " if there were no canons of society to hold us in proper bounds."

"Not at all," he assured her. "We should get the truest thoughts and feelings from each other. Silly platitudes would become extinct; original ideas would perforce be born; society would be revolutionized into a truth, instead of being what it is—a sham! The young woman who overwhelms you to-night with meaningless chatter about the perfectly gorgeous time she has had would tell you instead that she enjoyed part of the evening, but that she had been present at a great many more delightful affairs. The young man who smirks at you and vows unreservedly that you are the queen of entertainers would tell you of the hour or two when he was bored to death with a wall-flower, and no one would come to his relief. A pair of lovers who felt duty bound to sit where the light would fall partly upon them would be strolling that path along the cliff of the river, listening to the music of the water and marveling at the magic of the moon. Don't you see? There would be fewer broken hearts and fewer false friends if conventionality did not force deception. How can one be true to one's self or to others in such an atmosphere?"

She strove to controvert him, but she

had no cause to fight. He had told the truth.

"Do you live this doctrine, Mr. Musgrove?" she asked, instead.

"As far as I can, and that accounts, in a way, for my unpopularity. I cannot be utterly rude, and so I am silent a great many times when I refuse to compromise my conscience."

"Light a cigar, please," she said, with sudden irrelevance. "I like the odor as it would reach me here."

He complied, silently, and tossed the match over the railing. Where they were sitting the light was dim, and he could not see the wondering expression on her face.

"Do you speak those sentiments promiscuously?" she inquired.

"No; people would call me a fool. I write them sometimes, and they seem to make my stories go. After a while the world will wake to its folly. I have no wish to pose as a reformer. They are commencing a new waltz. Wouldn't you rather join your other guests than sit out here and listen to a crank?"

"They seem to be doing well enough without me; I am interested."

"Thank you. You are the first woman to whom I have ever dared to speak this way."

"I have something to propose," she returned, and beneath the shadow of her hair he saw a smile curling her pretty mouth. "Let's drop conventionality for to-night—just you and I, and see what the result will be?"

He laughed; a soft, musical chest laugh.

"I fear our friendship would be gone when the evening ended."

"Oh, no! Let's try it. I believe I'm a sensible person. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; I have the greatest respect for your good sense. Now you have about the ugliest name that a young woman could be afflicted with, and yet now that you are grown you don't spell it J-a-y-n-e, nor corrupt it into Jeannette. Yes, you are a sensible woman."

"I see that you have accepted my challenge," she said. "Poor Jane! It isn't very pretty, is it?"

"Horrible! I'd rather be called Peggy. But you are not responsible for this, remember, and one can forgive a person's name if that person be sweet and winning—can even learn to believe that the ugly name is pretty."

"I do try to *act* pretty," said the young lady, with a half pout.

"You have proven yourself an excellent hostess, and this is neither a platitude nor a set phrase. But you have managed to incorporate some dreadfully dull and stupid material into your house party."

An indignant "Oh, Mr. Musgrove!" was on her lips, but she remembered that it was her doing, and replied, sweetly:

"Who are they, Mr. Musgrove?"

"Well, there's Miss Orton, as shallow as a salad plate; Dicky Ridpath, whose brains lie in his toes; Miss Chatterton, whose name is most fitting; Tommy Hedgepeth, who couldn't see beyond the wart on the end of his nose; Miss Underfling, who would throw mud at your character for half a day at a time; Robby Estil, who couldn't see a joke photographed—but I'd better not go on, or you'll think me a pessimist of the worst sort."

"You've been reading character while you were here," commented Miss Elmore, gravely. "Now, what do you think of your hostess?"

The suddenness and directness of the question was like a blow, but Musgrove didn't wince. Neither did he answer at once. He sat puffing leisurely at his cigar, and gazing out to where the river trailed along mystically, sheeted with moonlight.

"Don't be afraid to speak," the girl encouraged him. "You have expressed a belief in my good sense, and it will be a novelty to hear the whole truth about one's self."

"I'm not afraid," he answered, dreamily, still looking at the river's breast. "I was just thinking if I had seen enough of you to warrant an outspoken analysis of character. This is a subject which should not be approached in a haphazard fashion—not that I think you will care very much for what I say."

"Indeed I will"; she spoke earnestly, and placing one elbow on her knee—her filmy drapery fell away with the movement and showed the naked symmetry of her forearm—she leaned forward and rested her chin on her hand and fixed her eyes on him attentively. "I care very much for your opinion, Mr. Musgrove, because I have observed that you reveal character very correctly."

The young man turned his head slowly and looked at her. Her attitude and the evident intentness with which she was regarding him brought the faintest flush to his face.

"I wish I had known you longer," he said, steadily meeting her gaze, "but during the ten days that I have been your guest I have watched you, perhaps, a little more critically than I should. A poor devil who is trying to write, you know, must always have his eyes open, must study moods and characters as a painter studies colors. I have studied you, I'll admit, more than I have any of your guests, but the result has not been so satisfactory You are something of an enigma—a personification, I might say, of Charley Gibson's 'Eternal Question.' But I have learned something. I have learned that you consider your guests' pleasure paramount—that you do not spare yourself in the lease in supplying their comfort. I have learned that you are noble, self-denying, and a true woman. I have learned that you will scorn falsehood and subterfuge even though you suffer for it. That your womanliness is your chief pride and glory, and that you will be true to yourself though the heavens fall!"

Unconsciously he had leaned towards her, and his voice had grown more earnest as word followed word rapidly. He stopped, clenched the hand upon his knee, drew his breath sharply, and sat upright. The girl's eyes were on the floor. From the ball-room the subdued notes of a waltz came like pulse-beats of love.

"I asked you for the truth," Miss Elmore said, but he scarcely heard her voice.

"I have given you the truth as I see it," he answered, calmly. "This night, you know, conventionality is put away between us. Had I thought you illiterate, silly, selfish, I should have told you so." His voice had the unmistakable ring of truth.

She lifted her large grey eyes and looked at him steadily, but did not speak. Musgrove had turned to the river again. It seemed to hold some strange fascination for him.

"I would not force our agreement tonight to the point of compromising you in any way," he said, presently, "but will you go with me for a walk along the cliff? It is not later than eleven; they will dance till two."

For answer, she rose from her low steamer chair, and picked up a bit of flimsy stuff that she called a wrap. This he placed gently about her shoulders.

"Thank you for coming." His tones were low, almost guttural. "I wouldn't pull my hair down over my left eye in that way," he went on, as she raised her face to reply.

A hot retort was on her lips, but again she remembered, and smiled.

"Don't you like the style?" she queried.

"It suits some women—not you. Your brow is too good to be hidden, and your hair would look much better fluffed away from your forehead."

"I—I think you're horrid!" she burst out, unable to keep sweet any longer.

"Now you're fulfilling your part of the contract. I've been wondering when I'd get an expression from you relative to myself. Won't you take my arm now? The path begins to lift."

"I think you could be nice if you wanted to be," she admitted, acting upon his suggestion.

"Shall we resume the veneer of society?" he asked, half jestingly, half seriously. "I think it is so refreshing to be natural—just for one night."

"Yes, let's be natural," she assented; then, thinking of the words he had spoken to her on the piazza, grew silent.

The walk up the cliff was gradual, but Jane felt herself leaning more and more upon that strong arm which had been offered her at the base of the hill. Presently she stopped, drew a long breath, and released her escort.

"How lovely!" she murmured, gazing entranced before her. "I never tire of this view, and it is especially beautiful by night."

"Yes, it is especially beautiful to-night," he repeated, and she was so absorbed that she did not catch the meaning in his words.

"Look in the water at that falling star!" she exclaimed, suddenly, starting forward. In her haste she made a false step. Musgrove sprang with outstretched arms, and a moment later he stood alone with the filmy scarf in his hands. From below came a strangled scream and a splash. The man stood white for a second, shaking throughout his strong frame. Then life and action came with a rush. Shedding his dresscoat with a single movement, he leaped down as a diver leaps, head first. He struck the water right and cleaved it easily, going down, down, because of his weight. To right and left he swept his hands, feeling, grasping desperately. Once he touched something, but it escaped his clutch. He began to rise, when his head struck a soft object. He knew what it was, and he held on grimly till he gained the surface of the water. She had not fainted, neither was she crazed with fright.

"What must I do?" she gasped, clinging to him pitifully.

"Put your arms around my neck and hold tight!" he answered.

She did so, with his help, and he struck out for the bank, swimming easily, despite his clothing and the dragging form of the girl. The current set shoreward here, and aided him greatly in his efforts. Soon they were in the shallows, and Musgrove stood in the waist-deep water and swung his burden around to his breast.

"How could you do it? You are so brave!" she whispered.

"Because I love you!" he answered, pressing her to him and feasting his eyes on the sweet face, unafraid.

"I knew you would follow, when I felt myself going," she said. Then an amused twinkle came to her eyes. "But you have broken our pact."

"How, I wonder?"

"By doing the most conventional thing in the world—by rescuing a girl from drowning and then declaring that you love her."

He bent over and kissed her.

A JUNE SONG

By Frank Walcott Hutt

I've kept the June-way in my heart of hearts,
And never lost the path, whatever star
Lured me across the deeps, however far.
I've kept the June-way, and I need no chart
To point me where my safest path of all
Still dreams beside my hedge and pasture-wall.

There are so many signs that cannot fail—
Kept in my heart are they; and now and then
Some far hullo from some dear June-tide glen
Rouses them swiftly to an answering hail;
And these will call to one another, till
I find again my valley and my hill.

There are so many joys that re-appear
Along with June-time, that it seems to me
A heart of welcome beats in every tree,
And every homely wayside gives a cheer
When I go singing, of a summer day,
All down my unforgotten June-time way.

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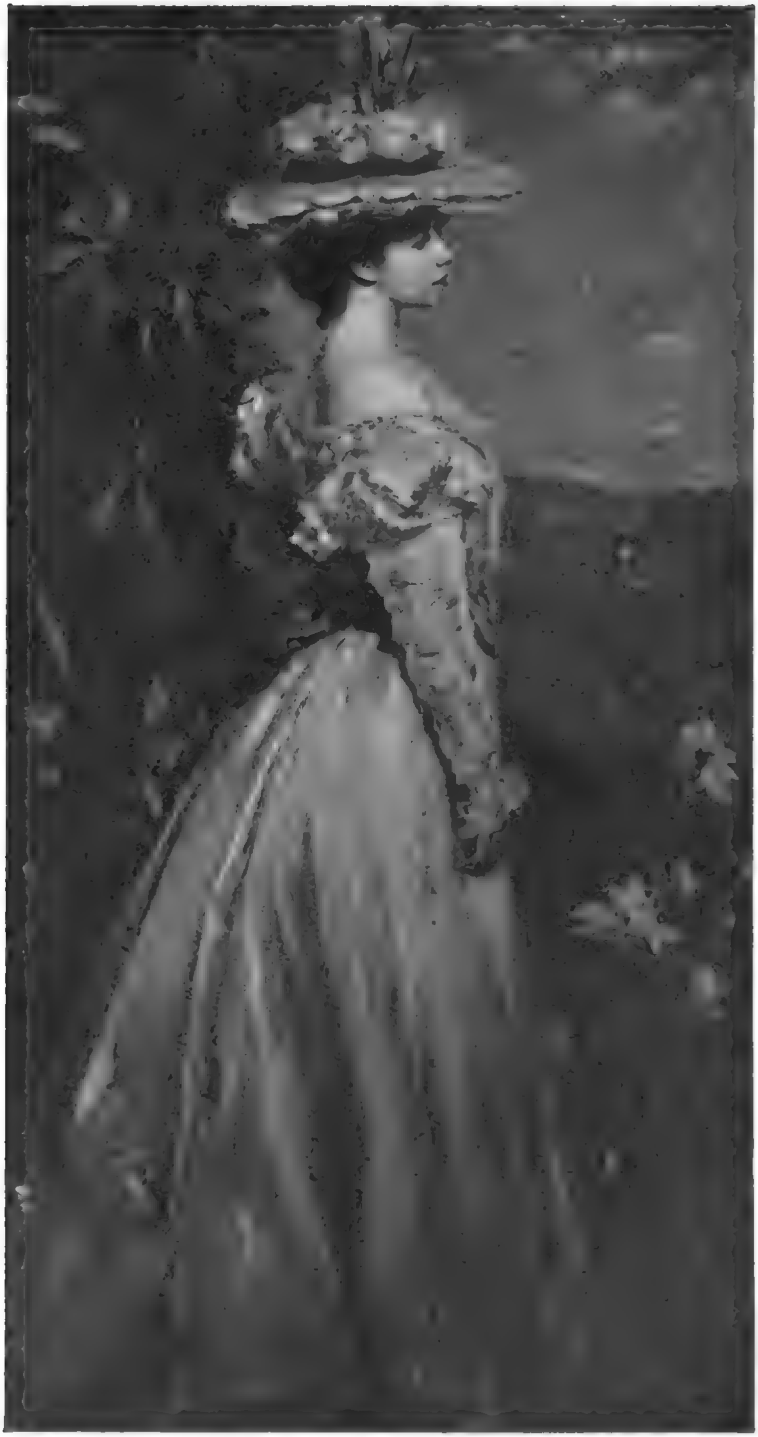


See Anecdotes of Portraiture, page 16. *From painting by Irving R. Wiles.*

"LADY IN PINK."

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1905. No. 4

COD FISHERMEN "DRESSING DOWN" AND SALTING A MORNING'S LOAD OF FISH.

THE GRAND BANKER

Incidents in a Voyage on a Deep Sea Fisherman

By William S. Birge, M.D.

Illustrated with Special Photographs.

BY ten o'clock we were all ready for a start. The captain had come aboard, and all hands were hard at work making sail or breaking out and getting up the heavy anchor. Then it was "up jib and away." As the Betty Robbins slipped swiftly down the harbor I found time for one last look at home, the last for fourteen long weeks.

Once outside, we were all kept busy for an hour or two setting light sails, coiling lines, stowing odds and ends, and making everything snug. The course we were heading would carry us just clear of Cape Cod, with its treacherous "Peaked Hill Bars," and before a spanking breeze, under a press of canvas, the Betty tore along as though sailing at an ocean race.

Like all fishing schooners, the Betty

THE CALL TO RATIONS BY OUR GOOD FRIEND, THE STEWARD OF THE BETTY ROBBINS.

Robbins had a forecastle in which part of the crew slept, and in which were also the cook stove and mess table. Back of it were pantry and storeroom, in which were ten large fresh-water tanks. Still farther aft was the hold, containing several hundred bushels of coarse rock salt, as this was to be a Grand Banks voyage for "salt fish." Abaft the hold was the cabin, in which the skipper and seven of the crew found sleeping accommodations. It was neatly finished in oak, and running along three sides of it was a broad transom that served as a seat or lounging place. A small coal stove was securely fastened in the middle of the floor. On the walls hung a clock, a barometer and a thermometer. A few charts were stowed overhead in a rack, and lying around in the bunks or on the transom were a number of paper-covered novels and newspapers.

The business of fishing is conducted in two ways: the crew is hired outright, being paid so much for the voyage, whether long or short, or the men go on the system of shares. That is, half the value of the fish caught, after outfitting expenses have been deducted, goes to the owners of the vessel, and half to the crew. The skipper and cook are not required to take part in the actual business of fishing, but each receives a full share. The skipper gets, in addition, 4 per cent. of the value of the catch, and the cook has regular wages.

The living on a fishing schooner is generally superior to most sea-going vessels, although on the Grand Banker it is not so good as on the fresh-fisherman or mackerel catcher, as the latter are in port so frequently that a supply of fresh meat, vegetables, milk, eggs, etc., is always on hand. We could not complain, however, for we had plenty of dried fruits, soft bread, cakes and pies, condensed milk, and always tea and coffee, hot, strong, and in abundance.

Soon after leaving port, the skipper called all hands aft to draw for bunks. The bunks were all numbered, and corresponding slips of paper were put in a hat. Each man, as his name was called, put in his hand and drew out a slip. There was no dissatisfaction with this plan, and soon each member of the crew had selected his bunk for the voyage.

A similar method was adopted for securing seats at the mess-table. On account of the size of the crew, the forecastle being small, only one-half could eat at a time. This method being perfectly fair, all abided by it without any ill feeling on the part of those whose luck placed them at the second table.

The method of choosing the watch on board the Betty was different from anything I had ever seen before, notwithstanding it is older than the hills. Each man in the crew placed a thumb on the rim of an old straw hat that had been laid on top of the cabin. The skipper turned his back to them, one of the men named a number, and, without looking to see whose it was, the skipper touched one of the thumbs. Then he counted around until the number mentioned was reached. The man at whose thumb he stopped was to stand the first watch and trick at the wheel, the next man on his right the second, and so on. In bad weather there would be two men on watch, but when it is fine one is generally considered sufficient.

"Mind who you are to call," was the skipper's parting injunction as he went below. As eight bells, or twelve o'clock, was struck, the man who had first watch took the wheel, gave a glance at the compass, another at the sails, and the regular routine of duty was started.

The cruise thus fairly begun was continued without incident until the Betty reached the fishing ground off the Banks of Newfoundland on the night of the twelfth day after leaving home. We cruised off and on under easy sail waiting for daylight to break when we would look around for a suitable anchorage.

A trawler, such as the Betty Robbins was, is fitted out very differently from any other vessel engaged in the fishing business. She carries from six to eight dories, and a crew sufficiently large to allow two men to each dory, besides the skipper and cook, who always remain aboard the vessel. The trawls are tarred ropes about the size of a lead-pencil, that come in lengths of about fifty fathoms, or three hundred feet each. To these are attached at distances of a fathom apart for cod, and a fathom and a half apart for halibut, short lines of three to six feet long, to the ends of which hooks are made fast. About six of these lengths of trawl, or 1,800 feet, are coiled in a tub, and each dory will carry out and set from four to six tubs of trawl, in from twenty to two hundred fathoms of water. The lines contained in the several tubs are made fast to each other, and all are set in a straight line, from one to two miles in length. The trawls are anchored at each end, and buoyed by small kegs, so that the hooks shall hang just clear of the bottom.

As the Betty Robbins was on a "salt trip," the pens in the hold, instead of being filled with ice, as is the case in a fresh fisherman, contained several hundred bushels of coarse rock salt. She had a crew of eighteen men all told, and on her deck, fitting into each other like nests of buckets, were eight dories, four on each side.

We reached the banks in the early morning, a fishing ground was chosen, and the anchor dropped. Then the canvas was furled, the riding sail was bent on, topmasts were sent down, and everything was made as snug as possible, and put in readiness for all sorts of weather.

LANDING SALT FISH AND WASHING THE SAME ON THE RETURN TO WHARF.

Baskets of frozen herring were brought up from the hold, and cut into bait sizes with sharp knives on the bait boards. These are heavy planks laid on top of the cabin. With this cut-up herring each dory crew baited the thousand or more hooks of its own trawl, and coiled the lines snugly away again in the tubs.

That afternoon the trawls were set, one astern of the schooner, one ahead, one off each quarter, and off each bow, and one off each side, these positions having been drawn for by lot beforehand. In this way the schooner formed the centre of a circle of trawls, the outer ends of which were nearly two miles from her. The position falling to Tony Gaspe, my dory mate, and myself was directly ahead of the vessel. After going far enough away to be sure of being well clear of her, in case she should swing round before morning, we began to set our trawls. Tony rowed in a straight line away from the schooner, while I, after dropping overboard the light anchor and the buoy line attached to its floating keg, began to pay out the trawl with its baited hooks. It required great care and considerable skill to get them overboard without snarls or knots, so that each hook would be certain to hang straight down by itself, and clear of all others. After this had been done neatly and properly, the second anchor was dropped, and a buoy, with a flag on it to mark the outer end of the trawl, was flung overboard. Then our work was completed for the present; for the line was to be left "set" all night, and would not be visited until early in the morning.

As we rowed back to the schooner Tony said, "Billy, I mean to carry out some fresh water and some hardtack in the dory after this. If all fishermen would do this half the lives that are lost on the Banks might be saved."

"You'll be laughed at by the crowd and called a coward, if you do," I replied."

"I don't care for that. I'd rather be laughed at any time than be lost out here some time in a thick fog, and like as not drift around for days without anything to eat or drink."

"All right, Tony," I said, "I can stand it if you can."

That night, unbeknown to the crew, Tony stowed away in our dory a small keg filled with fresh water, and a good supply of ship biscuit, wrapped in paper, and stuffed into a water-proof bag that he made out of a piece of oiled canvas.

The next morning we were all turned out at daylight, and found the weather dreary and shivering; but after the hot coffee and hearty breakfast which the cook had ready for us I felt better, and Tony and I were soon off in our dory, rowing in the direction of the buoy flag left at the outer end of our trawls the night before.

The sea was comparatively smooth, and it did not take us long to reach the little canvas flag that marked our buoy. I tried to haul up the anchor, but it was foul of something and I could not budge it an inch.

"It's no use in breaking your back, Bill," said Tony, unshipping his oars, "You'll have to rig up the hurdy-gurdy."

This was a small iron winch that could be set up in the bow of the dory, and which is very handy, and often necessary in heaving up heavy trawls. With its aid we soon had the anchor aboard. The buoy had already been picked up, and at length the trawl began to appear. This is the most exciting moment of cod fishing on the Banks. What was our luck? What would the trawl bring up? Would every hook have its fish, or would they be few and far between? Tony stood forward pulling in the line, while I stood a few feet behind him, ready to take off the fish and coil the trawl in the tubs.

"Here he is!" cried Tony, at last. "A cod, and a buster, too! I bet he'll weigh fifty pounds at least. Bear a hand with the gaff, here, Billy, quick. There, my beauty! Lie still where you're put," he continued, as by means of the gaff I landed number one in the bottom of the boat.

After this came a few bare hooks, then a small halibut, then half a dozen more codfish, one after the other, and next only the skeleton of a fish with its bones picked as clean as though there had never been a particle of flesh on them. The hook had been so close to the bottom that the sand fleas had completely devoured every particle of flesh. This they will do to a fish, large or small, in an almost incredibly short time. A haddock bearing the teeth marks of the halibut that tried to swallow him after he was caught came next. Then followed cod, cod, cod, large and small, and so fast that by the time the trawl was half hauled our dory was so deep in the water that we did not dare to put in another fish.

We felt in good spirits over our good luck, and we buoyed the trawl and pulled back to the schooner to get rid of our load before attempting to finish the haul. The wind had changed to nearly north, which was fair for us, and made our pull much shorter and easier than it would otherwise have been. We had the satisfaction of pitching the first fish of that cruise on the schooner's deck. One of the other dories came in not two minutes behind us, the occupants of which had fully expected, and were disappointed in not being able to claim the honor of "first fish."

As soon as the fish were unloaded from our dory, and the two tubs of trawl already hauled had been lifted out, we returned for the rest of our catch. We took the buoy aboard and commenced to haul in on our trawl, securing nearly as many fish as we had done on our previous trip. We took our time in rowing back to the vessel, feeling that we had accomplished a good day's work. After this load was transferred to the vessel's deck our trawls were rebaited and again set out. Then came a busy time, occupying several hours, in "dressing down"; that is, cleaning the fish, cutting off their heads, splitting and salting them, and finally packing them in the hold. After this, the trawls were again hauled and again set for the night. Owing to the lateness of the second catch we had to "dress down" by lantern light, so that it was nearly twelve o'clock before we were allowed to throw ourselves into our bunks for a few hours' sleep.

It had been growing cold the latter part of the day, that peculiar chill de-

GRAND BANKER BETTY ROBBINS SNUG IN HARBOR.

noting the presence of ice at no great distance, and the captain had felt some little anxiety regarding it. There had been of late a succession of northerly gales, and it had been reported before we left home that the ice had been driven almost to the edge of the Gulf Stream. We had not met with any ice on our way along the Banks to our present position, and we were in hopes that it had gone north again and that we were going to escape it entirely.

Shortly before daylight we were all brought shivering out of our warm bunks by a hoarse voice shouting down the companion way, "Tumble out all hands! Loose ice all around us, and a big berg bearing down on us from dead ahead!"

We hastily donned our outer garments, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole crew of the Betty were on deck, grumbling and shivering in the deadly chill of the arctic air.

There was no time to spare, for we

A JOLLY CREW HARD AT WORK CLEANING THE FISH.

could plainly see, looming from out the gloom on our starboard bow, the immense form that threatened our destruction. We could already feel its icy breath, and note that its motion, aided by the current of air and water, was such that within a very few minutes it must sweep over the very place that we were then occupying.

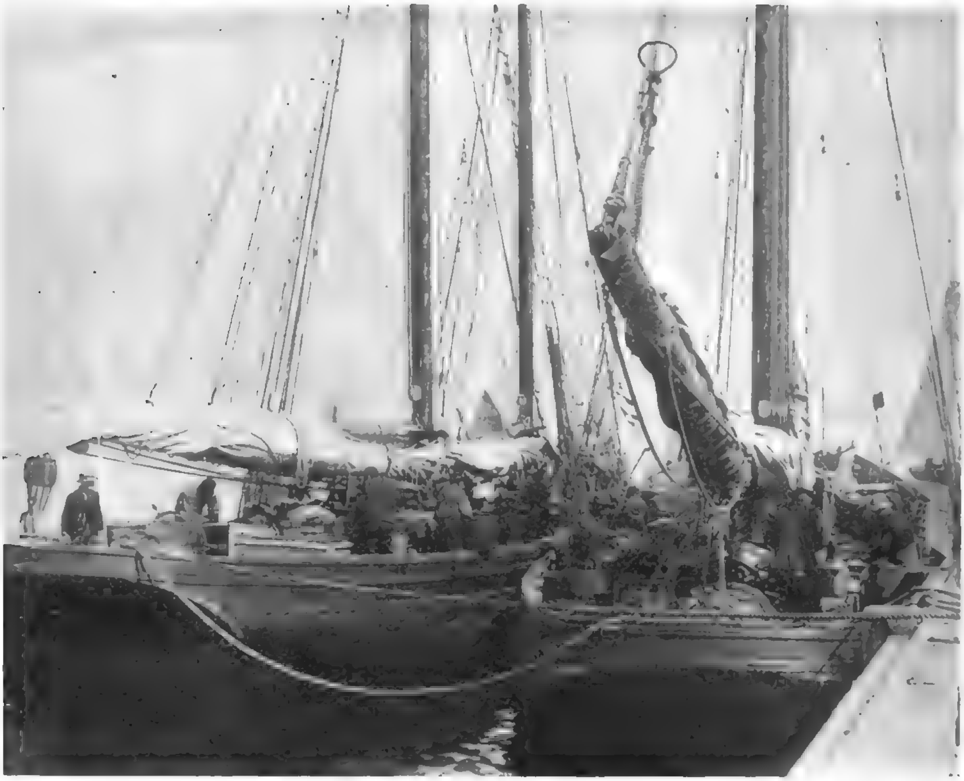
As many as could man the capstan bars sprang to the windlass and began to get up the anchor. One hurriedly cast off the stops from the furled foresail, while another loosed the jib. Then the former was hoisted, and at the same instant the cable was announced as "hove short"; but the anchor obstinately refused to break out. Once, twice, again we heaved on it in vain.

The monstrous berg, moving silently and steadily, was now close upon us. It was awful to look upon, and the terror of its nearness seemed to give us added strength, for we strained every nerve within us, and brought to bear every ounce of weight upon the bars; the one last effort tore the unwilling anchor from its hold just as the skipper had raised his axe to cut the cable.

The big jib was run up the stays by powerful arms, who held its clew well over to windward. I had been tugging and straining with the others at the windlass, until I was dripping with perspiration, but at a word from the skipper I sprang aft to the wheel and rolled it hard over. Then slowly, oh, so slowly it seemed to us like an endless age, the schooner began to pay off, and then to forge ahead. It seemed even then that we were too late; the small drift ice pushing ahead of the berg was grinding against the vessel's sides, while the mountainous mass was cutting off the wind from her sails and leaving her becalmed to await its pleasure.

The berg revolved slowly as it drifted, and all at once this rotary motion opened up to us a deep cleft in its formation, through which whirled a sudden gust of wind. As it struck the outspread sails the schooner heeled over before it and bounded forward.

She just cleared it, and that was all,



BAITING UP TRAWLS ON BOARD OF FISHING VESSELS.

five seconds and a catspaw of wind spanned the infinite gulf that separated safety from destruction, life from death. For a moment we could hardly realize that we had escaped, and as the monster swept sullenly past us, still revolving like a monstrous millstone seeking to grind to powder all who dared to oppose it, we gazed at it in silence and with blanched faces.

But the reaction came quickly. The men who fish on the Newfoundland Banks learn to forget their perils almost before they have passed. At the hoarse command of "Ready, about! Stand by the jib-sheets!" the crew of the Betty seemed to awaken as from a troubled dream.

In less than twenty minutes our vessel was again at anchor in nearly the same place she had occupied before the berg drove us from it. Her sails were again furled, and all except the watch on deck sat down at the mess-table and were eating our breakfast with a hearty relish. The cook had been preparing our meal amid all the exciting scenes through which we had just passed. He knew that to live and work men must eat, and so long as the vessel held together and floated, it was his duty to prepare food for us.

The berg that had caused us all this trouble was a solitary rover that was pursuing an erratic course of its own. It was not accompanied by any large cake or floe ice, but only by quantities of the small drift or "lolly" ice, as it is called. This would not interfere to any extent with the handling of our trawls, though it would make our work extremely cold and disagreeable.

But, as fate would have it, we were not to be rid of the ice so easily. As daylight came on we could detect a pale glimmer on the northern horizon that indicated the presence of those vast icefields that so frequently sweep over the

VESSELS IN "LOLLY" ICE AFTER THE PASSING OF A HUGE BERG.

Newfoundland Banks in the spring of the year, often carrying death and destruction to the fishermen and their vessels; besides, always bringing hard work, and threatening a loss of gear.

On the present occasion we hurried through our meal, and quickly put off in our dories to haul our trawls. The captain had told us to cut the lines if necessary, and return to the schooner with all speed the moment he should signal us from the vessel, of the close approach of the ice.

We had just got in the last anchor, when Tony, looking toward the Betty, saw the flag floating in the fore rigging. We realized that the ice must be close to the schooner by this time, and we would have a hard pull or it.

It was a hard pull and no mistake; we straightened our backs out with every stroke, until the tough oars bent and ratteled against the thole-pins, and the white foam sped from the prow of the old dory, as though she were a racing boat.

We heard a shout from the schooner's deck which caused us to look around, and the sight that met our eyes made us feel heart sick, and our case seem hopeless. We were already cut off from the vessel by several great cakes of ice that were grinding and crashing together like some treacherous foe seeking to destroy us in their icy embrace. Others were rapidly drifting into and closing up the narrow space that still remained until it would seem that there was no possible chance of our being able to pass the constantly moving barrier. All at once we heard a loud cry from the vessel, and saw the skipper standing in the forward rigging and pointing toward one of the cakes that was lying nearest us.

There to our great joy we saw lying a buoy to which was attached a line that was being paid out over the side of the vessel. Somebody had been thoughtful enough to make use of the cake : s it drifted by.

It required but a few moments for us to secure the buoy and make the line fast to the rope becket in the bow of the dory. We were not yet safe, however, for a portion of the line that connected us with the schooner was under the ice, and might at any moment be cut or parted. There was also the danger that the sides of the dory might be crushed in or cut through by the heavy, jagged cakes, some of which were fifty feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet thick. By jumping out on the larger cakes and pulling the boat over them, pushing aside the smaller ones, tugging and straining with all our might for a good half hour. we finally got the line clear and above the ice. At the same time those on the schooner held it taut until finally by the combined efforts of all hands the dory was hauled under the stern of the vessel, and hoisted clear of the water bv the davits.

We were thankful enough to once more tread the firm deck of the old Betty. All the other dories had been got safely on board, some with all their trawls, and others with only a part of them.

I have endeavored in this little sketch to depict a few of the trials and sufferings that those are exposed to who seek for a livelihood on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. There are other dangers that menace the fishermen in this localitv. the thick fog, the danger of being run down by the ocean liners, who stop for no man, and a thousand and one perils that would take volumes to describe.

Perhaps at some future time we mav depict other incidents that occurred during the fourteen weeks that we were tied up in the Betty Robbins on that greatest of all fishing grounds, the Grand Banks

UNANSWERED

By Aloysius Coll

Fair is the highway, bright the heavens o'er me,
  And warm the random sunbeam in my eye;
Joy is the only road that lies before me—
  Ask me not why.

My guide is new and strange—the page of gladness,—
  And every whisper of the summer air
Rallies me down the witching trails of madness—
  Ask me not where.

For one there is that ever walks before me,
  Sweet as a wraith of lilies damp with dew—
A haunting breath that blows, like perfume, o'er me—
  Ask me not who.

Sometimes I dream that, shape and shadow meeting,
  I shall forsake the ruder ways of men,
And climb to her where sun and hill are greeting—
  Ask me not when.

Until that hour, a dream, she goes before me,
  And I must follow, as I follow now,
Content to let her shadow deepen o'er me—
  Ask me not how!

CLANCY, 1003

By Henry Waldorf Francis

THIS is the story Jack Harding told and vouched for the truth of; and the man who would venture to doubt Jack Harding's word would prove himself lacking in prudence, discretion and common sense.

"The day," he said, "that Clancy found himself No. 1,003 on the metropolitan police force, was the proudest day of his life and he was the happiest man in the world. Clancy had not been in the country more than long enough to become a citizen. He had come over with the avowed intention of becoming a policeman, and all his efforts were directed to achieving his ambition. Of course he entered politics and he was at last able to render some service of value to one of the "bosses" who rewarded him by securing the appointment for him.

"Clancy felt very big. The morning he put on the uniform he was careful to see that there was not a speck of dust upon it, he had the brass buttons shining to the utmost limit, and his badge with the No. 1,003 conspicuous upon it glittered in the sunlight. But this ambition satisfied, greater ones awoke in his breast. He could never become President of his adopted country because he had been born in Ireland, but he might become Superintendent of Police, even Commissioner, in New York, where it was a political advantage to have been born where he had been fortunate enough to have first seen the light.

"The more Clancy thought of it the more enraptured he became with the idea and the more feasible its accomplishment seemed. All day and all night he turned it over in his mind and devised schemes to further it. It was only necessary to distinguish himself by making some clever arrests, and one thing would lead to another.

"Clancy had been on the force six months and had about determined to have himself transferred to a more dangerous and likely post when, one night, as he stood in the shadow of a corner lamppost a remarkably well-dressed man of clerical appearance whom he had often observed and remarked upon as a 'solid citizen,' approached him somewhat hurriedly.

" 'Officer,' he said, handing Clancy a card upon which was engraved in the most elegant of script, 'Fitzmaurice Van Twilliger, Rector of the Church of the Faithful,' 'I have often noticed you and I take you to be a man of discreet character who can be relied upon to do his duty. I do not mean any offense when I say that there are very few policemen in this city, unfortunately, who can be depended upon to perform a delicate mission where—where—certain powerful but criminal interests are concerned. I feel sure that you are an exception.'

"Clancy felt his bosom swell with pride. The gentleman's appearance was distinguished and his card represented one of the richest and best-known churches. His name, too, was prominent in reform circles which at the time were in control of the city as occasionally happens in New York.

" 'Tank ye, sor,' said Clancy. 'It's glad Oi am to sphake wid ye. An' Officer Clancy, ye may depind, will always do his duty no matther phwere he sthrikes!'

" 'I am sure of it,' replied the gentleman, 'and that is why I have selected you for this undertaking which must be carried out quietly but firmly before warning can reach the wicked persons affected from sources they bribe for the service. If you are discreet and successful in this matter, as I am sure you will be, it will highly distinguish you and certainly result in your promotion. I am not without influence, as you know.'

"Clancy, feeling that his long-waited-for time had come, was about to say, 'It's longin' to distinguish mesilf Oi am,' but he checked the words and said instead, while his heart thumped under the brass buttons: 'Oi will do me duty, sor, widout regard to rewards or results. Phwat may the difficoolty be?'

"'You know, Officer Clancy—a very famous name is Clancy'—said the reverend gentleman, confidentially, 'that the authorities are very anxious to get their hands upon Billy Garden, the rich and notorious gambler, and secure sufficient evidence to convict him of running a gambling den. All of the inspectors and captains have tried it and failed. By chance it has come my way to perform this duty for the community—with your aid. The son of an esteemed and wealthy lady member of my congregation has been fleeced and robbed by this man and led into evil ways. She has come to me and begged me to save him, and in trying to do so I have accomplished some detective work on my own account, located the present whereabouts of this great gambler and managed to gain possession of a key by which we can gain entrance to his house without difficulty. And I know that there is a very big game going on there to-night.'

"'It's foine ye've done, sor,' said Clancy, admiringly. 'An' phwere moight this house be?'

"The reverend gentleman pointed to a mansion not twenty feet away which had been unoccupied for a long time prior to the current week.

"'Phew!' exclaimed Clancy, 'who'd iver expicted it? Oi thought 'twas a foine, rich family be the name ov Bilton had moved in there.'

"'Just a blind,' answered the gentleman, emphatically. 'Bilton and the women he calls his wife and daughter are simply catspaws for Garden. You'll see gambling going on there to-night with very heavy stakes.'

"'On me sowl this is ghrate!' whispered Clancy. 'Oi niver! The parlor flure is all lit up! Give me the key an' Oi'll raid it at wonst!'

"'One moment,' said the gentleman, 'the women, I know, have gone to the theatre. Now when you have these men so they can't escape I'll go after assistance to take them to the station house. You see if a platoon of police came along we would not be able to effect an entrance—they would take the alarm. I'll enter the house first and then open the doors for you.'

"In a fever of impatience Clancy watched his informant ascend the stoop of the mansion he had pointed out. In a still greater fever of the same uncomfortable feeling he awaited his reappearance. It came and Clancy joined him, one hand firmly grasping his club, the other his revolver.

"Clancy was too excited and jubilant to await any further instructions. He rushed into the brilliantly lit extension parlor, where six men were seated with cards in their hands, and commanded, sharply:

"'Hands up, iviry mother's son ov ye!"

"Six startled men dropped the cards and sprang to their feet.

"'Hands up!' repeated Clancy, sternly, covering the six with his revolver.

"But," cried one man, while all hands went up in obedience, "what does this mean? Officer, what's the matter with you?"

"'Not a wurrud!' said Clancy. 'Yez can't bluff me! Oi've caught ye wid the goods on an Oi raid ye!'

"'This is an infernal outrage!' exclaimed the man who had spoken.

"'That's Garden himself!' whispered the clerical gentleman.

"'Is it an outrage, Mr. Garden?' said Clancy, sneeringly. 'We'll foind out about that at the station. Line up agin the wall, all of ye, an' don't give me divil a wurrud till the patrol wagon comes for ye!'

"There wasn't anything to do but obey. They obeyed.

"'Now,' said the clerical gentleman, 'I'll go for a couple of officers I saw standing on the next corner to take care of the evidence and then I'll send the patrol wagon around. Don't let these fellows escape.'

"'Divil a bit will Oi!' said Clancy. 'Hoory up, if ye plaze.'

"The clerical gentleman evidently did hurry up, for in less than two minutes two men came in, one of whom wore the stripes of a sergeant of police.

"'You have done well, Officer Clancy,' said this one, approvingly. 'If we had a few more patrolmen on the force like you we'd be the greatest in the world. This will be a big feather in your cap.'

"The elated Clancy could hardly contain himself. He covered himself with encomiums, forgetting to give any credit to the clerical gentleman.

"'Now, then, Officer Jones,' said the sergeant, 'gather up the money and cards and take them around to the station. See they are locked in the safe after counting the money. I'll guard the front door, and you, Clancy, watch these men closely until the wagon arrives.'

"The men had endeavored to speak to the newcomers but they were commanded to silence by the sergeant as curtly as they had been by Clancy.

"The man called Officer Jones stuffed his pockets with the money lying on the long table, gathered up the cards, tossing them into his hat, and went out. The sergeant followed him.

"Clancy waited in grim silence for fully fifteen minutes. Then he called out:

"'Oi say, sargint, phwat d'ye suppose is kapin' the wagon?'

"He got no answer.

"'He's gone after it himself,' he thought. 'P'raps they wouldn't come for his rivirince.'

"A half hour went up; still Clancy waited. Then he became impatient. Looking around the room he discovered a telephone in one corner.

"'There must be something wrong at the station,' he said. 'One of ye fellers ring 'em up—No. 478-36th. But kape your hands phwere Oi can see thim!'

"His order was obeyed with alacrity.

"A few minutes later Clancy heard the patrol wagon rush up and stop in front of the house and the door bell ring violently.

"'Ye open that door now,' commanded Clancy, pointing at the smallest and most harmless-looking man in the room. The man rushed to do his bidding and in came half a dozen officers with Clancy's captain at their head.

"'I'm glad you've come, Captain Mulcahy,' cried the man who had been pointed out as Garden. 'What does this outrage mean? Who sent this crazy officer here?'

"A hubbub of indignant voices joined in all together. Clancy waited with a smile of triumph on his face, which vanished when the captain turned to him and exclaimed:

"'What does this conduct mean, Officer Clancy? What are you doing here? Don't you know that this is the residence of Mr. Bilton, one of our most respected and honorable bankers?'

"'Is it?' said Clancy, grinning. 'Don't let thim fule ye, captain.'

"'You infernal idiot!' he shouted. 'You're a disgrace to your noble country of clever men and lovely women! You haven't sense enough to guard a chicken coop! You've been taken in by a slick confidence man and his confederates who learned this was Mr. Bilton's regular card party night and planned their game accordingly. This will cost you your buttons!'

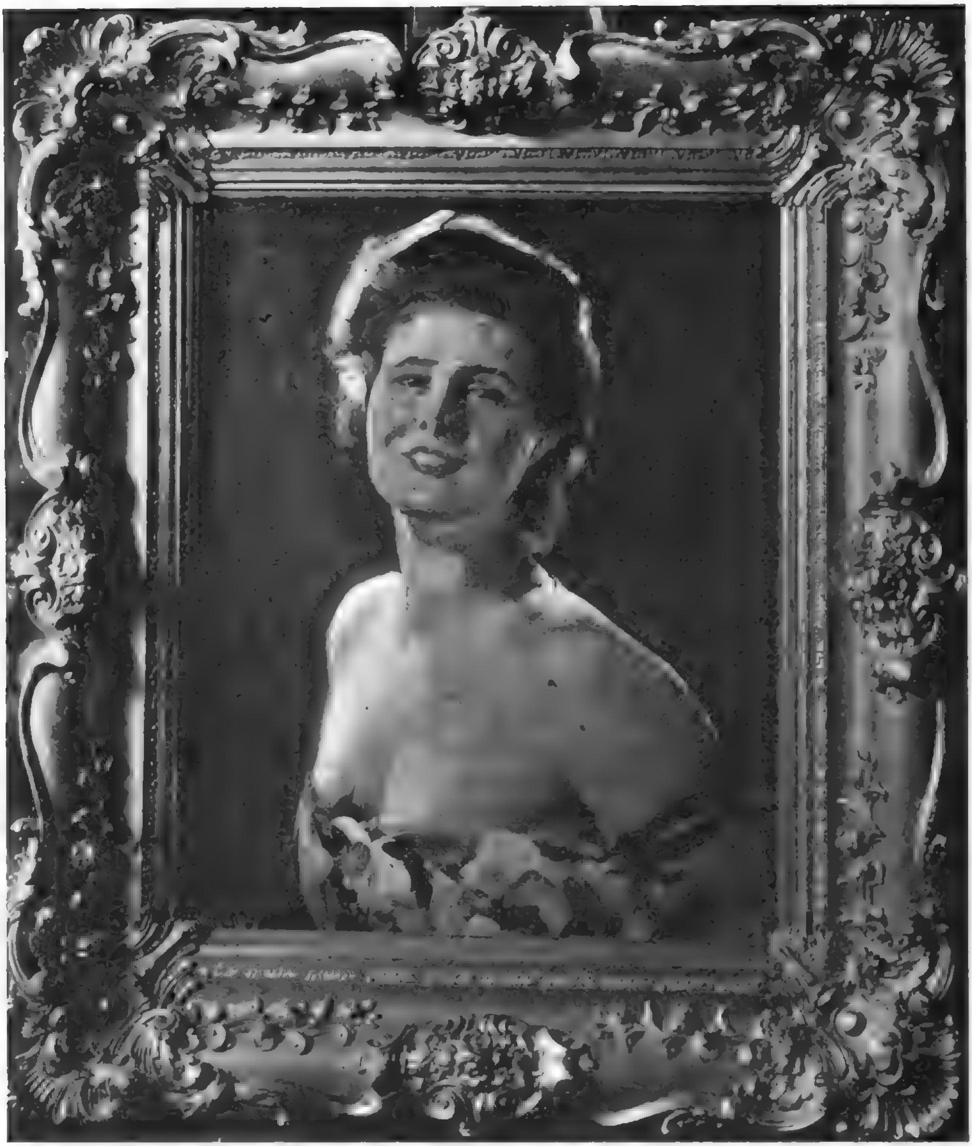
"'But there's five thousand dollars of our money gone!' chorused six voices, while the crestfallen Clancy stood silent and white.

"'Gentlemen,' said the captain, 'I am extremely sorry and we'll do our best to catch these fellows. I don't know what more I can do for you except to see that Officer Clancy is broken, which I promise you shall be done. Go on your beat, Clancy, and report to me in the morning. Good-night, gentlemen.'

"Those fellows were pretty clever," Harding concluded. "They never caught them or recovered one cent."

"And Clancy?" I asked.

"He decided the police was not the right sort of a job for him, tried to resign, but was broken, and is running a liquor saloon down in the Fourth Ward!"



From painting by Irving R. Wiles.

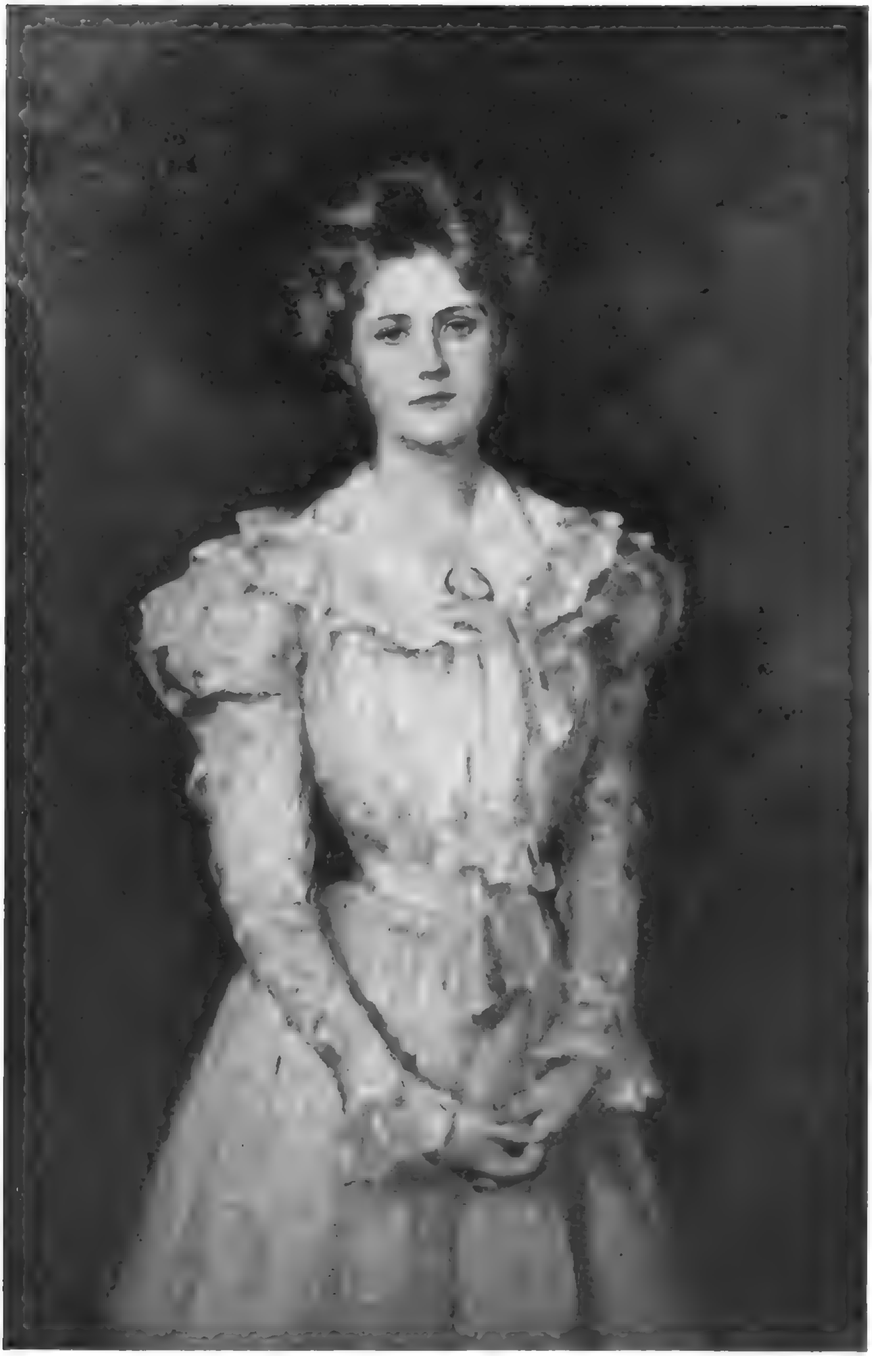
A PORTRAIT STUDY.

ANECDOTES OF PORTRAITURE

By Irving R. Wiles

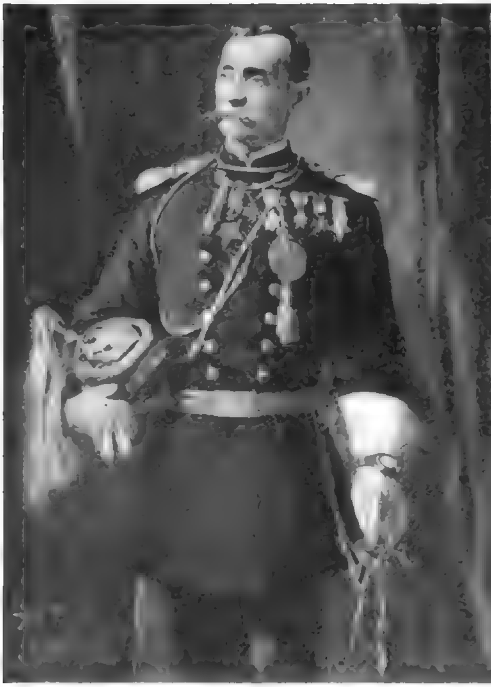
Illustrated with photographs of Mr. Wiles' latest portraits

MY first sitter of distinction was the late Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, best known as the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." I was a young man at the time, just fresh from my art studies in Paris. Dr. Eggleston was at the high tide of popular favor, and I was more intimidated than I cared to admit at the ordeal of giving a sitting to the great man. His personality was hardly of the kind to reassure a diffident young

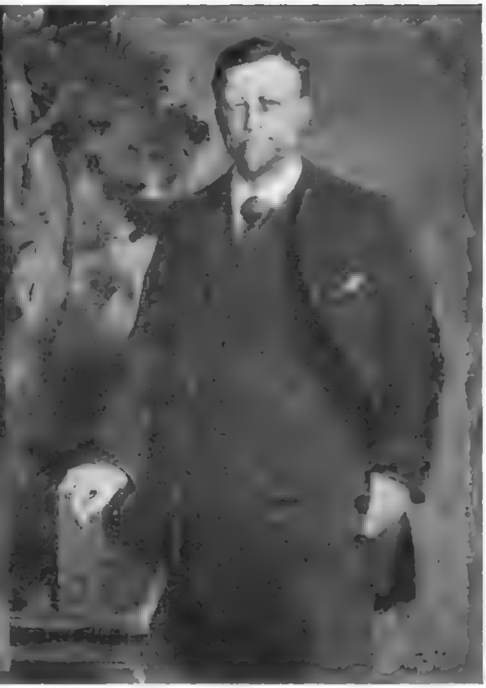


From painting by Irving R. Wiles.

PORTRAIT OF MISS MARY BURKE.



GENERAL GUY V. HENRY,
THE FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER.



From paintings by Irving R. Wiles.
FRANK R. LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT OF THE LOTUS CLUB.

artist. He was an extraordinarily striking looking man—tall, handsome, of commanding presence, with sparkling brown eyes, high coloring and a mass of prematurely silvered hair that tumbled about his face and shoulders like a lion's mane.

He was a brilliant conversationalist as well and proceeded to relieve the tedium of sitting for his portrait by relating a series of anecdotes in a sonorous voice interspersed with reverberating peals of laughter. In the meantime, he insisted upon my seeing the point of his jokes and giving him intelligent and sympathetic rejoinders. As I said before, I was young and inexperienced. To-day I should consider him an ideal sitter, for I have compassed the art of painting and conversing. In fact, I bend all my efforts toward putting my sitter in a conversational attitude. But at that time, his wit and merry humor completely unnerved me, for visions of failure in my first serious piece of work confronted me like an ominous storm-cloud on the horizon.

I finally decided to ask his wife to assist at the sitting. When she came in as though by accident at our next appointment, my dismay can well be imagined when Dr. Eggleston fixed me with his sparkling brown eyes and shook his finger at me with a hearty peal of laughter.

"I see through your deeply laid plot, Mr. Wiles. You and my wife have arranged it between you. She is here to keep me from talking so much!"

"Stop shaking your head, Edward," responded his wife, "you are getting your hair all out of order, and above all things I want your head of hair to be perfect!"

The Doctor was oblivious to his personal appearance, but Mrs. Eggleston could not conceal her pride in her handsome husband, and every now and then would ask me to stop in my work; then whipping out a comb from her satchel she would rearrange and comb his silver locks. This incident has remained in my memory as a pretty and touching picture of wifely devotion.

GENERAL GUY V. HENRY.

In marked contrast to Dr. Eggleston was another of my distinguished sitters, General Guy V. Henry, the celebrated Indian fighter, whose portrait was ordered by the Seventh Regiment and presented by it to West Point, in which place it now hangs. He was an undersized man, spare, almost emaciated, with sunken cheeks burnt to a ruddy brown by exposure to the elements. He had little to say, but sat grim, stern and silent—the silence of a man more accustomed to action than the expression of thought. He wore the cavalry uniform of a major-general, decorated with the regulation braid and epaulets. Upon his breast were the four or five little bronze medals which represented the only recognition of his life-long service to his country. His eagerness that his trimmings and medals should be accurately painted, that I should make no mistake in the order and exact size of the little medallions and ribbons—was almost pathetic. He was no less particular over the accuracy of an ugly scar on his cheek which marked the course of a bullet that had entered one cheek and out the other, blinding one of his eyes in its passage. He wore on his left wrist a leather bracelet holding a watch (which is now quite the fashion for travelers), and which he confessed with some show of vanity he had invented. An ordinary timepiece, he informed me, would often freeze in the terrible rides in midwinter across the desert when the temperature was at times 40 degrees below zero. To obviate the inconvenience of this accident he invented the watch encased in the leather wristlet, kept at a certain temperature by the heat of the body.

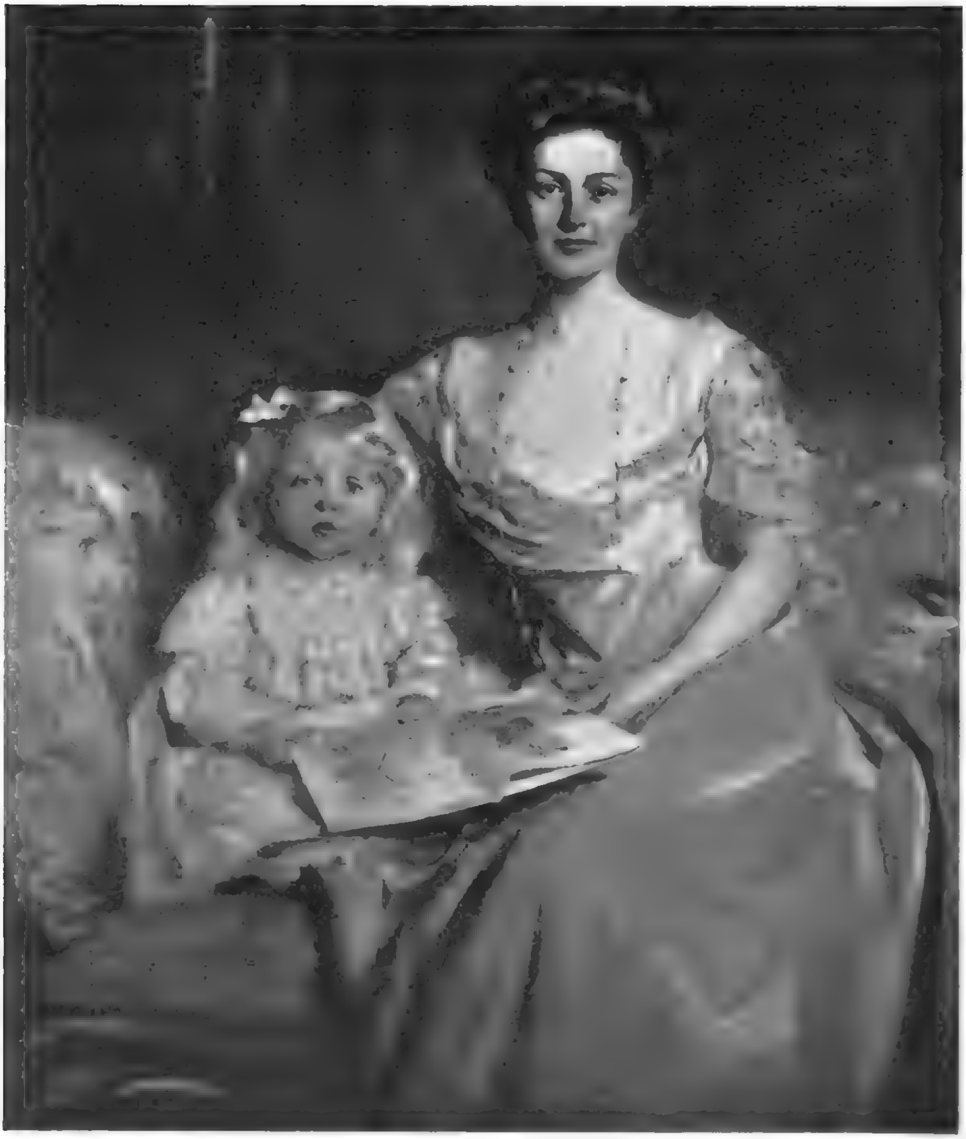
"I hear that they have become the fashion," he said, with much pride, and then he added, "I want it painted in the portrait."

As the General was only in the city for a few days, he was only able to give two, or it might have been three, sittings. I never saw him after our final sitting, although we spoke of meeting in the future. After the Spanish war he was appointed Governor of Porto Rico, one of the non-coveted spoils of our conquest. He caught the fever, and returning home, died shortly afterward, one of the bravest and least glorified men of our army.

FRANK VINCENT.

Frank Vincent, the explorer and author of "The White Elephant," was one of the most brilliant, clever and restless men I ever met. He was having his portrait painted at the earnest request of a host of earnest admirers; but I could plainly see that he did not think the effort worth while. He had that certain quality of the American man, be he in business, literature or science: he wanted to be doing something with a definite, practical end in view. For this reason, the American man is the most difficult in the world as a sitter. The American woman, on the contrary, while extremely timid over the first sitting, once the Rubicon is passed, proves herself wonderfully adaptable and intelligent. She becomes interested in the progress of the work, and actually, after a few hints, understands and abets the conception of the artist—what might be termed his inner meaning—the one for which he has trained. She will even go a step further, and this is proof conclusive of her marvellous powers of mental absorption. She will undertake the task of pleading the cause of the artist to those ignorant ones who seem to lack understanding, and will invariably make converts of them. I have been amused no less than edified to hear one of these clever and charming women lay down the finer ethics of our art with an authority I would not presume to use myself, although I had evidence that five minutes previously she had been as totally in the dark as those to whom she was now giving instruction.

To return to the versatile and restless Mr. Vincent, it was fortunate that I had trained myself to paint in the head at one sitting, and it was equally fortunate that this first sketch of the face was



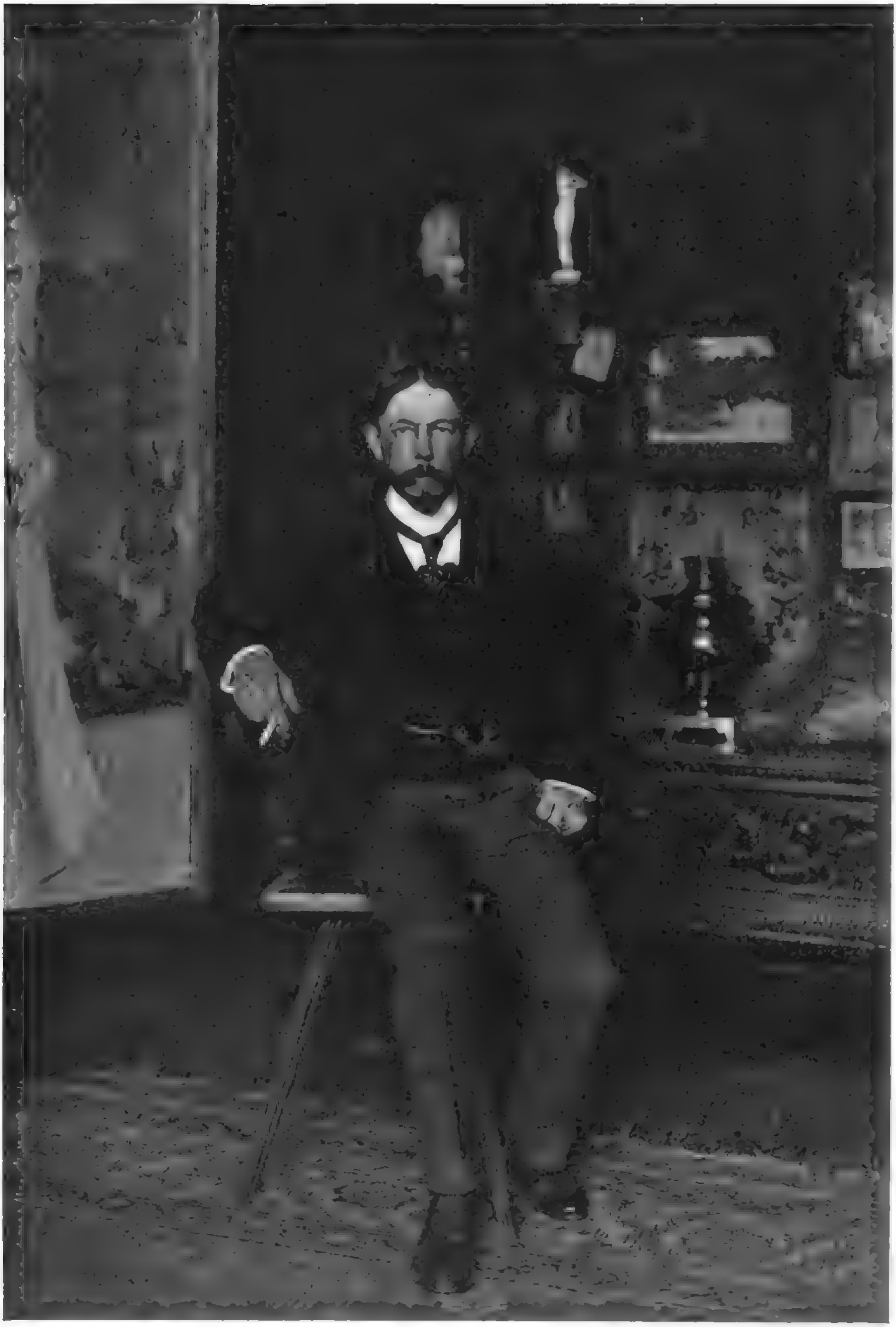
From painting by Irving R. Wiles.

PORTRAIT OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

successful, for he positively refused to spend more than the minimum of time in the studio. I never work on a head, "nag over it" or "coax it," as they say. If I do not find it satisfactory, I rub it out completely and start over again at another sitting with a fresh impression. I may start over a dozen times before I am satisfied that I have imprisoned the certain individual quality of expression, but once I begin, I finish, and rarely touch my brush to it again.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

One of the most tantalizing and witching faces to materialize in the crude colorings of paint was that of Miss Julia Marlowe. When she came out of the studio dressing-room, robed in an exqui-



MR. IRVING R. WILES IN HIS STUDIO.

site Empire gown and stood before me a silent question in her mobile, upraised face, I shall admit candidly I had a paroxysm of despair over the possibility of transferring the indescribable charm and radiance of her personality to canvas. I had placed a small Empire sofa before the easel. Upon this Miss Marlowe seated herself, one bare arm thrown carelessly over the carved back.

"Now tell me what I must do," she said.

Attitude, expression, the tilt of the head, the fall of shimmering satin—all were exquisitely graceful.

"Do not move," I called out, and with the instinct of the trained artist she remained motionless. I painted in the entire head at that first sitting and sketched in the figure. I was fortunate to catch something of the subtle charm of the face. At any rate, I never laid brush or pencil upon it again.

MRS. GILBERT.

When I wrote to dear old Mrs. Gilbert and begged that as a testimony of my admiration she would permit me to paint her portrait, I thought that I should be the first to have had that honor. I did not know that a large and admirable painting had been hanging for some years on the walls of the "Players' Club." I feared lest this delightful and rare artist should pass away from the scene of her labors without leaving a tangible record of her sweet and venerable presence.

When I called at her home to make final arrangements for the sittings,, the pallor and emaciation of her face and the pathetic and inevitable signs of a "breaking up" forced me to realize that I had reached my determination none too soon. On the day I expected her at the studio I took the precaution of placing a chair on each of the landings, thinking the dear old lady would appreciate and make use of my thoughtfulness. When she entered the studio I noticed that although it was summer she was dressed in a heavy corduroy suit, which hung about her slender figure in voluminous folds, and that she was panting for breath. Nevertheless, she informed me in quite a pet that very few girls of her age could run up stairs as she could, and that it was altogether unnecessary to place chairs around as though she were an old woman of eighty odd years.

Dear old Mrs. Gilbert—the tears came to her eyes when she discovered that I had arranged that she should sit in an old gilt armchair that had seen service in Daly's production of "The School for Scandal." This started her talking of Augustin Daly and the old days of the famous stock company. Her face became radiant as she retailed her storehouse of reminiscences. I recall her saying with some hesitation and a trace of sadness that she occasionally doubted if she had been wise to remain so long under the domination of his personality.

"Others flew away from the old nest," she said, "and proved that their wings were strong enough to fly to the mountain tops. I was too timid or too loyal and am still hopping about in the meadows. It is too late now—too late. I must always remain in the lowlands and sing my little song as best I can."

No one rejoiced more sincerely than I during Mrs. Gilbert's brief starring tour. I was glad for her sake that she was at least out of the meadows.

Like the others of my distinguished sitters Mrs. Gilbert had her innocent fads. She insisted that I should paint "very, very carefully" the knot of blue ribbon in her cap.

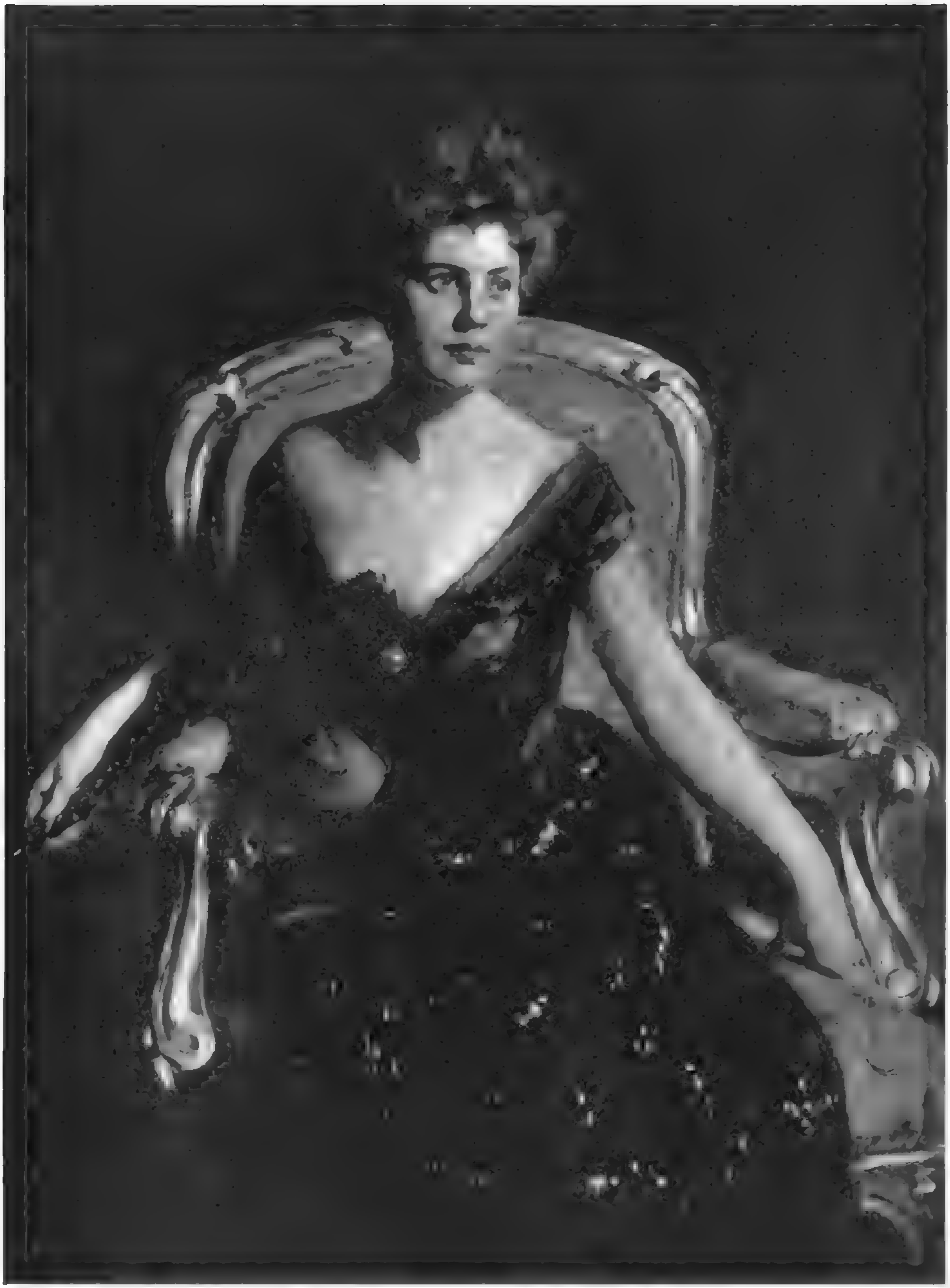
"I would not be myself without the blue bow in my cap." she remarked.

She was most particular, also, that I should not forget two or three little trinkets which she said she wore "for good luck."

At the last sitting when the portrait was completed she stood before the canvas gazing intently at it for a few moments, then she turned around with a merry, quizzical smile, "Well, that's Grandma," she said, and that was all, but I was satisfied.

THE STORY OF A PEACOCK'S TAIL.

Distinguished personages and actresses



From painting by Irving R. Wiles.

PORTRAIT OF MISS T——.

stones" and superstitious foibles of various sorts. We artists of the lowliest calibre must also plead guilty. I recall a certain winter when, having run across an extremely handsome model, I conceived the idea of making a study of her with a bunch of peacock feathers slung across her back. Having no peacock tails, I borrowed these properties from an artist friend.

"Bad luck!" cried my associates in a chorus.

I do not think I am a superstitious man, but these words "bad luck" persistently hurled at my inoffensive head began to worry me. The painting went wrong from the start. At last I sent it off to be framed. I happened to reach the house as it arrived from the dealer's. I noticed a small crowd in front of the door, and there on the sidewalk lay the peacock painting, its beautiful gilt frame a complete wreck. Even amid the debris I took note that the art dealer had cut the canvas a wrong size, and I also took note that as the last moment had arrived to send the work to the exhibition, I had through this accident missed the opportunity for that season.

I was enraged against the "peacock tails." I turned the painting in a great huff with its face to the wall, and dispatched a messenger boy with the ill-omened tails to my friend. Imagine my dismay when the messenger boy returned with the gorgeous tails accompanied by the following note:

"Keep them or burn them. Since they have been out of the way, I have had the first good luck for years."

Needless to say, I burned them with something of the savage fury of a Hottentot at the execution of his enemy. As a fitting conclusion of my story I wish to add for the benefit of the superstitious, that I discovered that for years in one corner of my room I had fastened a handsome Eastern fan of peacock feathers! Through good luck and bad luck it had remained unmolested and innocently inoffensive. It still hangs in the corner, for since that time I am no longer a victim of superstition, and have more than once regretted my unreasonable destruction of those gorgeous peacock tails my good friend had so courteously requested me to keep.

UNFOLDMENT

M. G. T. Stempel

How mystic the unfolding of a rose!
Ere it disclose
The golden heart within,
Petal by petal, shyly, slowly opes.
And none
May know the moment, when with icy breath
'Tis claimed by death.

How mystic the unfolding of a love!
Little by little it yieldeth, it hopes!
Flutters and lives,
And gives!

And mystic is the hour of its blight!
So mystic is the hour of its flight!

HOW CAPTAIN KIDD CAPTURED THE SUMMER RESORT

A Humorous Hodgepodge

By Helena Smith

Illustrated with Original Drawings by Angie Breakspear

THE phantom of the late Captain Kidd peered through ethereal spy glasses and looked worried.

"Shall we put in, Capt'n?" asked the First Mate. "There's a summer resort over on that point o'land."

"We'll ask about it of the party coming in yonder bird's bath tub," replied Kidd, pointing with his thumb to a motor boat that skipped toward the famous pirate's new pleasure yacht.

"What outfit is over there?" he yelled, making a trumpet of his hands, as the small boat came along side.

"Don't you know?" demanded the motorboatist with patronizing incredulity. "Why this is the Ideal Summer Resort run by Ali Baba and his forty thieves. There isn't a feature missing that is to be found at any resort in the world!"

"You don't say, stranger!" exclaimed Kidd. "Then that's just the place I'm looking for. Good accommodations?"

"Fine. Every suite faces the water, bath in every one, large clothespresses, all on the second floor, fine beach, shore dinners every Thursday, they keep their own condensed cows——"

"That's good enough for Willie Kidd," interrupted the Captain. "Who is putting up at Ali Baba's house?"

"Mainly royalty and professional people—people who have done things in the world," said the man in the small boat, proudly.

"Who might you be?" demanded the ex-terror of the seas, "your face is kinder familiar."

"Sindbad the Sailor, Captain," replied the other. "I think I met you on my 1099987th voyage."

"Sure enough," agreed Kidd. "Where are you starting for in that jelly mould?"

"I conduct sailing parties—$1.00 an hour, parties of four $3.00," said Sindbad with dignity. "Not as excitin' as the old life, but profitable. How do you find business?"

"Nothing doing," said Kidd in a confidential whisper. "And I don't know as I mind telling you just how it is. For a long time I've realized my methods was getting behind times. 'Kidd,' says I to myself, 'it's up to you to go somewhere and take a post graduate course. If there's any new tricks come up since you left port several hundred years ago, go and brush up. The boys, too, was getting indifferent and lazy. They've been so inactive they've nothing better to do than to brag about our silver plate and how long it's been in the family! It was Ike's idea—he's First Mate, is Ike—how to spruce up. Says he 'Let's visit the summer resorts—by what I read about 'em they kin give our game cards and spades and a few hearts thrown in for good measure.'

"Wasn't that cute of Ike?" went on Kidd admiringly. "Ike's literary—his favorite works is the pictered parts of the Sunday papers."

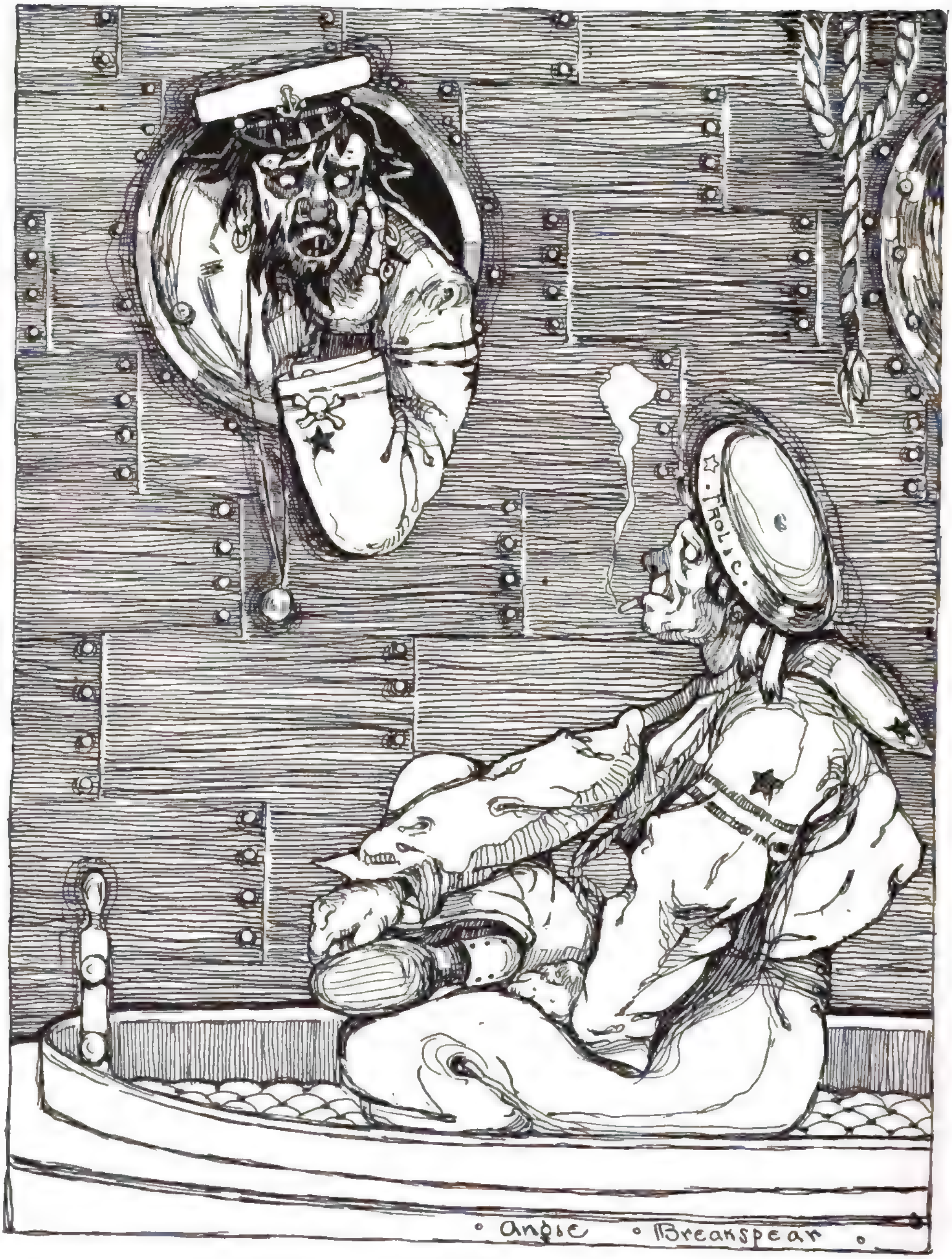
"Come on over with me and look around," suggested Sindbad cordially.

"All right," cried Kidd. "Just wait and I'll get a collar and a move on."

And so it happened that Captain Kidd went ashore and made his usual killing appearance.

"There are features about Ali Baba's hotel that will surprise you," boasted Sindbad, and, indeed, the surprise began when the gentlemanly clerk rattled off the rates to the astonished Captain Kidd.

"Hold on there!" cried Kidd. "Where's the other 39?"


FROLIC
Angie Breakspear

CAPTAIN KIDD DECIDED TO LOCK UP HIS TREASURE CHESTS AND GO ASHORE WITH SINDBAD IN HIS BIRD'S BATHTUB.

But a bell boy had already grabbed the Captain's suit case and was making off with it.

"Bless my soul," said Kidd, mopping his brow. "I'd like to take that youngster back with me—he has a great future!"

"He has only taken your grip up to your room," reassured Sindbad. "We'll take the elevator."

"In a place like this I should think they'd have to nail down the elevator or everyone would take it," sniffed Kidd.

The elevator proved to be none other than the famous magic wishing mat, whereon one might stand, and, wishing one self somewhere would be transported instantly.

"20th floor," said the bell boy—and they flew through space.

"I thought you said all the rooms were on the second floor," complained Kidd as they were ushered into a two by four apartment lighted by an air shaft. "And faced the water and——"

"I was quoting the prospectus," reproved Sindbad gently. Then in a whisper he added: "Give the boy a quarter if you expect any attention hereafter."

Kidd looked perplexed, but gave the tip without a word.

"Oh—here is the chambermaid," said Sindbad again. "Give her something."

"But I don't know her," protested Kidd, "and what will my wife say if she ever hears of it?"

Sindbad dropped into a chair and tied himself up in sailors' knots with laughter.

Kidd listened with keen interest while the tip system was explained.

"Why I could get anything I want—I've got my bowie knife and six shooter along," he said impatiently. "I've always found folks spry enough to wait on me without much coaxing. Still—if there's anything new I'm here to learn it!"

"Well—I've got to get along to take a sailing party out at half past four." Sindbad turned to follow the bell boy when Kidd cried in alarm:

"Here you—don't leave me in this canary's cage. If they want ransom, send over to the boat and tell Ike to give 'em chest number 876. I won't stay here if it costs me my last cent to get out!"

"No one wants to detain you, Kidd. But if you'll come on down to the piazzy, I'll introduce you to some of the summer girls!"

"They don't want to meet me," said Kidd modestly. "I hain't much on looks.'

"Which shows you don't know much about summer resorts. Any new man can make a hit."

Kidd began to look interested.

"I used to be quite popular among the ransom ladies," he admitted.

"Well, take my advice," said Sindbad, "and tell Ike to send over a case of engagement rings."

The spacious piazzas were filled with brilliant groups such as one always finds at a popular resort, only, in this case, every one seemed to be a personage.

Captain Kidd and Sindbad were at once surrounded by a fluttering galaxy of summer girls. Sindbad was tolerated among the smart set because he was such a "quaint character," and added to the local color of the place.

At this point a very angry gentleman of middle age followed by a young man who was talking excitedly and the proprietor, Ali Baba himself, rushed from the door of the hotel office.

"That's Robinson Crusoe," explained one of Captain Kidd's new acquaintances, "and the young man is Aladdin. They have been having a dreadful row ever since they arrived a week ago and this is the climax. It seems their servants started it. Mr. Crusoe's Friday was afraid of Aladdin's geni, and on account of the crowded condition of the servant's quarters was made to room with him. The geni slept on a chest of thunder and lighting and did most disconcerting and eccentric stunts. It was annoying to have one'e roommate approach with a clap of thunder and appear in a blaze of blinding light through the solid wall. Poor Friday has nearly had nervous prostration and that wicked geni has done everything to terrify the poor thing. Mr. Crusoe complained and Aladdin was informed his attendant must be more considerate. And the affair has gone from bad to worse. Mr. Crusoe says he is going to a quieter place—if he has to buy an island."

"Why don't they make Aladdin go?" queried Kidd. "He's the one that's making all the fuss."

"Oh—Aladdin furnishes all the lights with his wonderful lamp so it would be impossible to let him get offended," some one explained.

Before he was quite aware of what had happened, Kidd had made more engagements with royal princesses and famous beauties than he could keep if he stayed all summer. He had promised to take Helen of Troy to the races, Cinderella to the Casino subscription dances, Tennyson's Maud promised to meet him in the garden, a group of eight princesses wanted him to come down on the beach —indeed, he became the most popular man at the hotel in short order. Again and again, as he struggled to keep up to the fashionable pace, messages were dispatched to his yacht for chests of treasure. But best of all, he liked to go about with Caesar's wife—to escape gossip. They could often be seen on the boardwalk in rolling chairs or visiting the curio shops. But Captain Kidd and Mrs. Caesar had reckoned without the needle pushers on the piazza if they imagined they were not discussed.

One morning as Captain Kidd was returning from the mineral springs, for which the resort had quite a reputation, he met Priscilla Alden, who had registered at the hotel from Plymouth.

"May I carry your parasol, Mrs. Alden?" asked Kidd. "Do you know I'm going to give you the time of your life. Oh—I'm not kiddin'," he added hastily. "Come on and we'll have our picters took."

"Why, Captain Kidd! How you do carry on," she said glancing up from under her eyelashes.

"I want some of the kind on postal cards," explained Kidd to the attendant in the photographer's gallery. "Finished up in 20 minutes? Just wait till the boys see 'em!"

Kidd selected several pasteboard figures of grotesque design, chuckling and now and then bursting into a wild roar of laughter.

"This lady won't feel at home without a spinnin' wheel," he said jocosely. "But she can sit in a wheel chair and I'll spin a yarn!"

They kept a line of ninety-seven waiting while they tried every pose and every cardboard absudity.

"Aren't they frivolous?" demanded the demure little Puritan, rather shocked at some of the figures Kidd had selected.

"Nope. It's summer time—and for the moment I'm Willie-off-the-yacht. Now we'll send some to our friends who had to stay at home!"

Kidd chewed the end of his fountain pen and wrinkled his brows. Then in a cramped hand he dashed off the following:

"Dear Mamma. I take my pen in hand hoping these few lines will find you well. I suppose I have changed some since you saw me, but this is a pretty tolerable likeness of your affectionate Willie."

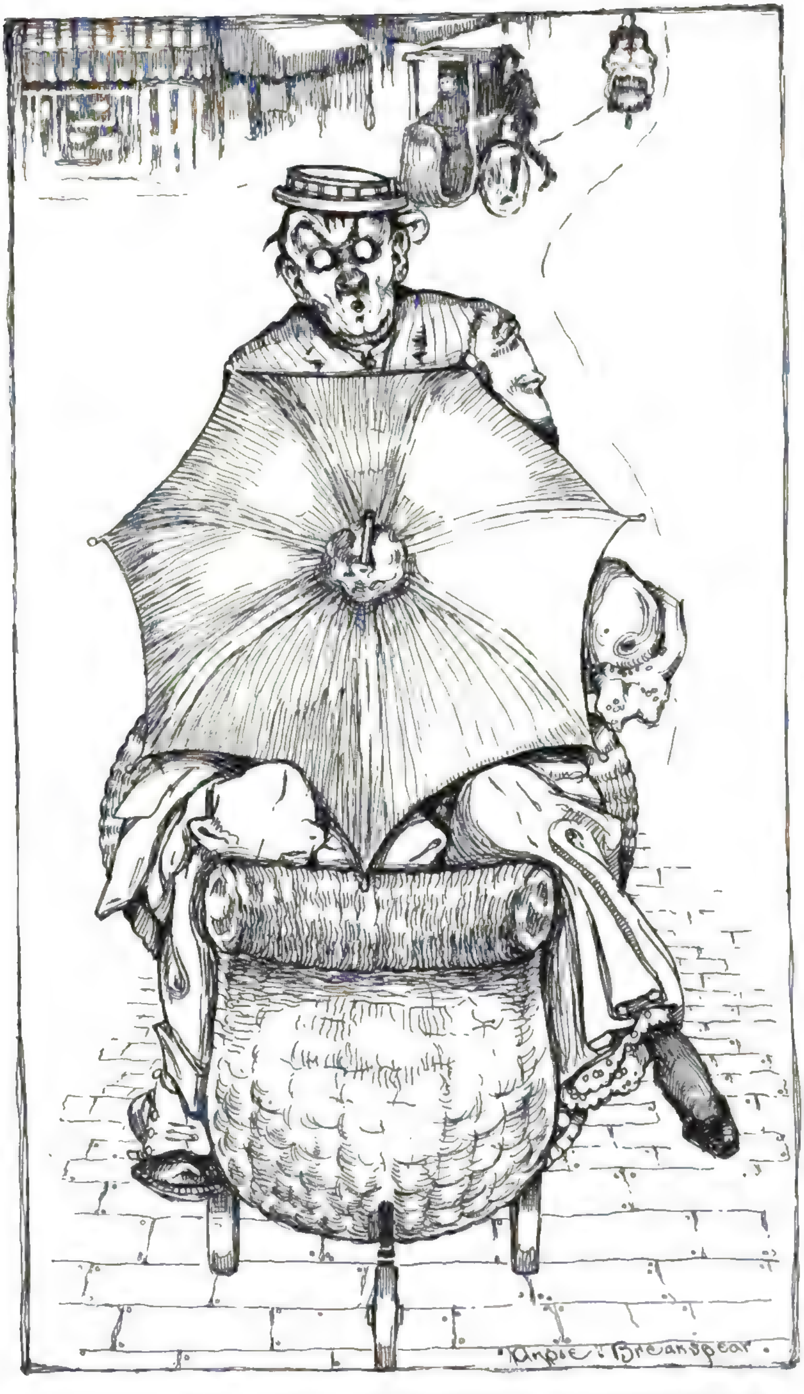
On another card, which, like the first, was a subdued likeness in a highly conventional pose, he wrote.

"Dear Kate: Here I am at this lovely resort. Was obliged to stop over on important business. Delayed because the man I came to see was a few days late. The scenery is beautiful, but of course is rather dull as I don't know anyone. Your lonesome Will."

And again—this time on a lurid card, whereon the skillful photographer had made a composite of his face and a Parisian figure:

"Hello, pard: Having a barrel of fun. Sorry you aren't here, too. Great place to blow our modest savings; regular nor'-nor'west kind of a blow-out. Guess I won't have any treasure left for folks to dig for if I stay much longer. Or they might say it was one of the places where Kidd really did bury his pile. Bill."

He sent dozens to acquaintances made while held for ransom, and Priscille wrote several also—one to Standish, saying the little attention wouldn't


Annie : Breakspear

THE CHAIR-PUSHER, LIKE CAESAR'S WIFE, WAS ABOVE SUSPICION.

embarrass him because he was so many Miles away.

Kidd informed her that people had been lost overboard for less than that.

But when Captain Kidd and his companion returned to the hotel there was an unpleasant surprise awaiting the gallant captain. Ike, the first mate and guardian of the treasure chests, was the bearer of ill news. Excusing himself to the lady, Kidd followed Ike's grimy, but imperative, finger to an exclusive nook on the piazza. Nero was leading his band and the soft, faint notes were wafted to their ears on the gentle zephyr.

"I couldn't cash your last money order," said Ike, coming to the point. We're dead, clean broke! You are a dandy to get shore leave and instead of gettin' points to go galavantin' around with girls. Humph!" He cast a contemptuous glance over the captain's gay and festive attire.

"Ike," said Kidd, gently, "I fergive you them sarcastic words. You have never been at a summer resort, so do not know of what you speak when you reproach me with extravagance. Why, old man, you may not know it, but I've scrimped. Yes, actually scrimped. I flattered myself that I was doing it pretty cheap, considerin'?"

"Well—the point is—have you learned any new methods?" demanded Ike, impatiently.

"Yes, I might say as how I have. These catch penny methods may be slow—but they are sure and no feelings hurt. I hain't seen one guy brained or put overboard since I came—yet they all go away broke. Much more gentlemanly, Ike, than some of our ways, eh?"

"Be you thinkin' of applyin' some of the new tricks to our line o' business?" queried Ike, ironically. "Maybe you think I'm goin' to push a 400-pound vacationist up and down the deck in a baby carriage—like you've been toted up and down in? Maybe——"

But Captain Kidd interrupted the oratory of his friend by pulling him farther within the nook where they were standing.

"What's the matter?" demanded Ike, crossly.

Kidd, pale and agitated, was leaning against the pillar of the piazza.

"Did you see that man that just passed? Well, I'm avoidin' him because I am wearing his watchfob. We boarded his trading vessel on the high seas and by what we took I don't see how he can afford to put up here. Howsomever, go ahead with your monologue."

"Are we going away from here done?" asked Ike, with directness. "Why, it would work buttonholes in your reputation if it gets out that you, Captain William Kidd, were—stung!"

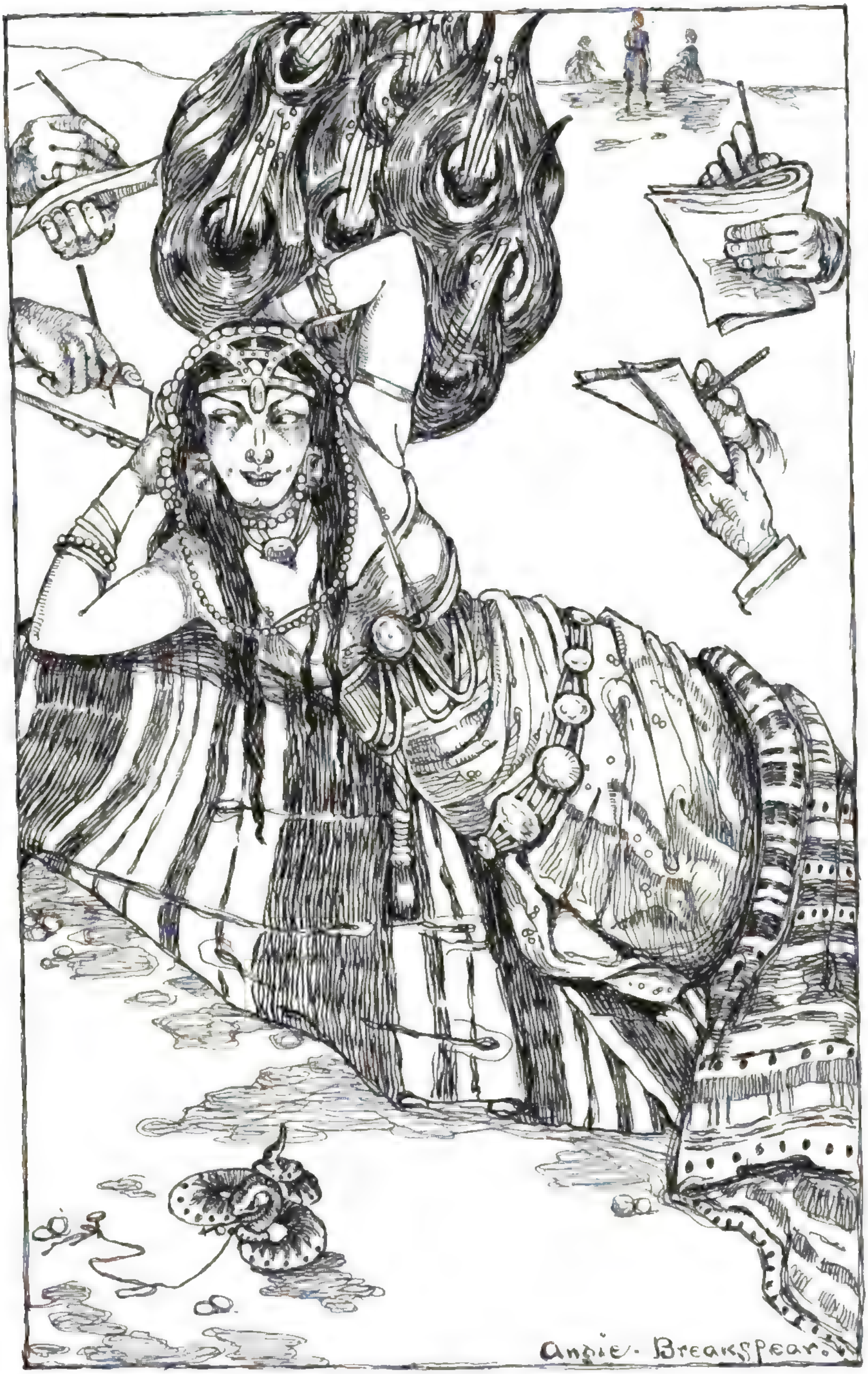
"There you have reckoned without my wonderful resorces," said Kidd, with a wink. "In the meantime, Ike, let's have a college ice. That is, if you happen to have twenty cents in your pocket!"

Indeed, the vigilant Ike had come none too soon, for the gallant captain's wealth had been frittered away like the accumulation of a toy bank. And his board bill, still unpaid, stretched into so many figures that to say it one had to divide them off into groups of three and then count up from units as one did in the arithmetic class.

The next day there were flaming posters out announcing a "Benefit" under the auspices of Captain William Kidd and the ladies of Ali Baba's Hotel. Just who was to be benefited was a little vague—but that's not at all a drawback to a charitable splurge. Captain Kidd said a few illusive things about needy and deserving sailors, and that was quite enough to interest the summer guests. The benefit was to take the form of a vaudeville entertainment to be followed by a dance.

It would seem as if everybody at the resort was at the affair on the evening it came off. The large drawing-rooms and piazzas were filled to overflowing, while the ballroom, designed to seat thousands, was packed long before the program began. Tickets had sold at fancy prices.

The first number was a violin solo by Nero, followed by Cleopatra, who did her great act of putting a pearl in a glass


Annie · Breakspear.

CLEOPATRA, IN THE MOST DARING BATHING SUIT ON THE BEACH, TELLS THE REPORTERS HOW HER JEWELS WERE STOLEN. YES, SHE THOUGHT SHE MIGHT GO INTO VAUDEVILLE!

of wine and drinking it. Someone in the audience was unkind enough to say it was only a dyspeptic tablet. Aladdin's genie contributed some exceptionally good magic, Friday sang some coon songs which were loudly applauded, and he topped it with a cakewalk. Sindbad the Sailor's contribution was an interesting description of one of his famous voyages, and some of the noted beauties added other little special "turns." It went very smoothly for an amateur performance. Afterward, the dancing began. It was a brilliant scene indeed—lights blazed, jewels sparkled—when suddenly—biff! The place was plunged in utter darkness. Pandemonium reigned. Women shrieked—orders were shouted.

It was fully an hour before there were any connections made with the lights, and it was a dismantled scene which met their blinking eyes. There didn't seem to be a jewel left flashing on wearers who had previously been ablaze with gems. Missing were also the gallant captain, originator of the benefit—and the enormous receipts. Gone were the strange men who had appeared at the dance—a suspicious-looking band, but supposed to have been a delegation of some kind. Ali Baba rushed in followed by his forty faithful retainers to say that the till had been tapped and the season's profits confiscated! It was a very gloomy place around the gay resort when the truth was realized.

Captain Kidd stood leaning over the railing of his deck looking at the twinkling electric signs emblazoned against the summer sky. There was regret in his eyes but satisfaction in his soul. Never had there been such treasure stored in craft of his.

"We did 'em up brown that time," said Ike at his elbow. "Takes a thief to catch a thief!"

Kidd nodded absent-mindedly, and took from his pocket a few trinkets—a flower, a tintype, a ribbon, a locket, a curl, a tiny handkerchief, a hair pin——

"The real vallybles ain't down in the hold, Ike," he said, sentimentally. "Them was pleasant days——" His voice broke off abruptly.

Ike looked at his friend critically.

"Well—it's summer," he muttered, philosophically. "Still, I'd never have thought it of Bill!"

And the phantom ship drifted with the mist—far from the twinkling lights—the sound of the wailing orchestra—and the girls he left behind him!

LIFE

By Grace G. Bostwick

The maiden, virgin-eyed, laughed low and sweet,
"Give me of love and joy my fill," she sang,
"And sorrow?" asked the angel pityingly,
"I know her not," her merry laughter rang.

The woman drank her cup and at the lees
She faltered sore; "Ah, why so bitter cruel?"
The angel answered gently, "Nay, poor heart,
"Thou hast not won thy sorrow's priceless jewel."

The aged one sat dreaming at life's dusk,
"Lo! I have lived unto the end," she said,
"What thinkest now?" the kind-voiced angel asked,
"Life has been good," she whispered with bowed head.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DESPAIRING GIRL OF THE TENDERLOIN.

THE MOTHER OF THE NEW YORK TENDERLOIN AND HER DAUGHTERS

Saturday Night at a Precinct Police Station

By Nina Carter Marbourg

THEY are gathered from the four corners of the earth and for a brief period held in the mighty palm of the law. They are fined, released and gathered up again; year after year this is the pitiable lot of the poor unfortunate moths who have flitted too near the flaring flame of vice. These moths are the Tenderloin girls of New York; it is they who make the Tenderloin police station just what Commissioner McAdoo has called it, "the busiest station house in the world."

The Police Commissioner has traveled much; he has visited similar gaols in vast cities, in London, Paris, Berlin. None of these, he says, compare in strenuosity with the station house just off Sixth Avenue in Thirtieth Street.

Saturday night, especially, is filled with hard work surpassing the activity of all other nights. This is accounted for by the fact that there is more of a crowd on the streets Saturday than other evenings; that there is more money in the pockets of people paid by the week, and that Saturday is held by certain classes as a legitimate occasion for healthy, pleasant relaxation; by others it is the time for a weekly revelry and dissipation. It is from the latter class that the station house receives its one-night lodges, composed, too often, alas, of girls.

We arrived at the house of the green lights about half past eight. After a pleasant dinner hour, bright lights, good music, the contrast of the place we now entered was keenly felt. This station house is like all others, dimly lighted by the white-globed gas lamps that flank the desk, smoke-filled and tenanted by uniformed men. It is a dismal place—the first step toward the quicksands of crime and the criminal career.

For special guardians it has a captain ot the precinct, a sergeant and his assistants and a matron.

On the shoulders of this woman rests a great responsibility—a responsibility far greater than many think, for it is she who must come constantly in contact with the women who are either grief-stricken or merely hysterical; it is she who must advise, admonish and attempt as best she can, to effect a reformation.

After our arrival we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the matron's quarters just off the main office. This is a pleasant little room, and here we waited for the nets of the law to be drawn and the minnows to be brought in. It was while we waited that the matron observed:

"I'm not going to tell you a thing about the life here; you must witness it to appreciate its sorrow and degradation; what you will see here within the next few hours occurs seven nights out of every week, with this difference—that Saturday is a trifle businer and sadden than—perhaps Monday or Tuesday.

At this moment the matron's bell rang, she looked at us and remarked:

"Humph! as early as this? We'll have a busy night."

The ways of the prison mother are blunt, but wholesome and kindly.

We went out into the large room, and there, before the long, dark desk, stood a group that would interest a student of human nature. We saw the "plain clothes man" who had made the arrest, an ever-present reporter grinning as though some great joke was afloat and his appreciation of it was intense; at the other end of the desk stood a hunchback Jew with glittering, stealthy eyes; a slender girl stood unabashed in the midst of these men; her attitude was one of defiance; her lips were drawn to a set, determined curve; she looked directly at the sergeant, nor did she notice the matron when she joined the group.

"You are charged with disorderly conduct," said the sergeant.

"Well, it's the truth," she answered, calmly.

"You have been here before?"

"Once, last month; they fined me and let me go."

"Well, we'll have to lock you up this time until morning—unless you can secure bail."

"I can."

She turned to the hunchback; he was a professional bondsman. Just then her glance rested on the matron. Had she beheld a ghost from another world the color could not have more quickly left her cheeks. For a moment she looked at the kindly Mrs. Maloney; again she met the stealthy, glittering eyes of the Jew; then she looked up at the sergeant; evidently she was undecided. For a moment she stood quite silent; then she said quickly:

"I can't get bail; lock me up."

"All right. Take her out, Mrs. Maloney."

The men dispersed—the reporter to smoke and lean on the rail at the far end of the desk; the bondsman to wait for another victim; the "plain clothes man" to again drop his net.

The girl followed the matron across the room, out of the iron door, down the steps, across a courtyard into the cement-floored prison. She stepped into her cell and sat down on the bench. The matron turned the key in the lock and went back to her office. Not a word passed between us. The only sound, our footsteps and the jingling of the big keys carried by the prison matron.

"That girl," said Mrs. Maloney, when we were again in her room, "came down from the country some three months ago. She wanted to go on the stage, secured an engagement, was in the chorus, and then for some reason or other left the company. Without work she followed the course taken by so many, many girls from the country with notions of stagedom in their heads. When she was first brought here, some time last month, I saw it was her first experience of this kind; I saw that she was young and

A PRISONER BEFORE THE SERGEANT.

decent and intelligent. I talked with her in a plain, frank way; she promised she would look for work and would try to live in a right way; now she is here again; undoubtedly it means the beginning of the end for her. It is for such girls, without moral courage and will power, that the danger is greatest in a city like New York. Every week fifty such cases are brought here. When she saw me she was undoubtedly reminded of her promise and her better self came to the surface; she decided to remain here over night rather than be turned again to the streets."

In the meantime, after the matron had written the prisoner's name in her night book, she made a cup of tea and carried it out to the prison. For some time the only sounds that reached us were the laughter of the men in the outer office. Now and then the silence was broken by the click of an officer's heels as he crossed from the recreation room to the desk. Just how one can laugh and joke in this place is not quite clear to one unaccustomed to the atmosphere; after all the secret lies in growing used to one's surroundings.

Shortly Mrs. Maloney returned with the empty cup.

"I've had a talk with her and it's hopeless; she says she can't go home, and she don't know how to work. Soon she'll become a 'regular.' A regular? Well, that's one who is arrested on the same charge about every so often; yes, it happens right along."

Suddenly in the outer office there was a scuffling of feet, a hurrying of people, loud voices, a shriek from a woman, then a sound as though a wholly relaxed body had fallen slowly, but heavily, to the floor.

The bell rang, and the matron, followed by us, went into the outer room. There lay on the floor a filthy, wretched heap of humanity—an insensible woman!

This woman was old and small of stature; her gray hair fell over her face; it was stained with blood that came from a great gash on her head. Quickly the matron brought a basin of water and bathed the withered face; slowly the eyes opened and a ghastly grin stretched the lips over the toothless gums.

"He didn't mean ter," she groaned; "honest, he didn't!"

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "Just like 'em all," he remarked.

They lifted the woman to her feet; she was so weak from loss of blood that she could hardly stand.

It developed that her husband had thrown a flower pot at her and cut her head. She had run from the house, a night crowd collected, she was arrested, and now she pleaded:

"Lock me up an' let him go. I've been here before, an' he didn't mean ter."

"You'd better make a charge and have him put away for the night," said the sergeant.

"No," she replied, putting her hand to her head, "he didn't mean ter; it was all of a suddent like. Lock me up and let him go."

She tottered and would have fallen but for the ever-ready arm of the matron.

Her husband, a great, hulking fellow, gave her name and left the station house; he did not even cast a passing glance at her. An ambulance was called; by the time the matron had bandaged the poor head, replaced one of the ragged shoes that had come off to display a stockingless foot, and had again washed the blood-stained face, the doctor had arrived; they lifted her to the ambulance, the trilling electric bell rang out a warning cry, and the miserable, forsaken, yet loyal, wife was taken to rest for a time in a clean, fresh bed.

It was now half past ten. As yet there was but one prisoner in the jail outside. Between the hours of ten and twelve there were eight prisoners brought in. It is between these hours and until one o'clock that a greater part of the arrests for disorderly conduct are made. The matron was kept very busy. Each name must be written in her night ledger. Nearly every prisoner sends messages from the jail to friends. In a period of comparative quiet the matron explained this note writing.

"You see, the instant most of the girls are arrested they send for assistance; some of them merely send to tell a sister or acquaintance that they are all right and in the station house for the night; this is a very common occurrence and they think little of it. Sometimes those who send for bail are successful; many times they are not. There is one woman who is here often; she always sends her notes in a great hurry; to my knowledge she has never received an answer, yet she sends these written communications with such dignity and such a show of confidence that one cannot advise her to save her messenger's fee."

A messenger arrived, took the bundle of sealed letters and handed the matron a package.

"That's lunch," remarked Mrs. Maloney. "In all probability it is more than lunch." She untied the package and took up a sandwich that lay next to a piece of layer cake, and proceeded to examine it.

"You see," she explained, "many women here are addicted to the morphine habit. Their friends send them morphia in a lunch and so we must examine it; cake is especially good for the concealment of the white tablets. Sometimes it is put in tea or coffee. We must scrutinize everything that goes out to the prisoners; even in liquids we often discover a very fine white sediment."

She tied up the lunch and carried it out to the prison. I followed. The iron door of the prison house clanged behind us. Then came to our ears such a combined sound of lamentations, chattering and sobs, that for a moment we were quite confused at the uproar; but the matron quietly went about her business, handed the lunch in at one of the doors and passed on to an end cell from which sobs came.

"Jane!" she said, in a soft voice. Jane—how strange that good, sweet name sounded in this place.

"Jane!" she repeated, "you must not cry so; you will be ill." The sobs ceased for an instant; then came a crash, a moan and all was still in the cell. The matron unlocked the door; the prisoner had flung herself against the hard wall; the blow had stunned her and she lay on

THE TENDERLOIN MOTHER TAKING ORDERS FROM THE CAPTAIN.

SEARCHING FOR MORPHINE CONCEALED IN A SANDWICH.

her bench. Mrs. Maloney lifted her and took her to the grated window.

"There, there, poor girl; you are all tired out."

The air from the window revived her and in the light I saw that it was the first prisoner of the night.

"Oh, Mrs. Maloney, I've been thinking of what you said and I—I——"

"Well?" encouraged the gentle voice.

"I want to get away from it all, and I can't see any way out. What shall I do?"

Then she sobbed quietly on the motherly shoulder.

"If it is really true—if you really want to get out of this life—I know where you can get work; but we'll talk it over in the morning; now you must be quiet and rest."

When we left her she was smiling through her tears, and the face of the prison mother, careworn as it was from her nights of trouble, was wonderfully sweet and radiant.

On our return to the station house there was a new prisoner waiting before the sergeant's desk. She was of a type peculiar to the district, just what the people of the station house call a "bluffer." She was tall, slender and rather good-looking. She was weeping copiously. Her tears might have stained her gown had she not taken precautions to ward them off with her hands and handkerchief.

"Disorderly conduct, eh?" asked the sergeant.

"Oh, sergeant, I didn't—oh, I didn't speak to him at all. I was just walking along the street and he——"

"There, there, that'll do, miss," said the sergeant. "What's your name?"

"Oh, I didn't—I——"

"Name?" again questioned the patient man.

"Oh, what if my mother——"

"See here, you!" suddenly exclaimed the heretofore passive sergeant, "don't you dare mention your mother in this place. Don't you dare use a mother's name to shield yourself from the punishment resulting from your misconduct. Now, what's your name?"

"Annie Grant," whimpered the much crestfallen and subdued girl.

"Take her out, Mrs. Maloney."

The girl and matron started toward the back of the room. The tearful eyes were now dry. Half way across the room the girl turned, doubled her hand and shook her fist at the sergeant.

"You just wait—I'll fix you! Just just wait until I'm out of here—I'll fix you!" With this she turned and flaunted out.

This girl then was what is known in the nomenclature of the police station as a "regular" and a "bluffer." Finding a new sergeant at the desk she had thought it possible to throw him off the scent and gain her liberty.

This is the sort of girl from whom the professional bondsman makes his living. These of the bolder sort generally apply to him for bail. This he gives, charging a good round sum for his services and his money. The bondsmen live but a short distance from the station house. At evening they appear in the dim room and remain until after the work of the night is over. Many times they give bond for as many as eight or nine women. Sometimes not one applies to them for aid. It all depends upon whether the cells are filled with "regulars" or first offenders. The older women patronize him. The younger ones in all probability know of his existence only after two or three trips to the station house.

At one o'clock we left the station house. The cells were now doubly full. There are fourteen cells—there were twenty-eight prisoners. It was a busy night, but many times there are more prisoners than there are cells.

This is the routine of the hardest-worked mother in New York, as she lives for twelve hours a day in the busiest and saddest home in all New York.

If those other less busy, less wise mothers in smaller towns knew of this place—if they could spend but an hour in its gloomy atmosphere, they would not willingly part with a daughter that she might seek a brilliant career in a great city. In the metropolis of the East there is a flame that attracts the moth, a superficial brilliancy that will in the end plunge its follower into this dismal key and lock guarded trap of the law.

A MODERN DIANA.

By Terrell Love.

The Summer Maid on dress parade,
With wiles and guiles and fetching smiles
And nods and blinks, and cunning winks,
Works and prays, both nights and days,
For a fruitful plan to trap a man.
Her hopes run high—a man draws nigh:
With artful skill and right good will
She baits her hook; a smile, a look
From eyes of blue that seem so true;
With pretty face and dainty grace
She angles, till her brow entangles.
He bites the bait—he runs—too late!
The sweet young thing has one more ring!
Add one more to the half a score
Of manly hearts, pierced by the darts
Of the Summer Maid, who's not afraid
Of a coat of tan, or a Summer Man.

Envoy.

She's not to blame—he knows the game;
He's been there before, and, what's more
Now and then, he will be again.

A DEFERRED FUNERAL

By Edgar White

THE doctor said it was only a question of months. Spring was coming on and he might rally a little during the summer, but when the frost came—a grave shake of the head expressed all too well the tragedy of life that was to be expected. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marcum sighed and looked already bereft. They were young, and had been married a little over two years. The invalid was Mr. Marcum's elder brother, Wendle, whose comsuptive cough they could hear in the next room. Wendle, at thirty-five, had retired from business on account of ill health. Having started in his career early, and worked industriously and intelligently, he had risen almost to the top round of his profession—the law—when the grimmest of maladies said "Halt!"

The end came while in the city. His brother and sister-in-law swooped down upon him, and brought him to their village home, where Ralph was in a modest business. The invalid reluctantly let go of the world and prepared for the inevitable. He had property to the extent of $75,000, and he gave his younger brother power of attorney to wind up his affairs. As Wendle was not married it was tacitly understood his estate would go to the relatives who were caring for him. He had not yet made his will, and delicacy suggested the abeyance of the subject at first. But there were other brothers and sisters and the matter might become complicated if the invalid neglected so apparent a duty too long. So one day Ralph spoke to him about it.

The sick man looked up and his pale cheeks slightly flushed.

"Yes," he said, "I must do that. I will attend to it soon."

"Forgive my reference to the matter, Wendle," said Ralph. "I would not speak of it now, only you know it's best to consider such things while your head is clear."

"That's true," said Wendle. "I might die to-morrow."

"No—no; I didn't mean that," said Ralph, hastily. "We don't expect anything like that for some time."

The words betrayed the thought.

"But you *do* expect it," said Wendle, with something of the severity he sometimes used in examining witnesses.

Ralph reddened, and to hide his confusion said:

"Well, let's not talk about such things. I'll send Clara in with the papers to read to you," and he went out.

Clara came in looking as cheerful as a sepulchre. Her idea of sympathy was akin to that of Job's comforters.

"Mrs. Murdock died last night," was the sensational information she started on.

"Ah! that's too bad. What was the matter with her?"

"Consumption, and she had only been sick six months."

The invalid shivered. Clara stirred up the fire in the grate and put on some more coal. Outside the spring sunshine was warm and the birds sang; but the windows closed tight and shades half down shut out all this.

"Yes," she went on, "she got so she coughed night and day, and before she died she turned literally to skin and bones! Poor thing! They said there was room enough to put two like her in the coffin."

Wendle laid his head on his hand and sighed. Clara came over to him.

"Does it hurt your head for me to talk?" she asked, in a voice meant to be sympathetic.

"No—no; go on. Don't mind me. I'll be better by and by."

"I was afraid maybe I was talking too loud. They say Mrs. Murdock got so toward the last that she couldn't bear to hear anyone speak above a whisper."

The invalid wrapped his blankets

about him and looked out of the window.

Mrs. Marcum, having about exhausted the subject, adopted another tack.

"The Hamptons returned from Europe yesterday.

Wendle looked up with a show of interest.

"I saw Viola down in town this morning and she was dressed and frizzed like a theatre girl. She pretended to be awful glad to meet me, and wanted to come to the house. But I told her not to."

"Why?"

"Why?" reproachfully. "She's one of the noisiest girls you ever saw. She would make such a racket that it would most kill you. And when I told Ralph that I suggested for her not to come over for the present he said I was just right."

"I don't think she'd make such an awful fuss. I have met her before."

"You have?"

"Yes, I had some business with her father in the city, and he brought her with him."

"Viola Hampton?"

"Yes, Viola Hampton."

"Well, I declare. You never told me before."

The sick man smiled. There were several things he hadn't told them. They had so completely taken possession of him that it seemed treachery on his part to retain anything from them.

"It was just a casual acquaintance, you know," he said. "I never expected to meet her again; but if she's here and wants to come, I wouldn't object. I saved her father several thousand dollars in a suit he had."

Clara and Ralph talked it over. Then they discussed the matter with Dr. Lambrose. He smiled at their fears.

"I guess it won't shorten his life. She's a bit vivacious, and inclined to talk too much, perhaps; but if she overdoes the thing, you can put your hand to her mouth."

And so Viola and her father were admitted next day to the sick room. But they were impressively cautioned by Clara not to make a noise, and to refrain from talking too much. The invalid's dark eyes lighted with pleasure as he welcomed his visitors and he started to rise from the chair, but Ralph gently forced him back.

"By George, Wendle! I can hardly imagine you a sick man," exclaimed Hampton, despite Clara's pantomimic orders to reduce his voice. "Only a few months back, it seems, you were the most vigorous man at the bar."

"I know it looked that way," said Wendle, "but my lungs were troubling me, even then."

"What you need is air," said Hampton, "and I'm going to raise these windows."

He started to do it. Ralph and Clara gave vent to a storm of protests and got between Hampton and the glass.

"Why, you'll kill him if you do that," said Ralph. "The least bit of cold air that strikes his lungs gives him a violent fit of coughing that is painful in the extreme. We've tried it."

"But that was along back last winter," expostulated the obstreperous visitor. "It's warm now, and would do him good. No man could live in a bake-oven like this. He ought to be out swinging in a hammock."

"Not now," said Ralph. "He's too weak. Perhaps after a while——"

"After a while, the devil! What do you say about it, Wendle?" asked Hampton, suddenly turning to the patient. "Would you like to get out there where the grass is green, and where the sunlight and the birds are?"

Wendle looked eagerly at his brother and sister-in-law, and observing their disapproving faces, said:

"I'm afraid it would be dangerous to try just now. Later on, perhaps, I may go out awhile. I guess this summer will end it, anyhow," he concluded, sadly.

"Not on your life," said Hampton. "If I stay in this town you're not going to die; and if I go out West I'm going to take you along—see! I haven't forgot what you did for me, and you're too valuable a man to lose, just yet. I've got some heavy interests out in Colorado, and you're just the man I want to pilot me along the law side of them——"

Here Ralph took the enthusiastic promoter by the arm and forcibly led him from the room.

"It won't do, Hampton. You mean all right, but it excites him, and after it's all over there's a relapse that weakens him terribly," he said.

"I hope your doctor won't forbid me coming over once in a while," said Miss Viola. "They tell me I'm noisy and talk a good deal like that enthusiastic father of mine; but if I get too loud you just hold up your finger. That'll be a signal for the 'orator' to sit down."

Wendle smiled. There had been more pleasant lines about his face that afternoon than at any time since he had been brought to the house. He had been accustomed to sepulchral voices and demeanor so long that good-natured enthusiasm was a wonderful stimulant.

"I'm sure I'll always be glad to see you," he said, eagerly, "and I hope you'll call again."

But that night there was a serious private talk between Ralph and Clara, and they resolved to maintain a rigid quarantine against those "abrupt and too demonstrative Hamptons." They asked the doctor to explain to Wendle how necessary it was to shield him from disturbance of any sort, and tried to get him to tell the invalid particularly how important it was that the Hamptons should be scratched from the calling list. But the doctor had discovered something since the Hamptons had been there that set him thinking. Profound student that he was, he never let the slightest detail of a case escape him. He learned that Wendle had slept a little better that night, and observed his pulse was a trifle stronger. There were other beneficial indications noticeable only to a man of science. As Ralph and Clara went on and indignantly described the "outrageous" conduct of Hampton and his daughter the doctor began to credit that very thing with the faint improvement he had detected. He never beat around the bush. When he told them he believed Wendle would die when the cold weather came on he delivered his candid opinion, based on numerous cases of the sort.

"He's a bit better to-day than he was yesterday," said the doctor.

"What!" exclaimed Ralph and Clara together.

"I believe I'd ask 'em to call again."

"You don't attribute his improvement to the visit of that noisy crowd, do you?" snapped Ralph.

"What else happened yesterday to credit it to?" observed the doctor.

"If that helped him," said Clara, sarcastically, "perhaps we could cure him by bringing in a lot of tin horns and blowing them in his ears."

"You might do worse," said the doctor, significantly. He had an inkling of the merry Clara's method of "interesting" the sick man.

The Marcums determined to call in another physician. Dr. Lambrose evidently regarded the case too lightly, in spite of his professed belief in its gravity. It was too serious a matter to jest over, as he had done. So they went to see Dr. Moulton, and finding he agreed with them gave him the case. Of course Dr. Lambrose immediately withdrew, but he carried his opinions with him. He went to see Hampton.

"To be candid, Hampton," he said, "I don't believe there's much hope for Marcum, but what little there is will be snuffed out by the grave-yard policy of that brother and sister-in-law of his. Now that they've secured that old quack to abet them we might as well get our mourning ready."

"What do you think of his standing a trip to Colorado?" asked Hampton.

"It wouldn't shorten his life a day, and might possibly add to it. I've done all that I can do. The only hope now is pure air, and they have it out there. But you never could get their consent for him to go."

"I won't ask it," said Hampton.

"I'd like to know how you'll get him out of there without their knowing it."

"You leave that to me, but I'll want your help when all's ready, and you must make arrangements to go with us, at least as far as Colorado Springs."

One afternoon a week later the negro

cook was bribed to smuggle a note in to the patient. The message ran:

"Old Friend: Dr. Lambrose and I have made up our minds to get you out and save your life. Under pretense of being able to be alone to-morrow night, tell 'em not to come to your room. Get a few things together, and we'll come up after you on a stepladder. Answer.

"Yours,
"H."

It was the birth of a new hope to the invalid. For months he had been yielding to his relatives' rule of quietude and the absence of anything like exercise. He felt that he was going rapidly down to his grave under such a method, but was becoming too weak to protest. So he gladly answered that he would be ready at nine sharp.

There was no moon, but the night was clear. A carriage containing Hampton and Dr. Lambrose was driven softly up a side street. The rear of the house was wrapped in solemn blackness. A padded ladder, prepared in the afternoon, was slid out of a near-by hayloft and placed against the house. Hampton went first, followed by the doctor. The invalid was up and dressed. The excitement of the clandestine evacuation had given him unusual strength. His little bundle of clothes were thrown in the yard and Hampton gently carried the emaciated form. A cot had been prepared in the vehicle, and he was laid thereon, without his suffering much pain. A sleeping compartment had been secured on the train. Viola, burning with anxiety over the result of the high-handed raid, was at the station awaiting the little party. The embarking was successfuly accomplished, and the "abductors" were soon leaving the miles behind at the rate of fifty an hour, and gleefully wondering what old "Dr. Kill-or-Cure" would do when he found his patient had run off from him.

There was the wildest sort of talk in the Marcum household the next day. The police force was ordered out after the "villains" and even bloodhounds put on the scent. By-and-by it was learned that Dr. Lambrose, Hampton and Viola were also missing, and the awful truth forced itself on them. Dr. Moulton threatened to file a $10,000 damage suit against his rival for interfering with his business. It was a gloomy triumvirate that talked over the situation in the little front parlor. They decided to send for a lawyer—Mr. Vesper.

Vesper was a veteran, and was beyond the stage where he had to take everything offered. Sixty years old, tall, smooth-shaven, clear-eyed—something of a humorist and a good deal of a human nature student describes his main points. His face was impassive as he listened to the distressing tale from the trio. He saw what was the matter before they were half through.

"And you say Mr. Marcum is worth $75,000," he remarked, as if that were an important detail in the case.

"Of course that has nothing to do with our anxiety for him," said Ralph, with vexation.

"Certainly not," said Vesper, drily.

"We want him where he can have competent medical attention," said Clara.

"Such as our friend Moulton here can give," suggested the lawyer.

"Yes," Clara went on, "and where he can be well nursed."

"Now, as I understand the case," said Vesper, gravely, "he was forcibly abducted, in the night time——"

"Yes, in the night time," repeated Ralph.

"Jeopardizing life and limb by going down a steep ladder, and the health of the abducted by taking him out in the night air," said Vesper, as if to himself. "There's half a dozen different crimes there."

"There certainly is," said Ralph, warmly.

"Where are they now, do you s'pose?" asked the lawyer.

The door bell rang and the telegraph boy handed in a yellow paper. It was dated Colorado Springs and addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Marcum."

"Loving friends," it read "all safe and sound. Wendle doing fine; will report later. H."

"Of all the outrages!" exclaimed Clara,

in disgust.

"They're a good ways from home," said Vesper, "and I've heard tell that was a fine place for men with weak lungs. Now, if they'd happen to cure him, and the erstwhile invalid married Miss Viola, you might sue Hampton and Lambrose for conspiracy to cheat you out of——"

"I wish you'd quit talking about his money," said Ralph, angrily.

"Well, we'll make it love instead of money," said the lawyer. "Shall I get up the papers?" rising as he spoke.

"I guess we can get along without a lawyer," said Ralph.

"I judge," responded Vesper. "But I'm sorry, because the case promises to be interesting. If Wendle marries Miss Viola and——"

"I think we can manage the affair alone, Mr. Vesper," said Ralph. "Good-day, sir."

The lawyer went out. He knew something of the Marcums and their generour impulses. To see them writhe was worth more than a good fee.

The Marcums didn't answer the telegram. Ten days later they received a very courteous letter from Wendle, cordially thanking them for all they had done, and promising to reimburse them for the trouble he had caused them. But there was no hint of coming back. There was a postscript from Miss Viola to Clara, stating that Wendle was getting such an appetite that they were becoming ashamed of him, and assuring her that he was in excellent hands.

Six months later they received cards announcing the marriage of "Miss Viola Hampton and Mr. Wendle Marcum at Denver," and also Wendle's professional card showing he had located at the latter place to practice law.

Vesper evidently got something of the same sort, for he dropped a note to the Marcums to this effect:

"Forced abduction and marriage is a felony punishable by a penitentiary sentence of not less than five years. When it is accompanied by loss of money the parties may be proceeded against civilly for its recovery. Would appreciate any business in my line you might care to favor me with.

"Very respectfully,
"GABRIEL L. VESPER,
"Attorney at Law."

BY THE SEA

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

Apart from all the crowds were we,
The sands between us and the sea.
We watched the flitting fireflies pass
Across the marsh, each seemed as if
A star had tangled in the grass.
Above us rose the steep gray cliff,
A shelter from the chill and wind,
All thought of life save our two selves seemed
to have loitered far behind.
Tumultuous beat our hearts, as we
Clasped hands in that still pageantry.
To-morrow, Time and Tide might cast
Our lives in sundered ways apart;
Yet, while one brief night hour should last,
We were together, heart to heart.

A REFRESHING DRAUGHT FROM THE FARMER'S TIN BUCKET.

HOUSEKEEPING IN AN AUTOMOBILE

By N. M. Carter

Illustrated with special photographs

IT was not that glorious strain accompanying the lines:

> A coaching we'll go! A coaching we'll go!
> Up hill and down dale, a coaching we'll go.
> Heigho!

but the more prosaic and less artistic "toot-toot" of a very unmusical automobile horn, that caused a sudden flurry in an apartment sitting-room, a quick gathering of steamer rugs, shawls, suit cases and a square wicker basket that looked very suggestive of luncheon and good things that even an epicure might not scorn.

It was an automobile. One of those big touring machines that whizz down the street frightening little, unoffending boys and innocent, unsuspecting pedestrians. The very sort of a machine we had so often scorned and looked upon with disdain; but now, being it was a vehicle for our pleasure, we welcomed the "toot-toot" as though it were the melodious call of a hunting bugle.

It was to hunt green fields and pastures new, to explore unfamiliar nooks, to be properly thrilled by nerve-racking adventures and hairbreadth escapes—that four of us duly decorated with auto caps, veils and goggles—each and every one of us in excellent spirits, feeling that there was a great deal of pleasure ahead—piled our baggage in auto and then proceeded to follow lunch baskets and steamer rugs in person.

A touring car will comfortably accommodate four people, two suit cases, a lunch hamper, steamer rugs and sofa pillows. The men folks will undoubtedly have strapped an extra tire to the front of the car; this is carried for the sake of safety; it makes you look more business-like and as though accidents galore were expected and you were ready to meet them.

Every provision possible for the comfort of the party had been made. In the luncheon hamper were stored plates, cups, knives, forks, corkscrew and can opener. Now, take warning, never forget the can opener or corkscrew; if you do, expect to be miserable, for no matter in how many towns you stop, no one will remember to purchase either, and the party will go on to the journey's end losing its temper at meal-time and discovering that it takes very little to rumple one's temper. So, bear in mind the corkscrew.

In one of the suit cases we packed towels and necessary toilet articles. Men and women alike are vain, so there was also a small mirror. This may be hung on the catch on the back of the car door, and you have a perfectly splendid dressing table.

In the line of clothes, we girls took white shirtwaists enough to last; fresh veils, for veils become dusty on the road, and a light dress apiece. We could hardly understand what we wanted of light dresses, but the men said "Bring 'em."

In the other case the men's togs were packed, and though they protested mightily against having the chafing dish packed in with white negligé shirts, still it was necessary until some of the canned goods in the hamper had been consumed at our first meal.

It was in this manner of ways and means that we chugged away from a New York apartment that we might answer a "call of the wild"—that had lately reached us via Nature's wireless system—and behold that wonderful old dame as she decked herself in new spring plumage.

We had planned that on no night were we to sleep in the ordinary country hotel; that we were to make as many miles a day as seemed comfortable; stop at the farmhouse that looked most inviting, and if they would put us up—good. If not—well, there is always room out under the trees, and we were well provided with rugs and pillows. Besides, we had started out on an absolutely unconventional Bohemian plan, intending to have the very best time possible by leading the simple life as long as we were away from the strenuous surroundings of city.

By ten o'clock we were chugging out of our street and waving good-byes to the home folks. It did not take long to leave the city behind us, and once on the hard but dusty country roads we were indeed glad of a dust deflector; we found out without much delay why ugly looking goggles were worn and why veils were in order for the nonce.

A day made for our especial benefit could not have been improved upon. The sun was just comfortably warm; everything and every one about seemed sparkling with good humor; perhaps that was because we ourselves were gay, and all the dark side of life had been left in the city; some one suggested that we must have unconsciously joined the "Don't Worry Club."

Our course lay through the woods and along the bank of the Hudson. The trip was to be one through Upper New York State, just where or by what route we did not know or much care. We were much like the man in the nursery tale who followed his nose; in fact, that is just about what we did. Woolston, the sage of the party, remarked that every road must lead to some town or house, and what mattered it to us what town or house that might be? Surely some one there could tell us where we were and where we were going, or ought to go. That was enough. I believe that the only time we really knew where we were bound for was when we were making the last few miles home. An old automobilist would scorn such a desultory, irregular mode of travel; but what of that? We had only those with us whose minds were of the same caste, and as this was the case, were well contented with the world and the view it presented.

In a lazy, half-enthusiastic manner we puffed along the road. The machine behaved excellently for the first three hours; then suddenly it stopped, backed, stood still. Brew, the chauffeur, leaned over and did something with a little crank. Instantly the wheels began to spin

SETTING THE TABLE FOR THE FIRST MEAL UNDER THE TREES.

round and we went like mad down the road for about a block; then we stopped again. With that stop there was such a smell of gasoline that one would think one's self in a summer kitchen. Woolston said something about "ignition," a "spark," "stop cog," and a lot more that was about as intelligible to us as Choctaw.

About this time we all got out and looked at the machine. The men said we girls had better go and sit down on the bank, for no telling where the machine would choose to go. We obeyed—contrary to the ordinary woman's habit when excitement is abroad. From the bank we watched the men as they tinkered and sweated over the cool and very much unconcerned machine. A farmer came up the road and stopped to look on: he grinned and proceeded to chew a straw; then he remarked, in what seemed to us an uncanny tone:

"I'll haul youse back to town fer two dollars or more. Then youse can sell the consarned thing and buy one o' my fine horses I got at the farm."

Now, just what might have happened to that farmer had men altogether composed the party I wouldn't like to venture a guess. We always believed that to our gentle presence the farmer owed his life.

Finally, after much tinkering, the "stop cog" and "ignition spark" were set aright. Much to the disgust of the farmer, who still lingered near, we again climbed into the machine and sailed off down the road. The men were very hot, and had we not vowed to send the first cross person back to town they might have showed signs of temper; but they were absolute martyrs and smiled through it all.

We had made the town of Yonkers, Tarrytown, and skimmed on past Hastings. The woods were very beautiful, and Woolston, as we neared a clear place under a tree, surmised that the hamper had been brought for use, not ornamentation. As this seemed to be the impression of both men, we decided to stop at the next good-looking spot, but suddenly we found ourselves in a scrubby piece of land and had to turn back to the tree with the open space beneath it.

When we reached our selected halting place we suddenly remembered that there was no water with which to make tea. Instantly one of the men had broken a stick and suggested that we "draw" for the privilege of going for water. Woolston drew the short piece and trudged away to a yellow house he had seen some

OUR COURSE LAY UP HILL AND DOWN DALE—TOOT-TOOT!

little way back, there to borrow a pail and bring some water.

When we had anchored the machine and backed it near the tree we began to set the table. First we put down the large piece of tarpaulin that is carried as a rain cover. This will give a body for the tablecloth, and you will not set a bottle of pickles in a hole in the ground and spill them all. Then we threw the sofa cushions about for seats, and began to unpack the hamper preparatory to eating our first meal under the trees. By the time the man who had remained in camp had struggled with several corks, and after breaking the keys that come with canned meats had pried up the tin with the can-opener, Woolston returned with the water. He carried it in a blue tin pail; a very ornate pail it was, smacking much of an up-to-date farmer—one quite wise enough to keep a can of gasoline for stranded automobilists, and on that mixture he placed such a price that even the most frenzied of financiers would have gasped and shuddered.

On an automobile trip, if you want to make tea in a chafing dish without an accompanying chorus of practical suggestions from the party as each tries his hand at the lamp, why, just put the alcohol lamp on a flat stone, stand a suit case on end to protect it from the wind, set your dish over the flame and then retire to the shadow of some large tree. Go far away, hunt chestnuts in the spring-time, try to find four-leaved clover in an alfalfa patch, do anything sane or otherwise, just so you keep away from the chafing dish. If you don't, you will discover more truth than you thought possible to lie in the axiom: "A watched pot never boils."

We didn't go away that first day, but, like Mary's little lamb, we lingered near. We all stood about that chafing dish and coaxed, wheedled, almost begged the flame to let the water boil. Brew fed the flame with sticks and paper; we girls shielded it from all possible breeze by spreading out our skirts. In fact, it was the most pampered chafing dish ever set to boil; it seemed to us the most obstinate. .

At last little bubbles started from the bottom of the pan. Had they been champagne bubbles they would not have seemed more splendid to us; everything assumed a roseate hue; we were all in the best of spirits. I went up to look for the tea; it had been mislaid. Soon the rest of the party joined in the search. That diminutive cannister was not to be found; we began to get nervous and laughed without reason. We searched in the cases, under the rugs, even into the gasoline box, but no cannister was to be found. We were still good natured and stopped talking to stand and look at each other for a moment, trying in this way to discover the hiding place of the box. In the stillness that fell after our conversation there came from the vicinity of the chafing dish an ominous snort.

Had the thing gone mad? None of us dared to look, but when we had screwed our courage to the sticking point we turned in a body—and there, horror of horrors, stood a fat, white pig nosing about the dish. Suddenly she protruded her head from the fat neck and upset the dish, water and all. A roar from the men and squeals from the scalded pig rent the atmosphere. The little pigs ran in all directions, the men after them. We girls were so exhausted from laughing at the serio-comic incident that we sat down on the stump of a tree and alternately laughed and cried.

There was an end to the problem of how to make tea when you were some fifty miles from home and the tea, which, we recollected, was standing on the reading table in the library. We had carried that tea about during the packing operation trying to find a place into which it would exactly fit, and, after all our care, had placed it on the table and forgotten it.

When the men returned from their hunting excursion one of them brought some bottles of very warm ginger concoction from the depths of the front seat box, and we sat down to our first lunch in Nature's dining-room.

It was good, after all, for a long wait whets the appetite. As we ate we talked over the occurrences of the day, and to our surprise found it had been a very active one. Then we wondered how people found a bucolic existence anything but interesting, and decided that if they did they must be a very dull sort.

By the time we were ready to pack the pigs had returned, and we gave them what was left of the lunch. It is wonderful what a difference a good lunch will make in one's attitude even towards pigs. It was so late in the afternoon that we decided to read awhile and then toic on to a farmhouse for the night. In the auto were some books that we all liked. and from the pile was selected Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." Never go on a motor trip without it. The incidents and accidents, the three men and the dog are particularly delicious at such a time.

After we had rested long enough and had again seated in the car we travelled back with the pail. By the gate stood the farmer, and he eyed us in a very calculating manner. Woolston said, "Good evening," thanked him for the pail, and we were turning about when the man remarked:

"I say, stranger, don't you want some gasoline for that aire maa-chine?"

I am certain that we were a party of very wonderful control, for not one of us even so much as smiled, though we had been laying wagers on the road down concerning this farmer, his storehouse and gasoline.

"No," answered Woolston, "I don't believe we do. We have enough to last us until we reach the next town."

"But my gasoline is a s'perior sort, stranger! Better take some."

"No," replied Woolston, "I guess we'll manage."

"Wall," concluded the man, "if ye get stuck and can't go—think o' me."

Woolston nodded and turned the wheel, we settled easily back in the seats, and Brew began to sing "Bingo." We were much like Bob Sawyer's party: we all

WE FOUND A SHELTERED PLACE WHICH WE THOUGHT VERY GOOD TO PITCH CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

"joined in the chorus to the tune we knew best."

That night we found accommodations in a farmhouse; quite out of all creation it seemed to us. The quiet of the night was delightful. A little room up under the eaves was given to us girls, and in the morning we waked to hear a little sparrow chirp as she built her nest just outside the narrow window. When we went downstairs the table was ready, and we had fresh eggs and home-cured ham.

Our experiences of the preceding day were all duly retailed to the farmer. As we were about to start he came to the side of the machine and handed us a gallon bottle filled with water. We had purchased some tea of him, and his wife had gathered us some fresh eggs, saying, in a good, motherly way, that "we'd better have them for lunch." With the water, tea and eggs we had a most sumptuous repast; but depend upon it, we camped—per the farmer's advice and our judgment—in such a wilderness as no pig ever dared explore.

The second day was spent in riding and stopping as fancy dictated. At luncheon time things went better, not half so much confusion and a great reduction in nervous indigestion; for, you see, we had learned how to trick the chafing dish, and while the water was coming to the boiling point busied ourselves with the table-setting process.

Our course lay up hill and down dale. We passed many little towns, and by inquiring of the villagers where the road led to found our way to the next stopping place.

At one of the "general stores" we managed to replenish our much depleted stock of canned goods. It was something of a task to cull tinned meats and pickles from a miscellaneous collection of tops, stick candy, shoestrings and everything else that a "general store" carries, but after a good half hour spent over the counter we managed to collect some half a dozen cans of possible provisions.

Leaving this store behind, we found ourselves on the road to a village some fifteen miles away. We knew that the gasoline would hold out, for a new supply had just been taken. There was enough to eat, that wasn't worrying us; but after we had been on the road some time one of the men discovered that it was a very winding, narrow path, and quite unexpectedly one might come to a deep gully.

Dusk had been coming on, and now night wrapped her sable garment about us. Woolston and Brew did not dare trust to the headlights to guide. The machine was half way between two villages; the road back was as perilous as the one in front; it was a desolate spot and one would not think to find a house, but high up on the slope shone a light. Woolston turned the machine up what seemed almost a blind road, and after a rough ride we reached a log shanty. The light stood in a window, and Woolston, stopping the motor, went to the door and knocked. Presently the light was removed from the window and the door opened very little.

"Wall, whatcher want?" came in a gruff voice, that sounded worse than it probably was, for the night was dark and the place isolated.

"We are an automobile party and are stranded on this road. Can you give us lodging for the night?"

"No!"

"We don't want much; just any sort of a place to sleep and a bite to eat. We have plenty of provisions and will pay you well for the lodging. We—"

"Now, look here, young man, you're too glibe, an' I don't want none of ye, see?" With that the door shut, and Woolston was left facing the blank darkness. Presently the light reappeared in the window. Woolston turned around and remarked, sotto voce:

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Then, after a moment's pause, "What shall we do?"

"Sleep outdoors," readily suggested Miss B—.

Now, this is just what we expected and had planned for, but when it came right down to sleeping out of doors the men didn't seem to relish it. However, there was no alternative and sleep out of doors it was.

We backed carefully downhill, turned into the road, followed it up a bit, found a sheltered place and thought it a very good spot in which to pitch camp.

Exciting? Well, in a degree it was. There are very different degrees of excitement, and this was one that carried with it a certain weird atmosphere, an esthetic something that cannot be explained to one who has not camped in the woods. Beyond the little circle of light that your camp fire throws—we had built a real, sure enough camp fire—there is a veil "through which one cannot see"; the darkness there is an ebony curtain that may hide everything dreadful—or nothing; it is the imagination that makes this space so fearful; it is the possibility of what might be there, not what really is; and we realized this in all its strength.

We had supper by the camp fire and our motor headlights; then we improvised a tent out of the rugs and tarpaulin, throwing the other rugs on the ground to sleep on. When this was done we all sat about the fire and talked—tried to talk of commonplace things, but somehow or other the uncanny would creep into the conversation; then we would stop talking, look at each other and laugh, those short, nervous laughs that people who feel very uncertain of their position are apt to give vent to.

By and by the quiet that always comes at night settled over us; all Nature seemed to hold her breath and listen. We looked at Brew. Happy man! he sat by a tree, asleep. We all envied him, but didn't say so. Presently Woolston said he'd put out the lights, and out went the auto lamps. This left only the camp fire. Woolston laid down on his rug; we made ourselves comfortable on the other side of the fire. Soon Woolston slept, and we lay looking at the fire as the flames died and the red embers began to turn gray. The last I remember was looking at a clump of embers that reminded me of the man in the cabin as he held the light above his head and looked at Woolston.

COAXING A REFRACTORY POT TO BOIL.

It was not a pleasant thing to think of, and I confess to some apprehension. The next we knew it was morning, the birds were singing, and we were up, stirring about at breakfast.

The next night was spent at a farmhouse, and a jolly evening it proved. The living room was large and comfortable; in it we could laugh over our experience of the night before. Dried apples hung from the rafters; beside them were suspended hams. It was the sort of a place you often read about, but never expect to see nowadays. Yet here it was, and in the twentieth century at that. The next morning when we left the farmer's son and daughter rode with us to the next village. Two prouder children were never seen than these as we chugged into the village. It was worth the trip to see them, their eyes shining and their mouths contorted into all sorts of grins.

By evening we reached Kaaterskill. There the mystery of our "light dresses" was solved. There was an assembly of lodge men in the town, their wives and daughters with them. That night a dinner was to be given at the largest hotel. For one night we put our machine in a proper garage and went to a real hotel. The conveniences of real civilization were, after all, really welcome to us, and we were glad to go down to dinner feeling ourselves quite rightly dressed for the occasion. What was our astonishment on looking to find our companions of the automobile rightly and fittingly togged in their Tuxedoes; they had, quite on the sly, brought another suit case, and in that those refreshing evening clothes.

We spent a delightful evening in dancing and dining. I believe when it was all over we were the very tiredest people in that hotel.

This was to be the short stop in our trip to strange grounds. We turned toward home again in the morning, and went back much as we had come. We knew what houses to avoid and at which one we would be welcomed. Again a night was spent under the eaves, and the water bottle was filled from the old well bucket.

Coming home the trip was made in a

day and a half, for we did not loiter by the way. That is one great pleasure in an automobile excursion—you can come home as quickly as you please, and when one has finished picnicking he is usually quite willing to return to the urban life he so willingly forsook for a short time.

We had no special experiences on the way home, and when the machine tooted into our street toward evening all jumped out, arms full of cases and rugs, ran upstairs to find dinner ready and our plates quickly added to the table. I do believe that we enjoyed recounting our experiences just as much as when we were in the thick of the fight.

If one wants to go away on a vacation, take an automobile and start out on the road, be Bohemian and have a good time. It is restful and you see so much that you could not find in taking a train to some summer resort; for once, you are free to lay the frills aside and live the simple life. Try it.

A GENIUS

By Muriel Brady

I be a genius—
I know I be!
There's a suthin' keeps talkin'
Inside o' me.
Sometimes when the sky is so soft and so blue
You'd think angels' eyes be a-peepin' through,
An' there's a haze on the medder,
An' a mist on the river,
An' a lump in my throat,
An' my pulses a quiver,
An' it seems as if Heaven is let down awhile,
An' me in the middle—down here at the stile—
An' then—comes ma's voice from the house jes' beyon'—
"Harr'et Em'ly, be them taters on?"

* * * * * *

I fret some days,
Yes, sir-ee!
But I've heerd o' the ways
Geniuses be
Pestered to death. An' so I keep
Writin' po'try 'bout medders an' sheep,
An' the red sky at day-break,
An' the gold on the corn,
An' the river's grey shadders
Which lilies adorn—
An' again I'm in Heaven down here for a while
Where poppies burn redly jes' over the stile
Till I hear ma's voice from the house jes' beyon'—
"Harr'et Em'ly, be them taters on?"

BY THE LIGHT 'O THE MOON

By William Heyliger

TO this day, as I tramp the winding, narrow streets of Worcester, people stop and point me out to one another and tap their heads significantly. That I, who left for London one May morning, full of laughing, merry ambition, should return one week later morbid and silent does indeed seem to them most strange; but that I should never thereafter set foot outside my native village, does stamp me, so 'tis said, with the seal of madness. Moonstruck, crack-brained, they call me. Lard! What matters it what the world dubs a man; 'tis what they do to him that counts. And it is of the things that have befallen me that I wish to write.

To my mind 'tis most un-Christianlike to wax sorrowful o'er the doings of a Divine Providence. Hence, when in my twenty-first year a generous, though somewhat improvident, father turned up his toes and left me as my patrimony naught but a ring whose value was set at some hundreds of pounds, I quickly dried my tears and prepared to enjoy the gifts the gods had sent me. But first it was necessary that I turn the jewel into the hard, cold money of commerce, and to do this it was imperative that I go to London. Therefore, to that city of pomp and splendor did I prepare to journey.

First did I dispose of the few simple belongings that were mine, and then, with my sword hanging at my side, my plumed hat set at a rakish, damn-me cock, and my pistol stuck into my belt, I sallied forth to meet the world.

From the top of the London coach I waved good-bye to my little hamlet of Worcester, and then, as a friendly hillock rose up before my eyes and blotted out my last view of the Royal Inn, I turned and sank into my seat with a gladsome sigh. For was I not about to conquer London, the city that had, but a month before, witnessed the restoration of the second Charles?

Ah me! what a pliable creature is man, and of what flimsy stuff are his dreams made! At the next stop of the coach, a winsome, dainty maid climbed up and sat beside me, and in a moment my thoughts of London were far a-field. She was frightened — nay, she was stricken with terror, and as three as hard-looking citizens as ever I again care to meet followed after her and ranged themselves opposite us, mentally I looked to the priming of my pistol and toyed with my sword. For the maid had looked at me once, and our eyes had met. Had that moment been my last, willingly would I have given it to her defense.

The coach started again, and for a while we five rode on in silence. Then one of the rogues gave a hoarse laugh and shifted his position.

" 'Twill be a dark night," he said.

"Aye," answered another, with a villainous chuckle, "a night well fitted for robbery and for murder."

The maid beside me trembled violently, whilst they leered into my face. As I look back on that day I am filled with surprise that they should have spoken so before me, but perchance they had confidence in their numbers, and not knowing what turn matters would take, they but wished to awe me at the very outset. And for a moment, methinks they must have thought they had succeeded.

"Lard!" I cried, in a shocked voice, "dost mean to tell me robbery and murder can be done with impunity on the King's highway?"

"Aye," they cried, grimly, in chorus.

"And dost mean to tell me *'tis* done?"

The one who had spoken first, and who appeared to be the leader of this select trio, nodded.

" 'Tis done every day," he said, "and mayhap 'twill be done again this very night. Who knows? Were I a woman —were I a woman," he repeated, slowly, "I would think twice ere I continued on my way to-night."

'Twas a clever piece of play-acting and it accomplished its purpose; for, of a sudden, the maid became once more all a-tremble. My blood flamed hot at the imposition, but perforce must I remain silent. Were I to aid her at all, 'twere better done later, after I had learned something of the nature of their intent. Two of her fingers rested on the seat by my side; for a single moment my hand closed over them in a gentle pressure of assurance, and though her eyes were turned away, in that same moment I knew that she understood and trusted me.

"And why women?" I demanded. "Why not men?"

"We are made of sterner stuff," said one. "Men of our kidney fear not God, man or the devil. We go where we will."

"And men of my kidney," I cried, "go always to the assistance of women—to the point where danger beckons."

"Even if 'tis to encounter outlaws?"

"Even if 'tis to encounter outlaws," I answered, and drawing out my pistol, I held it at arm's length and glanced along the sights. "I have killed my man at twenty paces," I said.

They stared at me in silence, like people bereft of reason. Or perchance they had begun to see through my little game, for when the leader spoke again, his voice was heavy with anger.

"You advise the lady to go on?" he demanded.

'Twas their first direct allusion to the maid, and a smile stole to my lips. I was beginning to see light ahead.

"Of a certainty," I answered.

"And think you 'tis safe?"

"Safe!" I raised my hands in a gesture of mock despair. "Lard!" I cried, "with four men in the party, three of whom fear not God, man or the devil, from whence, sir, can come the danger?"

He was silent.

For many minutes a belief had been forming in my mind, a belief that their one desire was to lure her from the coach and thus to trap her. If such was their plan, then their own boasting words, spouted but to a-fright her, had neatly tangled them in the meshes of their own web. For awhile I stared at them, meeting their black looks with artless glances, and then, dropping my eyes with a show of indifference, I began meddling with the priming of my weapon.

The action was not lost on them.

"You, too, will protect her?" demanded the leader.

Methought his voice was anxious.

"With my life," I answered, firmly.

Raising the pistol again, I swept it through the air, and as it grazed their noses, one and all they winced. Alack-a-day, the mere sight of the weapon caused the joints of these blood-and-thunder gentlemen to quake, and as I shoved the barker back into my belt, my heart throbbed confidently within me. Henceforth, even though the odds were three to one, I feared them not.

Anon we stopped at a roadside tavern, and there, with many a stifled oath, the three gentlemen climbed down from the top and went inside the coach. Of a certainty they still had us under the glare of their watchful eyes, but the fact troubled me but little. For was I not alone at last with this maid of winsome, dainty ways? To the devil with all thoughts of what might come thereafter!

For awhile we were silent, while ever and anon she glanced shyly at me. Then, with the prettiest grace in the world, she stretched forth a dainty finger and touched my arm.

"With all my poor heart I thank you," she said, softly. "You are very brave ——"

"'Tis nothing," I protested.

"You are also modest," she said, quickly. 'But 'tis useless labor you would undertake. What can one lone blade do against three murderous swords?"

"Much," I answered, "if 'tis wielded by a sturdy arm." Then, as an incredulous look crept into her eyes, I stretched my open hand proudly before me. "Why, rat me," I cried, "'tis but a week come Thursday since Dick Temple stood off four as lusty cutthroats as Worcester can boast."

Her eyes opened wide.

"You are that same Dick Temple?" she asked.

I nodded.

"And you?"

"I," she said, "am Mistress Darling, lady-in-waiting to the Queen. I have some of her Majesty's jewels in my possession—they are the bait that have drawn yonder sharks."

"So," I mused. Then, after a moment: "'Tis well the hook is both firm and strong."

"The hook?" she echoed.

"Of a certainty," I answered. "Know you not, sweet mistress, that bait is but used to conceal the real gaff? Why, look you, now. A shot from my barker and the odds are reduced by one; then a thrust from my cold bilbo, and they are even. After that——"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Why, after that," I said, slowly, "the remaining rogue will begin mumbling what little he can remember of the prayers some fond mother once taught him. 'Tis simple," I commented, "most wonderfully simple."

But, despite my bantering words, her face was clouded, and her tender lips were white.

"Think you there will be blood shed?" she asked, in a changed voice.

"Most assuredly," I answered.

"It may be thine," she breathed.

"Or the moon may trip and fall out of the sky," I reasoned, sagely.

A frown of displeasure gathered on her brow, and in one impulsive moment I had leaned forward and had taken her trembling hands in mine.

"Forgive me, sweet mistress," I pleaded; "I was but jesting. You speak of bloodshed. Lard! dost think the thought of danger would drive me from your side this night? A man has but one life. How better could he lose it than in the defense of some maid who is both pure and good?"

"You think I am both?" she asked, softly.

"Sweet mistress, I know it," I answered.

Around us the world was darkening into night, while far ahead appeared the lights of some wayside hamlet where, perchance, we would stop to change horses and to sup. With this thought in my mind, I turned to her again, and then, of a sudden, I stopped short and my hands lay dead in her lap.

"Why," she cried, softly, "why will you risk your brave life for me? What matter the jewels? Dost think there is not money enough in the royal House of Stuart to replace them? Leave me and protect thyself."

"Nay," I answered; "here by your side do I stay."

"But the danger——"

"There is none."

"So you say, because you are brave. But 'tis folly to think one can conquer three. Two of them may fall, but in the end they will kill you. Nay, shake not your head, for 'tis as I say. Why," she cried, "why will you persist in your mad course?"

There were tears in her eyes, the first honest tears that had ever been shed for me. A lump rose chokingly in my throat, and scarce knowing what I did, I dropped one of her hands and slipped my arm round her waist.

"Sweet mistress," I said, simply, and for a moment methought mine was the voice of another, "sweet mistress, 'tis because I love you."

She shivered, and for a moment we hung together in the darkness. Then the coach rolled into the lighted yard of that roadside inn and the passengers began to tumble out. But what mattered the light—what mattered even danger itself? Had not her lips—God, how my heart still thrills at the thought of it—had not her lips brushed my cheek, not once, not even twice, but thrice?

Her sweet face was alight with guilty confusion as we entered the public room of the inn. The three gentlemen who were the authors of all the joy that had lately come to me, were already seated, and with consummate skill I selected a table under their very noses, and there sat us down. 'Twas akin to bearding a lion in its den, this act of mine, and it set their iron nerve to trembling. Lard! for men who feared not the material or the immaterial things of life, they were of a certainty most outrageously skittish.

In silence they finished their meal, and then, rising hastily, they stalked majestically out into the coach-yard. Not to be outdone in gusto, I arose, and with the maid by my side, I followed after them. And 'twas a pretty chase they led me. First out into the road, then back through the shrubbery to the rear of the inn, and then——

And then, sounding like a call to battle, came the maid's frightened cry. Of a sudden, I saw they had turned in the darkness, and gripping each a naked blade they were waiting for me. 'Twas no time for vain regrets. Though in my heart I bitterly cursed the folly that had led me to follow them, in the same instant I thrust the maid behind me, and drawing my sword I faced them.

Gladly would I have pistoled them as they stood there, but the noise of my barker would have brought an investigating throng from the inn, and who can tell what foul things might not be said of a lone maid found in the dark hours of night, as they would find her. Perchance they guessed my thoughts, for as they closed in on me, their faces were contracted with fiendish grins. And then, with the odds three to one against me, Providence unexpectedly came to my aid. The clouds, which all day had hung leaden, suddenly split and sped off before a high wind, and as I parried their first thrust, the moon romped out into a patch of clear sky and flooded us with light.

When I look back on that scene, I wonder I did not falter with the thought of all that was at stake. Her life, perchance her very honor. Gritting my teeth, I flashed my long sword before their eyes, resolved to conquer or die. Twice they closed in on me, calling encouragingly one to the other, and twice I pinked my man and drove them back cursing and quarreling amongst themselves. It was on the third set-to that I found my first opening, and neatly and deftly, all in the space of a moment, I slipped under the guard of one of them and ran him through.

With only a surprised gurgle on his lips, he collapsed and fell amongst the shrubbery, while his companions, awed, drew back apace. For all their talk, 'twas perhaps the first blood they had ever seen spilt, and like country bumpkins at a county fair, they stared incredulously.

"Enough?" I asked. Then, as their eyes met and their blades came up again, I likewise raised my own. "Who is to go next?" I demanded.

"Look sharp or 'twill be thyself," cried one with a growl.

"Or thee," I answered, as I thrust for his massive throat and barely missed him.

He was the best swordsman amongst them, and to him did I give my undivided attention. Now thrusting, now parrying, now hacking, round and round he went, and with my blade sweeping ever about his guard, back and forth I followed him. Once he slit my tunic, and again his sword took a plume from my hat; at each of these feats, the fiendish grin on his face grew broader and yet more broad. But 'tis ever decreed that pride goeth before a fall, and as his thrusts grew more confident and his parries more leisurely, of a sudden I stepped in on him and lunged straight for his heart. Still did he smile —smiled while my blade ran the length of his, smiled even as its point touched his body, and then at last as my cold blade found his vitals, the grin was wiped from his face, and with a frightful scream he doubled up and fell forward upon me.

God, what a moment was that! Shuddering, I cast the bloody wreck from me, and paying scant heed to the lights now flashing about the inn—for his cry had done the work I most feared—I turned to where I had left the maid. And then I, too, cried out aloud, while my hand, trembling with fear, drew my pistol from my belt. Nowhere could I see her—her, or the one remaining rogue.

Wildly calling for aid, I plunged in the shrubbery. Far to my right I noticed a commotion in the bushes, and as thither I turned my steps, a form suddenly sprang upright and tried to dart away. But as well try to stem the winds of Heaven! With my blood crying hotly for vengeance, I raised my barker before my eyes, and as I pressed the trigger and a jet of flame stabbed the darkness, the last of the three stumbled and fell in his tracks.

Then, throwing the pistol from me, I

ran to where I had seen him spring into sight. Hard by, her fair hair matted with blood lay Mistress Darling. Her bodice was torn open, her gown was cruelly ripped, but for the moment none of these things did I notice. Falling on my knees beside her, I raised her unconscious head in my arms, and even as the tears fell from my eyes, I rained kisses on her sweet, tender face and tried to call her back to me.

Into the coach they lifted her, and by her side did I take my seat. We were alone within, but atop, stretched out behind the driver and the passengers were three white, shrouded forms, the fruit of one night's work. God! was it possible another such grewsome flower would bloom ere I again saw the light o' day?

Bending down, I laid a trembling hand on her forehead and kissed her. She stirred slightly and drew a deep breath, and even while my lips still thrilled with the touch, she opened her eyes and looked up into mine.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly. Then in a moment her brain cleared. "The jewels," she cried, "are they safe?"

"I know not," I answered, gently. "Where were they hidden?"

"In—in my bodice." She moved ever so slightly and then lay still again. "They are safe," she said.

"You are hurt?" she asked.

"Nay," I answered.

"But your face is drawn and there is a look of suffering in your eyes."

" 'Tis nothing, sweet mistress," I answered lightly. "I was but thinking of of—"

"Of me?"

A word of denial trembled on my lips, but her eyes were burning into mine, and under the spell of their pure fire, I could but sit and stare dumbly at her. Then, of a sudden, her bosom heaved convulsively, and as a tear dimmed my sight, her hands stole out in the darkness and gently clasped mine.

" 'Tis hard," she whispered. "I was beginning to be so happy."

So happy? God! Mayhap 'twas the way she said it, mayhap 'twas the poignant disappointment that had seared my soul, but in a moment all the anguish of the last few hours welled up in my throat and burst from me in a torrent of bitter, despairing words. And when at last I sat silent, with my head buried in my arms, 'twas the touch of her hand that cooled my fevered brow and brought me to myself again.

" 'Tis the will of God," she said bravely. "Already can I feel my strength going. Dick, 'tis time to say good-bye."

"Nay," I groaned, "you cannot die thus—"

"The coach is growing dark," she interrupted faintly. "I cannot see you. Where are you?"

'Here, sweet mistress," I answered.

A faint smile stole to her lips. Her eyes were closed.

"Dick," she called.

"Yes?"

"Dick," she said distinctly, " I love you. Call me by my name, Dick."

And in the stillness of that coach, a stillness broken only by my own sobbing, I whispered hoarsely:

"Darling."

And so we five, the living, the dying and the dead, rode into London town. Kind hands lifted her tenderly from the coach, a chamber was prepared for her in the Mitre Inn, and with the best of London's sawbones around her, there for three long days she lay. But from the beginning 'twas a losing fight, and on the fourth morning, with her head pillowed on my arms and my name on her lips, she died.

I waited but to follow her to the grave, and then, with never a backward glance, I left the city that had promised me so much and given me so little. Back to Worcester I went, to lead again the life I thought I had left far behind and to dream of the gentle maid who loved me and who entered my life like a shadow, and then like a shadow departed.

And thus it comes to pass that as I walk the winding, narrow streets of Worcester, people stop to point me out one to another. But what matters it what the world says of a man; 'tis what they do to him that counts. And 'tis of the bitter things that have befallen me that I have written.

ALONG THE GRAND CANAL THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS HAVE LOST THEIR ALIGNMENT.

THE LAST DAYS OF VENICE

By Jean Lorrain

Illustrated with special photographs

"Venice!

"Ah, Venice, thou siren of sea cities, sprung from the ocean's foam, even as Venus did, with thy wealth of soft, blue skies and water, and of art and architecture, thou art indeed the fairest daughter of the Adriatic, the Venus of the world."—*English author.*

AND this city of cities is in danger, is threatened with destruction, oblivion! Should the architects and engineers summoned to ward off the impending peril be unable to devise some means of staying the shifting soil and of bracing the pile-work which forms the foundations of the city, if science comes not to assistance of art endangered, then Venice, the fair bride of the Adriatic, must become a second Ys. And it will be necessary to open no dykes to bring about the submergence. Venice will entomb herself in the dark waters of her own canals.

For centuries her soil has been settling. Hour by hour the pavements of her palaces incline more and more toward the bottom of the lagoon. Pillars are sinking—the capitals of the Doges' Palace are no longer true; the rich mosaic work which once formed so beautiful a marble carpet at the Basilica of St. Marks is now cracked, broken and sadly disfigured.

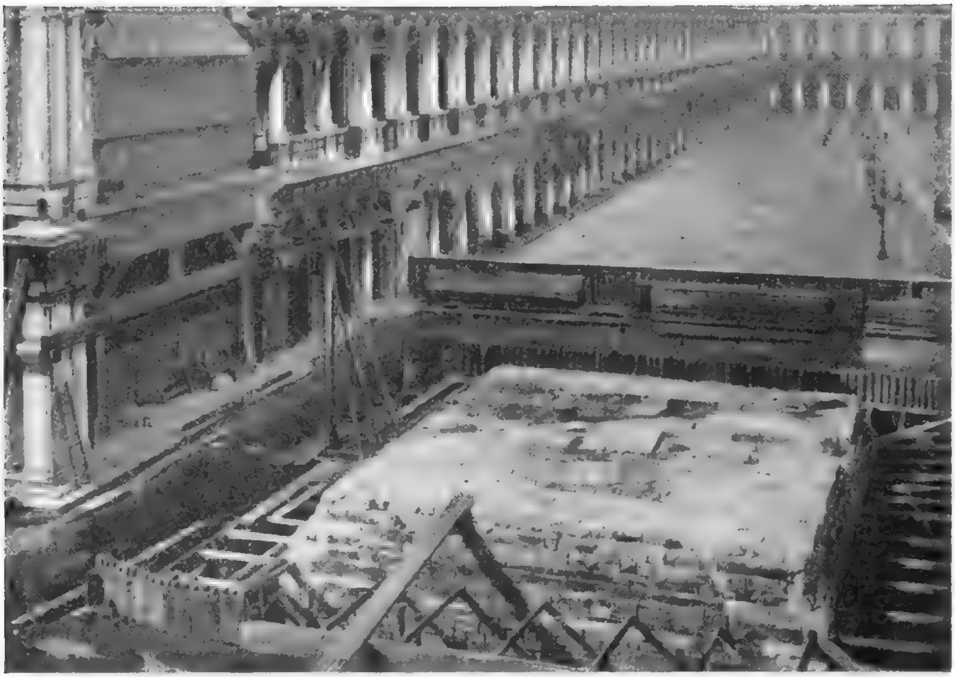
Along the Grand Canal—that most unique thoroughfare of the world, bordered by beautiful palaces and sunny gardens—the ancient buildings have lost their alignment and threaten to topple over at any time. Already they have been

THE HISTORIC HOME OF DESDEMONA IS SLOWLY SINKING INTO THE ADRIATIC.

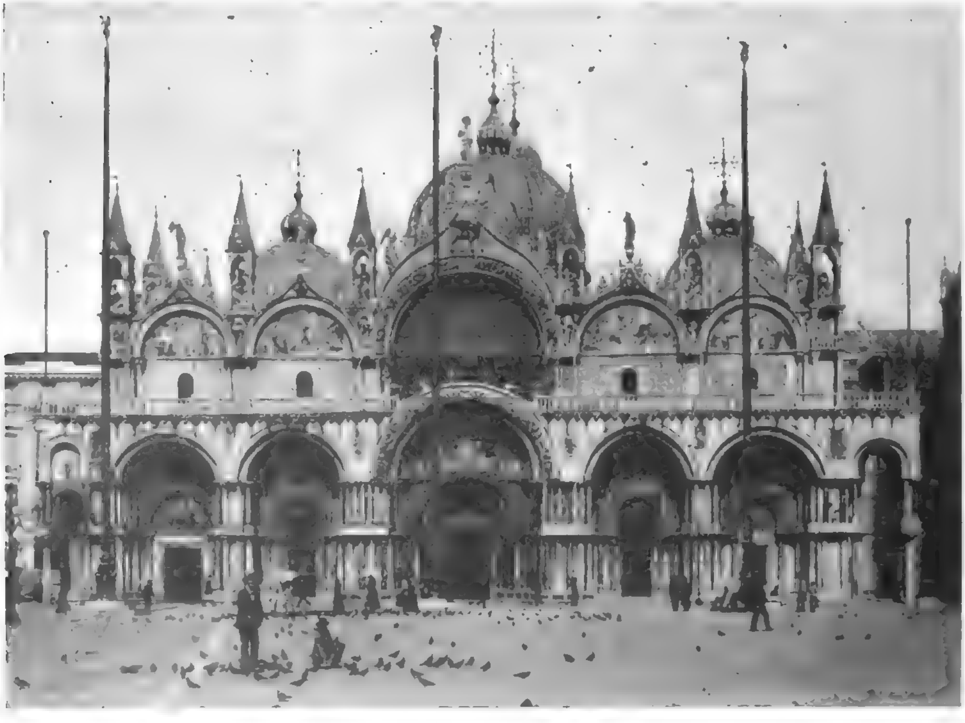
condemned by the municipality. Their fall would jeopardize the adjoining palaces. The least attempt at repair would be a source of danger to the city itself, so unstable is the soil.

Some steps in the way of prevention and restoration were taken five or six years ago, when Casa d'Oro was rescued from destruction. Since then attention has been turned to the Labia Palace, now a cloth manufactory, the old banquetting hall of which contains, perhaps, the finest Tieopolos in the world. On the other hand, however, as though to strike a balance, the Palace of Dario, a rare gem of architecture on the Grand Canal, is shortly to be demolished, and its subversion will be accompanied by that of the Abbalia, a curious little abbey in close proximity.

Fortunately, the Palace of Dario is owned by an enthusiastic Venetian lady. She resolved to put up a duplicate of the old palace; and, to facilitate the work of reconstruction, every stone is now being numbered, and the entire facade, with



THE SITE OF THE CAMPANILE, THE OLD BELL TOWER OF VENICE, AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION IN 1902.



ST. MARKS, THE BEAUTIFUL, WHOSE FOUNDATIONS ARE SAID TO BE UNDERMINED, DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION.

ONE OF THE OLD PALACES WHICH HAS SUCCUMBED TO THE RAVAGES OF AN INVINCIBLE ENEMY.

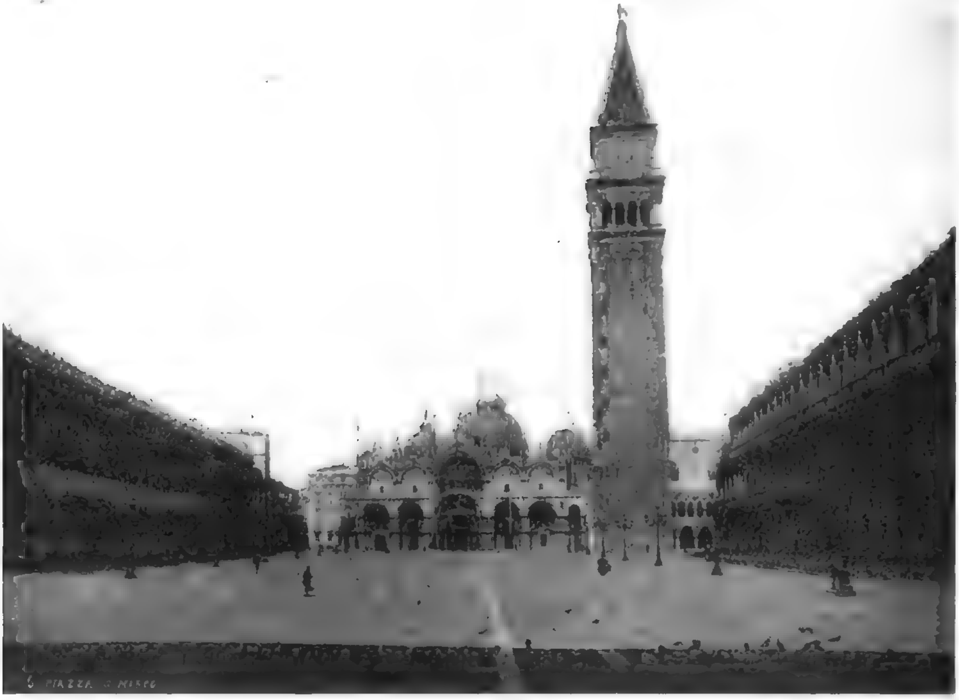
all its arabesque marble adornments, will be re-erected on new foundations.

It is to be regretted that all the palaces in danger are not the property of the broad-minded Countess de Baume Pluvinel; even to-day along the Grand Canal may be seen many vacant lots. The Campanile, the old bell tower of the city, was the first to go. In 1902, with its foundations all eaten away, it collapsed in a huge cloud of dust and with a terrific noise. In its fall it destroyed the marvelous Logetta, perhaps the most curious bit of Venetian art in bronze and marble, and a corner of the Library—ten metres of the porticoes, sculptured windows and balustrades—thus disfiguring the whole of the Piazetta and one entire side of the Plaza.

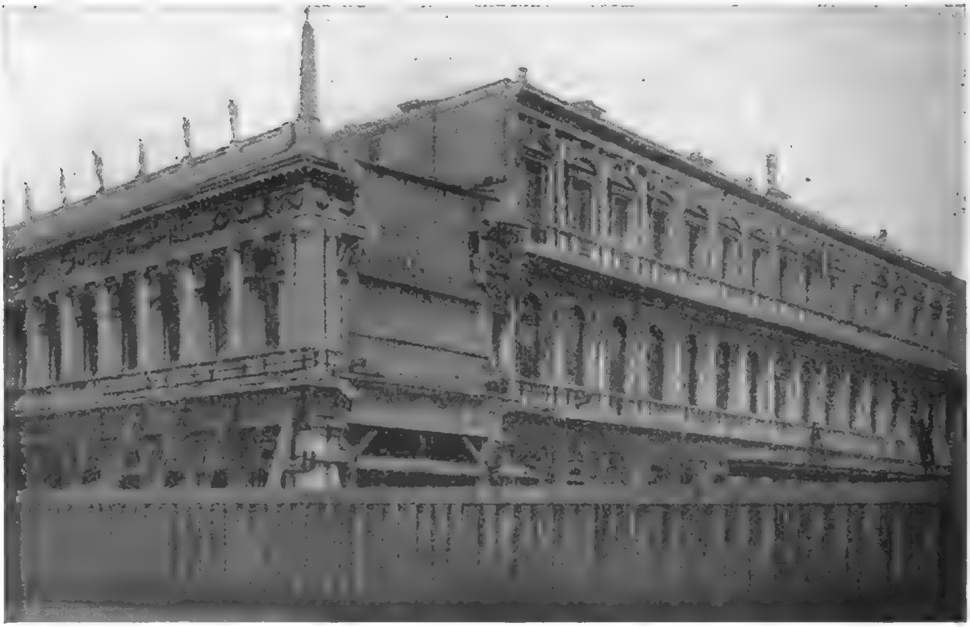
And yet, in its fall, had it but struck St. Marks or even the Palace of the Doges opposite, the Campanile would have wrought far greater havoc. The facade of St. Marks, once damaged, would be irreparable; as for the Palace of the Doges, its condition is such that nothing could have saved it. The foundations have sunk to so great an extent that experts believe it has been actually saved by the fall of the Campanile. One of the two had to go, the bell tower or the ducal palace.

Hideous scaffoldings and boardings now mark the sites of the Campanile and the Logetta. The latter may some day grace the city once more, for photographs and models permit of its reconstruction, but the Campanile never. The soil, undermined as it is, could never support the enormous weight of such a building again, although the Venetians, for fear of alarming strangers, are slow to admit this.

It has once been well said that St. Marks represents the religion and the faith of Venice. If so, the Palace of the Doges is its history, its art. In this palace there are all the glories of the republic—its battles, its victories over the Turks, the Veronese, the Pisans; its secular struggles against the Genoese. Lepanto and Don Juan of Austria, Callaro and Zara, the taking of Constantinople, Frederic Barbarossa on his knees before the gates of St. Marks, the papal ambassadors to the Senate, coronations, intrigues, Catarina Cornaro and the contentions at the court of Chipre, Henry

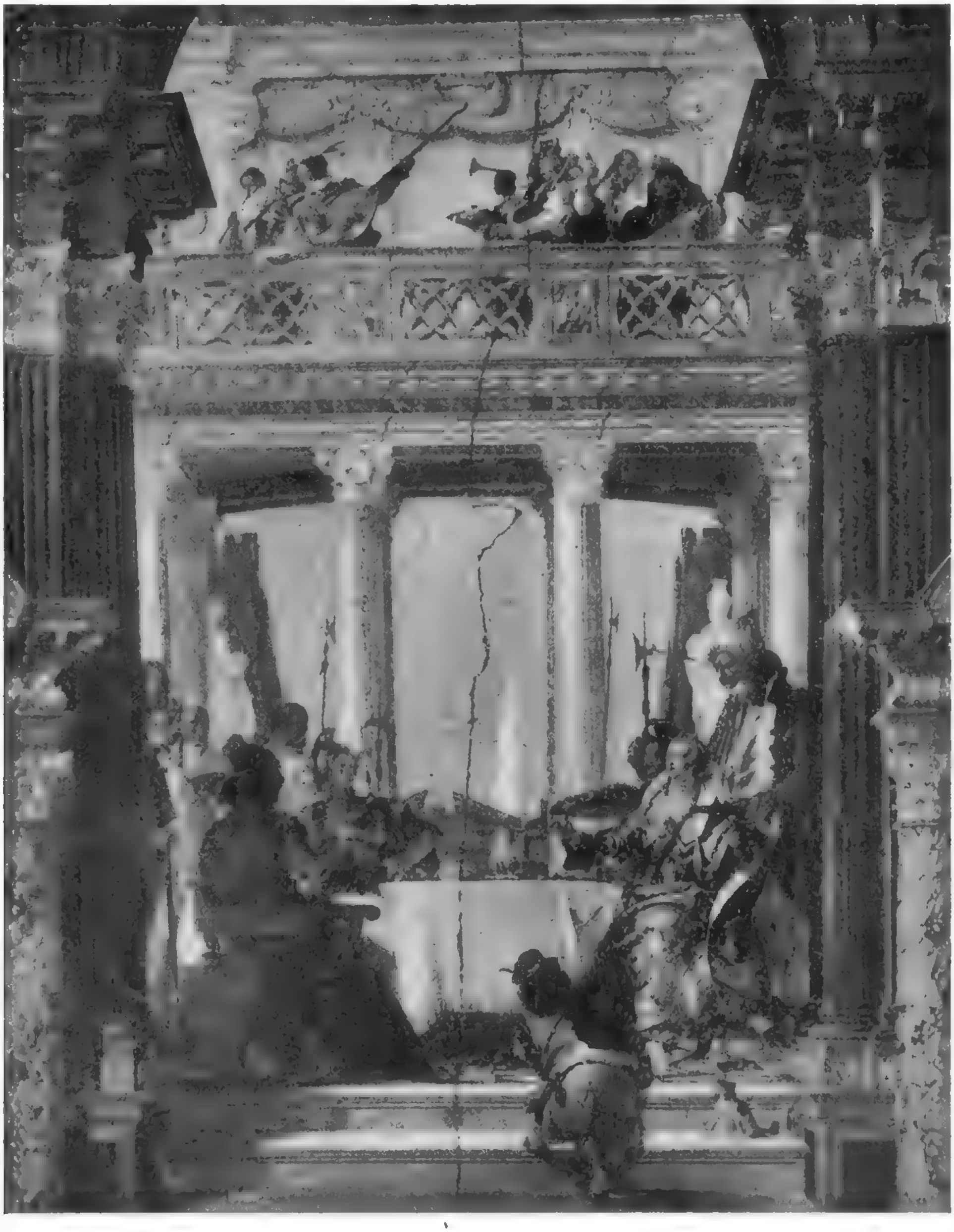


THE CAMPANILE BEFORE ITS FALL, SHOWING THE PALACE OF THE DOGES, ST. MARK'S AND THE LIBRARY.



CORNER OF THE LIBRARY DESTROYED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE CAMPANILE.

III at Venice, Sicily *en échec*, proclaimed, sung and painted on the ceilings and on the walls of more than eighteen rooms, by Bassano, Palma, Titien, Tintoretta, Veronese; while in the centre of the Hall of the Council of Ten there flames the grand, the immortal *Venice Triumphant* of Paolo Caliari! In short, the Palace of the Doges is drama and literature combined; is is Marino Falieri on the staircase of the Giants; it is the *Venice Saved* of Otway, and, before Casimir Dela-



THE BEAUTIFUL "BANQUET OF CLEOPATRA," TIEPOLO'S MASTERPIECE, WHICH ADORNS THE WALLS OF THE LABIA PALACE, HAS BEEN SPOILT BY A HUGE CRACK FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.

vigne, it is *Othello,* the *Merchant of Venice* and the finest of Shakespeare's dramas.

And even this great palace is sinking. Scaffoldings dishonor the halls. The sacred silence of years is desecrated by the noisy clatter of the artisans at work, repairing and strengthening the walls; huge canvases, the delight of generations, have been rudely displaced and are now carelessly piled upon the floors as though in the centre of a studio; forgotten frescoes have come to light from behind the paintings of Bossano and Titian, now removed only to be destroyed by hammer and chisel. The sight of all these glories, of all these annals, fallen into the ruthless hands of workmen, is so depressing that a visit now to the old palace is a thing too sad to be enjoyed.

And these workmen are everywhere. Bare, hideous framework now surrounds the Procuraties—the ancient, time-honored Procuraties of Lombardo, of Barthelomeo Buone, of Bergamasco. That part of the building which overlooks the little canal and the short, narrow street in the rear is already doomed, held up as it is only by heavy timbers extending from the opposite side of the street.

There are scaffoldings in the Church of Giovanni é Paulo and in that of the Frari—the churches of the tombs and second only to St. Mark's in the magnificence of their architecture and sculpture. Rows of wooden posts support the arcades before the Quadri, the whole of St. Mark's Place is hidden by scaffoldage, and even in the grand old church itself can be seen the same old, heart-rending sights of workmen and repair.

The Church of the Frari—the Pantheon of Venice—contained formerly the remains of the great generals and admirals of the Loredans, the Vandramins, the Venieres, the Valiers, the Corners. The entire Golden Book of the Venetian nobility was piled up there in the two gloomy aisles of San Giovanni—a magnificent array of tombs. The majority of the statues have now fallen from the marble sarcophagi placed on high, in niches in the walls; the winged victories of the allegories which once veiled them have followed them to the dusty gloom of the sacristies. The marks of danger and decay are everywhere. The weight of so much glory, immortalized in marble and metal, has become a source of danger to the church. Immense crevasses, plainly visible in the walls, have appeared. To repair them it is necessary that all this splendor be removed.

The same lamentable spectacle awaits one at the Church of San Giovani. Here they have removed the bodies of the Doges, just as from the Church of the Frari the bodies of the generals and admirals have been withdrawn. A row of planking conceals the mausoleum of Canova; a boarding dishonors the choir and the handsome stalls; the sacristy, with its woodwork in the style of the Renaissance, has become the prey of carpenters. At the Church of the Frari they have even pulled down the paintings of the Virgin of Bellini and the two Tiepolos in the ceilings.

Cracks and fissures are the enemies of Venice. And they are omnipresent. In the Basilica, the churches, walls have been laid open by them, foundations undermined, ceilings rent asunder.

The Venetians, if they would save Venice from becoming a second city of Ys on the Adriatic, must awaken to its dangers. As the inheritors of the richest treasures of centuries, they owe it to the world and to posterity to rescue their city from destruction. Venice must be saved!

Photo by Downey, London.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

ROOF-GARDENING is not what it was. Any New Yorker will tell you that, as he steps into the elevator to be whirled up to the few roof-gardens left to him in Manhattan. He is sad over it, too. He has seen this species of horticulture reach a degree of development which astonished even the managerial husbandmen themselves. Now he sorrowfully witnesses its decadence.

There were peculiar fascinations in

A SCENE FROM "THE ROLLICKING GIRL."

the theatre-top playground for the old-time habitué. Up there, among the eaves and chimneys, with the gigantic water-tank just over his head on its lanky stilts, he found joys obtainable nowhere else. As a connoisseur, naturally he was discriminating. He looked for, and appreciated, some of the features that were not down on the programme.

For instance: When the roof-garden was actually something like a garden, wide open to the weather, it was interesting to note how, in the entr'acte, the vagrant breezes sneaked behind the scenes and blew the drop curtain horizontally over the heads of the audience, giving glimpses of scurrying, silk-clad legs and other fearful stage secrets. Then the dim incandescent lamps, the palms in boxes, the primitive wooden chairs, the spindly tables and the low-spirited waiters! How sylvan it all was! You might have fancied yourself in a fairy dell, only that there were no bugs.

The roof-garden to-day is altogether different. Generally it is a huge glass box, wherein, on a stage that reminds you of the kind of thing which served the purpose in the "opery house" of the rapidly disappearing one-night stand of ten years ago, there is a performance that seldom is up to the standard demanded in a theatre proper. Of course, I speak only in a general way. You sometimes find a good stage entertainment in a roof-garden, but as a rule one goes there to while away the evening, and not to be tremendously impressed by what is done before the footlights. There is never serious criticism of a roof-garden show, either by the person who goes to spend three hours that he does not know what to do with, or by the sage who prints his impressions of it afterward. So long as it is amusing it will pass.

Vaudeville is the usual roof-garden fare. There are performers who are regarded with favor by that distinct class

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SUE STUART IN "LIFTING THE LID."

of amusement patrons which prefers this sort of thing—few of them devotees of the drama—and the things they do on the roof are about the same as they offer in the "continuous," except for the intimate, friendly touch which is absent in the winter. Even vaudevillians are not proof against summer night romance altogether.

In the past summer or two there has been a decided effort to give new dignity to roof-garden amusement by presenting regular musical comedies with a semblance of a plot. One of the cleverest of these comedies may be seen now in what is known as the "Aerial Gardens," on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre. Its title is "Lifting the Lid," and it was concocted by John J. McNally, the earnest Boston journalist who has been turning out Rogers Brothers plays for several years. It is presented as a "satire," and, if you have been reading the daily New York papers assiduously, doubtless you will enjoy it.

There can be no question about its cleverness, but it has the weakness of most of its class, in that it presupposes the audience to be as familiar with the doings of the theatre district and with local politics as a Broadway rounder. Of course, many of the patrons of roof-gardens—perhaps a majority of them—do keep in touch with the things referred to. Still, there are persons who never heard of the comical quarrel between Oscar Hammerstein and District Attorney Jerome, and who hardly appreciate the delicate humor of the exuberant manager kicking a dummy out of every one of the numerous exits of his theatre.

However, let me repeat that no one

ELEANOR ROBSON.

criticises a roof-garden show. On the whole, that given at the Aerial Gardens is as satisfactory as you are likely to get on any summer roof in New York city. "Lifting the Lid" is not all of it. Frederick Solomon (so good a comedian that I always resent seeing him in the conductor's chair), has arranged a review of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which makes up for many of the inanities of the other part of the programme. It is all a matter of taste. Probably there are roof-gardeners who are sick of Gilbert and Sullivan, and who find greater joy in the McNally offering, especially when you consider that the lyrics in "Lifting the Lid" are by Jerome and Schwartz. Did not they give us "Bedelia" and "Mr. Dooley," and are they not still in the flower of poetical and musical youth?

There are two other roof-gardens open in Manhattan. One is Oscar Hammerstein's "Paradise Gardens," on the roof of his Victoria Theatre, where he has been offering European novelties, including "The Girl in the Red Domino"; and the other is the "Wistaria Grove," atop of the New York, where there is straight vaudeville and a burlesque, "When We Are Forty-one," obviously re-

VIOLET HOLLS IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," TO OPEN AT THE CASINO IN AUGUST.

DIAMOND DONNER, IN "LIFTING THE LID."

ferring to Dr. Osler's sensational exposition some months ago.

These three roof-gardens are drawing attendance large enough to warrant their being open, but it is doubtful whether more than the three could pay expenses for the summer. Only by dint of engaging expensive performers and making the entertainment as good as it ever can be under roof-top conditions, can managers hope to make the roof-garden a paying enterprise. A decade ago the stage performance was only an incident. Now, as the patron insists on being amused, it is everything.

When you want to get thoroughly cooled off on a hot night, you go to Brighton Beach or Coney Island, or take a trip out of town in an automobile. Formerly you went to the roof of the Casino, to the tower of Madison Square Garden, to the American Theatre roof,

Photo by Paley.

BERTHA KALISH, THE YIDDISH ACTRESS, WHO RECENTLY MADE HER ENGLISH-SPEAKING DEBUT IN "FEDORA."

or to the breezy plateau on top of that big skating ring on Lexington Avenue, near Forty-second Street. That is why the roof-garden stage is more important than it was.

It is significant of modern dramatic appreciation that, even at a time when roof-gardens are opening and Coney Island is roaring away for the summer, the advent of a new star in an old serious drama overwhelms everything else in theatrical interest. Bertha Kalich has been known as a player of merit in the Yiddish tongue for years. Now she has proved her right to distinction on the English-speaking stage by her powerful rendering of the title rôle in Sardou's "Fedora," and we may reasonably expect to see her the principal figure in a new drama in a Broadway theatre in the autumn. It is understood that this is the plan of her manager.

"Fedora" has been seen in New York and other cities a great many times. It

JULIA SANDERSON AND CHORUS IN "FANTANA."

was never done more effectively than as given by the George Fawcett company, headed by Bertha Kalish, at the American Theatre, last month. Unless you have seen Sarah Bernhardt in this play you have not known such a Fedora as this new one. It is a revelation—a Slav impersonated by a Slav, with all the fire and torrential passion which such a woman loosens when she loves and suffers. Some of us remember Fanny Davenport and her finished interpretation. Bertha Kalich's Fedora may lack some of the Davenport polish, but it has an almost barbarous strength of its own that carries you with it to the awful denouement with never a moment's pause. It is Fedora you see—not the well-poised actress.

There are certain roughnesses of diction, a disdainful ignoring of traditions, a tempestuous hurrying of speeches at supreme moments, which we are unaccustomed to in Broadway theatres, but it is the soul of the woman making itself known, and it comes to you bare and unsoftened. Objections have been made by some critics that Madame Kalich's Fedora is too melodramatic. If it is, then let us have melodrama now and then, if only to give that realism to a dramatic interpretation which is too often hidden by frills and fallals. This Fedora is not considering how she looks "from the front." She is passing through such a fire of passions as comes to a woman only here and there, but which, when they do come, can be made known only by outbursts of melodrama— or what we know as melodrama in these days.

Fedora is a creature of impulses. To present her convincingly we must have a woman like this Slav from the East Side, with her own emotions so near the surface that she feels herself Fedora from the first moment that she begins her impersonation—which, most likely, is even before she leaves her home on her way to the theatre. The only English-speak-

Photo by Burr McIntosh.
THE LATE KIRKE LA SHELLE, THE WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER.

ing actress I can think of whose methods are at all like those of Bertha Kalich is Clara Morris, as she was ten or fifteen years ago. There is the same intensity, the same readiness to contort the features when the extremes of mental or physical agony demand it, and the same nervous working of the fingers. All these we have seen in Clara Morris. They may not have made her a great actress, but they seemed to be the natural expressions of one, for you notice them all in Bertha Kalish.

If Madame Kalish were new to the stage altogether, there might be some misgivings as to what she would do in another play. But she is an experienced actress, trained in an exacting school. Her ability to sway the frank emotions of the people who have made up her audiences for so long—the people of the New York Ghetto—assures us that she will have no difficulty in carrying with her those who patronize Broadway theatres. There is little difference between any two classes of men and women, after all, when one comes to the primary passions. It is such passions that are exemplified in all really successful dramas.

Edwin Arden was the Loris Ipanoff.

A SCENE FROM "THE ROLLICKING GIRL."

There is nothing to be said of him except that he was the sterling artist he always is, reposeful until called on for a display of intense passion, and then rising to the situation with a sureness that told of reserve force always at command. His big scene in the third act was magnificent.

Alice Butler—an actress with a long stock company training, so that she is always easy and convincing, whatever her character—was capital as the frivolous Countess Soukereff, while Daisy Lovering, as the boy, Dimitri, made that "bit" stand out by a most commendable sincerity.

That there is life yet in the old play of "Trilby," was abundantly proved in W. A. Brady's recent revival. With nearly all of the original cast to interpret it, with careful staging and smooth performances, there was no danger of people not going to see "Trilby." Still, I doubt whether even the sanguine Mr. Brady expected it to make the success it did, insisting on staying three weeks in New York, instead of the two weeks originally scheduled, and then going on the road to give other cities an opportunity to judge a ten-year-old play by present-day standards.

Wilton Lackaye, in the dress of Svengali, made a speech at the end of the third act on the afternoon that I saw "Trilby," and it was his remark that there was life in the old play still. He said, with a twinkle in his eye, that perhaps some of the gentlemen in the audience might have seen "Trilby" when it was originally produced in New York, and that no doubt many of the ladies had heard of it. This assumption that none of the women in the theatre were old enough to remember anything theatrical ten years back made a hit. After that, it was easy for Mr. Lackaye to chat familiarly to us, telling us that he and his colleagues enjoyed the play probably

Photo by Hall.

SELENA JOHNSON, AS THEODORA ROBINS, IN "ABIGAIL."

as much as those in front, and that they, as well as us, understood its vitality to be due to the fact that it was full of true humanity. I mention this speech because it expresses the real reason for "Trilby" being able to fill a large theatre seven times a week for three weeks, with indications that the run in New York could have continued much longer but for other engagements.

One of the peculiarities of this "Trilby" was that none of the actors who had been in the original cast look a day older than they were ten years before.

There is Wilton Lackaye — dusty, shaggy, inscrutable, who might be any age, coming forward and hypnotizing Miss Harned as Trilby just as he did in the old days. She looks younger now than then, if anything. Burr McIntosh, with his "Piccadilly weepers" flowing luxuriantly as of old, is the same Taffy we used to know. Then there is John Glendenning, with his delightful Scottish burr, as the Laird, and Leo Dietrichstein—who has become a popular dramatist since first he played Zou Zou—skipping about as lightly as ever, with his infectious good humor, one of the most refreshing things in the production.

Mathilde Cottrelly, as Mme. Vinard, so youthful and attractive—can this be the Mathilde Cottrelly who used to sing

Photo by Sands and Brady.
MIDGELY AND CARLISLE, IN "THE PEARL AND THE PUMPKIN," TO OPEN AT BROADWAY THEATRE, AUGUST 28.

"Read the Answer in the Stars," in the old McCaull Opera Company? That was—how many years ago? Well, long before the first production of "Trilby." And Rosa Rand, as Mrs. Bagot, mother of Little Billee. Why, it seems only yesterday that she was doing young heroines, with whom the leading man and the villain were always desperately in love. What does she mean by playing "old women" now?

Altogether, this revival of "Trilby" gives one the most peculiar feeling. You cannot believe that it is ten years since it was the rage in New York, unless time has stood still with everyone in the cast, whatever it may have done with one's self.

The more I think about "Trilby" the more I am persuaded that it is not a back number, after all—at least, not while the men and women who sustained the principal characters ten years ago, and again this spring, are able and will-

Photo copyright by Aimé Dupont.

ADA REHAN TO APPEAR IN "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION."

ing to give life to the Du Maurier personages in Paul Potter's dramatization.

Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams are still rollicking in the musical comedy which has the thoroughly safe title of "The Rollicking Girl." Probably Sydney Rosenfeld, who is credited with the "book," wonders why he took the trouble to conceive a plot for this hurly-burly of fun, music and pretty girls. Doubtless he has the satisfaction of feeling that he did his duty in the premises. All the rest is Sam Bernard, Joe Coyne, hot air and hullabaloo.

The story is not a bad one, either, if ever it had a chance to make itself known. Ilona (Hattie Williams) is a Hungarian country girl, pretty, frivolous and fond of admiration. She is betrothed to a respectable young man of her village, Miklos, and the marriage is soon to take place, when a certain Count Istvan comes along with his blandishments and carries the girl to Vienna. She wants to be an actress, and the Count had promised to further her ambition. Seeking apartments, they come to the place of business and home of Schmaltz, a wigmaker. As Schmaltz happens to be Sam Bernard, of course he is gifted with an awful Teutonic-American dialect, and this he uses effectively in giving shelter to the

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
HELENA BYRNE, ENGLISH ACTRESS IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

girl and kicking the Count out of doors. Schmaltz has influence with the manager of the Royal Theatre. He introduces Ilona to that great personage, and as just then the leading lady of the theatre has a fit of the tantrums and declines to go on in the new piece, the country girl takes her place, and of course makes a hit.

After that it is all plain sailing. The librettist seems to have let go for a while, and to have handed the whole thing over to Sam Bernard, Hattie Williams and Joe Coyne, with Aimee Angeles a good fourth. They sing and dance and romp recklessly, with Sam Bernard so irresponsibly funny that he is simply indescribable.

Joe Coyne, as an ancient roué, with a liking for the coulisses, dodders about,

MISS KATE CONDON, TO STAR THIS COMING SEASON IN "THE MOCKING BIRD."

uttering comic sentences in a squeaky voice and occasionally dances and sings. He has something to do with the plot, perhaps, but if he has the librettist must have worked hard fitting him in. He seems to have been put in with instructions to go ahead and be funny, no matter what might happen to the story.

The end of it all is that Ilona goes back to her faithful lover, after fighting a duel with Fanchette, the leading lady of the Vienna theatre, and the curtain comes down with a smashing chorus.

"The Rollicking Girl," like most entertainments of the kind, has no purpose but to amuse and tickle you. This purpose it serves. It is such a whirl of brilliant clothes, lively girls, glittering scenery and catchy music, that one might take hours in trying to pick out its features one by one without conveying an actual idea of what it is like. There is one number, in which half a dozen girls sit in rose-entwined swings and are wafted over the heads of the audience in the parquette, which is unusually attractive.

Adelaide Keim, a young woman who has learned to act by the surest method, that of playing many parts in a stock company and on the road, has been appearing in a succession of important rôles in Harlem this spring. Camille was one and Hamlet another. The latter performance was interesting, because it is only occasionally that a woman essays this character. Miss Keim gave a thoughtful, impressive rendering of the Prince, but somehow you never could forget that it was a woman in man's clothes, and not the young man you were supposed to be looking at. I prefer Miss Keim when she keeps to her own sex. Her Camille was decidedly good.

While managers are busy with their

preparations for the fall and winter season, the headquarters of summer amusements distinctively are at the seashore. Coney Island, with its mile or two of white buildings and its blatant music, is livelier now than upper Broadway in midwinter. You can find almost any kind of entertainment there, from wild animals to baby incubators, while if you want a stage show you have only to drop into the exhibition of the "Galveston Flood" to find something in that way which is astonishing in its artistic completeness.

Although Coney Island has improved greatly in the character of its shows within the last few years, the same atmosphere of careless holiday-making prevails, and you always have a feeling of jolly irresponsibility as you go from one place of amusement to another.

Bostock's wild animal exhibition in "Dreamland," is again a prominent feature of the summer. The animals are interesting. whether in their dens or in the arena, while the trainers who put the savage creatures through performances in the large steel cage are as impressive as ever.

There was one act I saw at Bostock's lately which struck me as particularly good. A young lady in short skirts, who was announced as "La Belle Selika," skipped into the cage with seven—I think it was seven—lionesses. She made them get up, reluctantly, upon pedestals in different parts of the cage. Then, as the orchestra struck up the music of the "Pretty Maidens," in "Florodora," she danced, teasing the animals by pointing her slippers at them one after another, and retreating just far enough to escape the angry paws darted at her each time. They seemed eager to tear her to pieces. She pirouetted about the creatures, always close to them, but just far enough away to avoid being clawed, until at last she struck an attitude immediately in front of the most savage of her pets and smiled in response to the applause, while the lioness growled. It was decidedly the prettiest act I ever saw in connection with trained wild animals, and it looked fearfully dangerous, whether it was so actually or not.

The Boer War spectacle at Brighton Beach is one of the big attractions of the seashore this summer. General Cronje takes part in it. Besides, there are some hundreds of British and Boer soldiers, with horses, cannons and any amount of noise. It is a most imposing affair throughout. It was one of the great features at the St. Louis Fair. It has been transferred to Brighton Beach all complete—horse, foot and dragoons, with artillery and commissariat thrown in.

Four Broadway theatres remain open, and probably will keep open until the coming of September heralds a change all around in amusements. These theatres are the Herald Square, where "The Rollicking Girl" is on view; the Hudson, "The Heir to the Hoorah"; Knickerbocker, Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue," and the Lyric, "Fantana."

Madame Schumann-Heink, who was married in Chicago lately, has come back to New York, and is appearing in "Love's Lottery," at the Academy of Music."

Three prominent theatrical men have passed away in the last few months, A. M. Palmer, Samuel Shubert and Kirke LaShelle. Mr. Palmer had dropped out of active life to a large extent before his demise, but Sam Shubert and Kirke LaShelle were busy to the end. Shubert's dreadful taking off in a railroad accident found him planning new amusement enterprises almost to the last moment, while Kirke LaShelle had made arrangements for several new productions next winter.

Indications are that next winter will witness more new productions in New York than in any season for years. Charles Frohman will put on twenty-eight new plays, while Klaw & Erlanger, Colonel Savage, Liebler & Co. and other producing managers promise many new and worthy offerings. What they are must be left for next month.

DRYING THE PANAMA STRAW.

CARRYING WATER IN GOAT-SKIN BAGS ON BURROS.

WITH THE INCAS INDIAN WEAVERS OF ECUADOR WHERE THE PANAMA HAT IS MADE

By Annabelle Lee

THERE is a persistent belief in the stories spread abroad by sea captains that the Panama hat is made under water at a temperature that is but a few degrees from the boiling point, and not long ago I had an opportunity to run down that tale.

The history of the strange people who have made Panama almost as famous as the failures of the proposed Canal has likewise been shrouded in mystery; for the great weavers of the finest Panamas are the descendants of the Incas Indians, who do not live in Panama at all, but who build and weave in the cliffs of tropical Ecuador.

A traveler seeking to leave the common place of a hackneyed civilization, has but to travel toward the glowing tropical sun, the warm sea breezes and the insufferable air of the land of Pizarro, where the Incas for over four hundred years have followed the industry of their forebears in weaving Panama hats.

It is a remarkable region, which is still unknown to the seeker after new scenes, natural beauty and an outing in strange places. It is absorbingly interesting and fairly accessible if you can stand the discomforts of a tropic mountain trail, and you will gradually learn to enjoy the indolent, brown, ragged, dirty Indians whose costumes seem to have been borrowed from Carmen, and upon whose sure-sightedness as upon your donkey's sure-footedness you must rely for guidance over the uncertain highways of the Andes passes.

The port of Manta is a three days' voyage north of Guayaquil, and about eighty miles from the sea is the Indian community, where nearly four centuries ago the Panama hat—the hat of the mo-

OFFERING PANAMA HATS FOR SALE ON A STEAMER.

TWO MONTE CHRISTI WEAVERS.

ment for this summer's fashion—was first made.

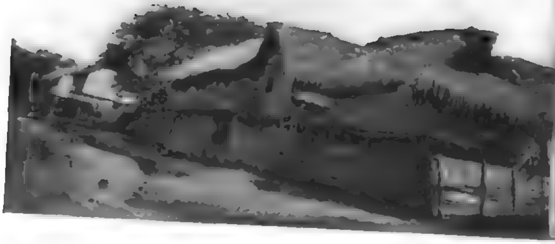
There is little wonder that the locality of Jipajapa (pronounced Hipahapa) has not been considered of any consequence, for it is a country without history save the unwritten lore of romantic Indian legends tht live only in the hearts of the people.

The country itself is a real botanical universe, where luxurious growth alternates with bare deserts, and presents some surprising contrasts; yet it has a charm. It is a strange mixture of fascination and repulsiveness, of improvidence and industry, and it is a place to visit while the romance of the Middle Ages still lingers upon it and before the unhappy complexity of civilization has had a chance to spoil it.

At Manta, as elsewhere on the west coast of the Americas, with few exceptions, there is no wharf, and landings to and from the steamers must be made in small boats.

It was beginning to grow pink and gray about the ragged edges of the palms when we drew near to the harbor, and little by little the vision unfolded itself to us. Back a short distance from the shore the royal palms nodded their lofty plumes and around them huddled the tropic jungle. Between the verdure of the jungle and the sapphire of the sea there stretched a narrow beach of yellow sand, and standing at the water's edge there is always a crowd of dusky natives on steamer day, for it is the early bird that catches the worm in Manta, as it is in northern latitudes. Around the ship dart a dozen canoes filled with Panama hats, and it was here before we landed that we were first introduced to the brown Panama vendors.

That day we learned two things. One was that we were on the rim of a pathless territory which had never been entered by white man, a tract within 200 miles, where the savages were continually at war upon each other and would eat their prisoners; and the other was that we were in the heart of a country where vigilance laws reigned supreme and bandits flourished. How-


TYPICAL HOMES OF THE INCAS INDIANS AT JIPIJAPA.

INDIAN HAT WEAVERS.

ever, there were other subjects more agreeable, the traditions of the hat makers, the art of their deft fingers, and the homes wherein they dwell, and I was here to learn of these.

The air was moist and tremendously oppressive and our guides refused to start upon the fatiguing journey before nightfall. The day was drowsy with bloom and fragrance, and the only energy displayed in Manta was seen aloft in the air where the buzzards floated serenely watching for their dinner, and the only sound came out of the jungle in harsh discord from parrot and paroquet.

After we had safely arrived at Jipajapa, our destination, we could appreciate that little excursion into the darkness of a tropic trail, but while it lasted it was a bit creepy.

At midnight our mule train passed through Monte Christi, a community of hat weavers who came from Jipajapa a few years ago because an enterprising agent found that the climate at this altitude kept the straw moist and produced the finest grade of hat in the world. Some ten miles from Monte Christi had been covered when we entered a forest of cactus trees. The huge, pulpy trunks and branches, covered with sharp spines, grew in many instances to the height of fifty and sixty feet. The spines of some were three or four inches long and as sharp as needles. Others were round masses of prickly matter that resembled a porcupine rolled into a ball. The moonlight converted the tropical foliage into something unearthly; the fantastic appearance of a cactus forest is difficult to describe; the weird call of the wildcat and the skulking noises of soft-footed watchers kept our party close together and increased our speed. Many of the trees looked like great coral growth. Others extended tentacle-like arms in all directions in ghostly beckonings, and it seemed as though we were bound for the land of the hobgoblins. The next day at noon we reached Jipajapa, whose mountains surround it like an amphitheatre, and whose forests cling to the rim of the town. The stores and market places are closed, for the wheels of commerce go down with a bang at 7 o'clock in the morning and are not reopened until 7.30 at night, when the hat weavers bring in their products to exchange for the necessaries of life.

The hats are woven by old men, women and children, from the leaves of the screw palm, which the Indians call the jipijapa, and which naturalists call the carudovica palmata. It is a stemless species and grows in shady places along the coast of Ecuador. No weaver ever buys more than enough straw for one hat at a time and the process of its preparation is an interesting one. The leaves, pleated like a fan, grow in the shape of three-cornered stalks, six to twelve feet high. They are from three to four feet in diameter and deeply cut into four di-

ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT MONTE CHRISTI.

visions, each of which is cut again. The Indians call the straw ripe when it is about the thickness of sugar cane, and they gather the leaves and remove the parallel veins, after which they are split into shreds,.but do not separate them at the stalk ends. Then they dip the straw into boiling water after removing the green husk, and bleach it in the sun for about twenty-four hours.

In January the peons begin to plant the seeds of this palm, which requires about a month of time, including the many and frequent Spanish holidays. In three months the straw is ready for market.

These fibres are a yard in length and are rolled by the Indians from either edge, and become one yard long with two little circles showing on the under side and are rolled in this manner so that they may have no raw edge. They are pressed out flat and are then ready for the process of the hat weaver's art.

It is almost impossible to tell the exact time for the making of these hats, for the weavers are so erratic in their work. They work principally in the early morning hours and at night, because they are more comfortable and do not like to exert themselves when the thermometer is creeping upward, and moreover they are great lovers of pleasure and welcome a saint's day or a birthday as a happy excuse for idleness.

The children usually begin to learn the

MOUNTAIN BURROS AND GUIDES.
A GROUP OF INCAS INDIANS.

art at the age of seven. They begin to weave from the center of the crown and their little circular beginning is called a button. The straw for the novices is of coarse texture and they are kept at this work for fifteen years before they have a fair knowledge of hat making, while it requires a lifetime for the experts on the finest hats.

Men, women and children sit cross-legged about the yards of bamboo huts or on their bamboo floors and weave over wooden blocks placed between their knees. If the day is hot they moisten their fingers every five minutes in an olla of water, but they never put water on the straw. It is said that a hat of the finest quality takes six months in the weaving; its texture is like damask and its fibres are like threads of linen, but I would suggest that the length of time depends upon the number of holidays and the amusements in the Indian's social calendar, because he rates his work always as a second consideration to play.

The finest hats are woven on moonlight nights at Monte Christi. They choose the moonlight in order to save the expense of burning candles, and when one considers how poorly paid they are for their work, it is small wonder that they practice economy.

The men for the most part shape the straws after they are woven and pack them for shipment. They rub them with sulphur and pack one dozen into a space that one ordinary hat blocked would occupy. Until within the past two years the Indians braided but the one shape, called the National or Ecuadorian shape; but the U. S. Consular agent at Manta shipped some tourists' blocks from New York, and since then the hat dealers have been able to get the alpine shapes.

The best hats are sold in Ecuador for $100, but this Panama will bring $500 in New York, and it is the expensive Panama that will be worn this summer and for which there is already quite a demand in the Broadway shops. But the medium grade hats, which bring from $75 to $100 here, can be purchased in Ecuador for $20.

Hats that retail here for $10 are sold in Jipajapa for fifty cents. One of the novel sights in this community is the market scenes in the evening, when the Indians bring their hats to the merchant.

The market place, as in all Spanish colonies, faces the plaza and the dealer sits outside the door while the Indians file across the plaza and show their millinery. The merchant promptly fits the headgear upon his own head, and if it suits him he wil fix a price, which is always ridiculously low, and from which he never wavers; and it frequently occurs, unless the native is hungry, that he puts the Panama under his poncho and walks away in disgust. But the Indian knows the value of the fine grade hat, and even the wily dealer is powerless to underpay him for the best Panama, even in far-away Ecuador.

FRUITION

By Annie Josephine Levi

"At last," he gently said, "you understand—
Be patient yet—perhaps 'tis better so.
Can famished souls outliving weary days
Inconstant prove? Nay, death can part us not;
For, missing that denied to us in life,—
The deeper tie of friendship's blossoming—
We each shall call the other in the night,
And resonant the cry shall echo forth,
Till friendship tender, passion, deathless love,
Unite us in the darkened vale, Beyond!"

THE GALLERIES AND THE GODS

By Lynn D. Follett

"Hats off!"
The overture is ended, the sneaky stuff's begun;
The curtain's just ascending—the act is No. 1.
Oh, ye Gods, up in the galleries! How quiet you sit and munch
Upon peanuts brown and succulent! You're a sober-minded bunch!
But mark you! There's the villain, and his wronged, deceived wife,
The girl he swore to love and to cherish as his life.
See! He casts her from him; he drives her from the door
Of the home once theirs together, now home to her no more.
"Ss-s-s-s-s! Ss-s-s-s-s! Ss-s-s-s-s!"
Oh, ye Gods, up in the galleries, yours hearts beat warm and true,
And a persecuted heroine brings out the best in you!
And your hatred's real and honest for the villain in that play—
He'd sure get all that's owing him if you could have your way!
But see! The snow is falling; the ground is covered white;
The mother clasps her babe so close—how bitter is the night!
Of course, that snow is paper or saline crystalline,
And the wind which howls so bitterly is made with a machine.
But it's real up there in Heaven, whence ye Gods look down to see,
And you suffer with that mother on the darksome, snow-swept lea.
Too true the villain's conscience is impervious to prods,
But he'd tremble if he knew how you hated him, ye Gods!
Oh, the triumphs of that villain in acts both I and II,
The persecutions of the heroine and lion-heart hero, too!
You'd hardly have survived them, much less with laughter met,
Save for the low comedian and the gingerly soubrette.
That low comedian's a dandy! He knows 'twill all come right,
And cheers the broken-hearted up till they laugh with all their might.
But talk about your dandies! That girl's a queen—a brick!
See! she's stopped the murd'rous villain who'd have shot the hero, Dick!
"Sr-o-o-w! Sr-o-o-w! Sr-o-o-w!"
That's right, ye Gallery Deities! Whoop and whistle shrill!
Come! Give the girl another hand! Applaud with might and will!
See! Virtue's got an inning now—a turn's in every lane!
List, the baffled villain mutters "Aha!" and "Foiled again!"

But the interest on the mortgage to-morrow will be due—
"We'll see, proud beauty, then if your lover'll come to you!"
Thus the villain still pursues her; her pleadings touch him not;
But the melodrama hero is Johnny-on-the-Spot!
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Sr-o-o-w! Hurrah Wow-ow-ow Sr-o-o-o-w!
Why, that's Dick, our lion-heart hero! He's come in nick of time
With money and with evidence to prove the villain's crime.
Now watch! "Bang! Bang!" Two shots ring out, but the funny man is there
And knocks the pistol upwards; the shots go wild in air.
The hero clasps the maiden, who has fainted dead away,
Leaps at the baffled villain like a panther at his prey.
How the villain begs for mercy! He will yield his bogus note
If the hero'll only loose those clutching fingers at his throat!
"Dog! I would not kill you, to add but crime to crime,
But wait for Heaven's vengeance, which will come in Heaven's time."
"Why didn't he kill that villain?" Oh, ye gallery brood of Mars!
But see! He's fallen under the really train of cars!
Oh, the mills of God grind slowly, but not so slow, indeed.
They crush the melodrama villain in his perfidy and greed!
And now the peaceful ending: "God bless you, children dear!"
Hearts and hands united forever and a year.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Sr-o-o-w!"
Yes, cheer, ye Gods in Heaven, till you rattle all the seats!
Your still, unbottled fervor let it carry to the streets!
There's no sham about your cheering—no falseness in your hiss;
It's hearty and it's honest. The actor-folk would miss
The sweet, rewarding plaudits when Virtue wins at odds
Were it not for the discernment of the galleries and the Gods!

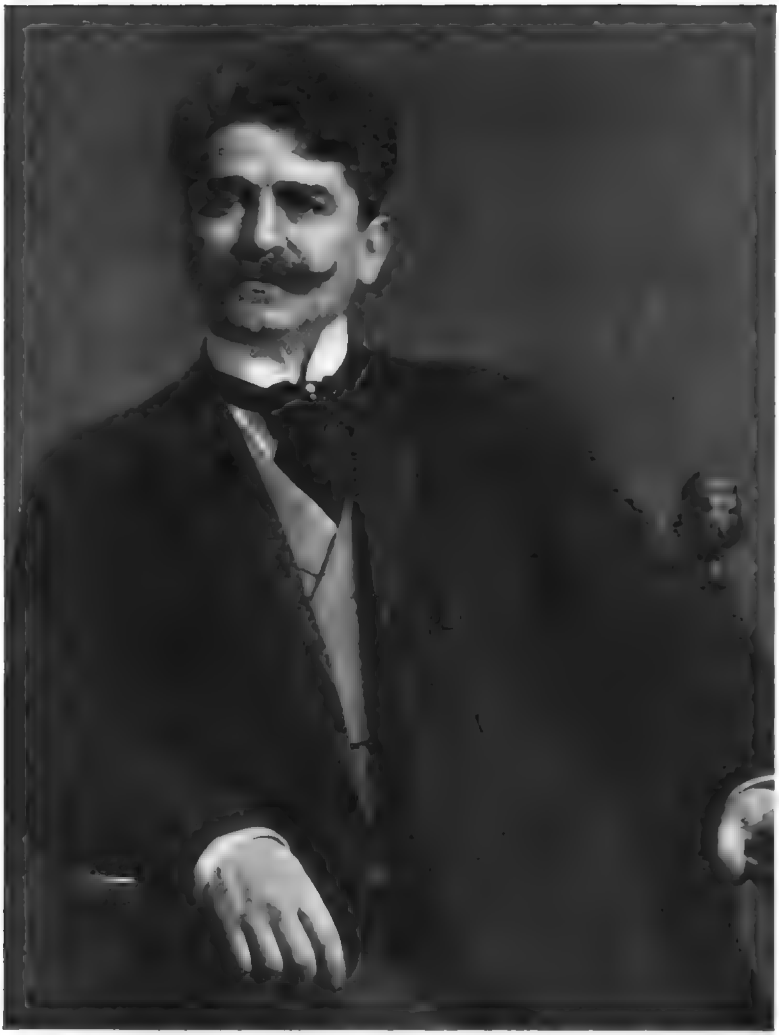


Photo by Aimé Dupont.

MR. NAHAN FRANKO, THE FIRST AMERICAN-BORN MUSICIAN TO CONDUCT GRAND OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

FROM SECOND VIOLIN TO THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAIR

By Nahan Franko

THAT small body of men, forty or fifty strong, designated as the Grand Opera Orchestra, occupies a comparatively insignificant space in the vast auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House. On a gala night it is no more than a dark blotch streaked with the forked lightning of gleaming bows—a storm-centre of melody hardly visible from the stalls, and altogether invisible from the galleries where sit entranced the music worshippers. But oh! the weary and tortuous route, the long and arduous years, the seemingly impassable chasms that divide the second row of second violinists from that far-distant yet coveted pinnacle—the conductor's chair!

Twenty-five years—a whole lifetime of hopes, struggles, disappointments, labor and slow advance toward a fixed purpose—rise before me as I see myself, a mere stripling, the least and youngest of those black-robed figures scraping a fiddle, and then twenty-five years later that other self, the man in the conductor's chair, who found his chance on an off night when he jumped in to fill a gap.

Twenty-five years is a long wait between a purpose and its accomplishment; but the cordial reception accorded me that evening proved that the American is ready to receive the American musician if the latter offers straight, sincere work. I mean by this that he must make no appeal whatsoever on the score of his nationality. He must expect no favoritism. The usual attitude of the American musician is unfortunately more or less apologetic. When he stands square and honestly upon a solid and immovable foundation of training and routine he need not fear that his reception will be any less gracious than that given to the foreign artist. One has but to glance over the list of our grand opera favorites to discover that our American-born prima donnas, Mmes. Eames, Nordica, Mlle. Fremstadt hold their own with the music-loving public.

I must admit in all candor that America is the most difficult country in the world for a man in the orchestral ranks to rise to the conductor's chair. The reason is obvious. There is but one—at the most two—operatic orchestras—there are at the most a half dozen symphonic bodies; therefore the call for leaders is necessarily limited. There is no school of training for the incipient conductor. He has no opportunity, although his very soul may be burning within him, to try his hand at the baton.

On the other side it is different. Every city and town of any size has its opera house and its conductor. These orchestras are the great training schools which send out the conductors of future fame. These men, still young and in the full maturity of their powers, are the ones who, during the past year, have been guests in this country, either at the opera or at the Philharmonic.

My own prospects at the outset of my career were most discouraging. Born in New Orleans of wealthy and musical parents I received until my fifteenth year all the advantages that indulgent and generous parents could give me. I had taken up the study of the violin with the purpose of a musical career, and when the loss of fortune fell upon our family, I was preparing to go abroad to complete my musical education. In place of these alluring prospects I found myself glad to accept the position of second violin in an orchestra. In this way I began an orchestral routine and training that has lasted a quarter of a century.

I have had the good fortune to play under the baton of every leader of note who has been in this country during that span of time. Even from a boy I had the instinct to study their methods, to draw comparisons between one and the other, to analyze the sources of their weakness and strength. I sought the reason of this one's failure, that one's success. My reasoning powers were ever upon the intellectual mechanism of the men who held the baton.

My first position of consequence was under the leadership of Arditi. I remained with him throughout the Adelina Patti operatic tour, and had the opportunity of receiving my initiation into Italian repertoire under one of the most genial and inspired of conductors, in conjunction with the greatest lyrical interpreter of the nineteenth century. Following Arditi, I played, as I said before, under all the great resident and visiting leaders—Theodore Thomas, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Anton Seidl, Von Bulow, Mottl, Muck, Emil Paur, Mancinelli, Richard Strauss and so on through the entire list. Each one in turn became my master, and the object of my close study and investigation. Little by little I rose in the ranks of the orchestra from second violinist to first violinist, from first violinist to concert master. I was slowly, but surely, approaching the goal of my ambitions. There was not an opera I did not know at my fingers' ends. America is a good place to train for a versatile repertoire. On the other side a new opera is rehearsed for months and months. Here we rush it through—scenery, costumes, musical score in six weeks or less. What we lose in finish and polish we gain in spontaneity and youthful virility.

In this way the years slipped by and outside of occasionally replacing a conductor at a rehearsal, my opportunity seemed to elude my grasp. I was ready and waiting for it, but should I ever have the chance, for was it not against the traditions of the grand opera house that a violinist from the ranks should be exalted to the conductor's chair?

One evening in Philadelphia one opera was suddenly changed to another. A conductor was lacking.

I was on the spot. I took the rehearsal. I could have conducted the score with my eyes shut so familiar was I with the music, as well as with every singer in the cast. The rehearsal went splendidly, and that evening it was announced that I was to conduct the opera.

It was an experiment as far as the management was concerned. In good old New York slang "it was up to me" to see that the experiment should not fail for lack of effective results. The rest of the story is known. During the last season of opera I took my turnabout as one of the regular conductors. If the story is worth repeating it is to show that a man's determination can achieve the almost impossible, and if he is ready for the opportunity the miracle will be performed for him even if it takes a quarter of a century!

The requisites of a leader are many. Some are God-given and some are self-developed. First and foremost there must be the gift of rhythm. There is an old Orphic saying as follows: "The father of poetry is music, and the father of music is rhythm, and the father of rhythm is God." This sense of rhythm is the great God-given gift. The second requisite must come through oneself and of oneself. It is training, and training includes orchestral routine. There is no gainsaying that the world's greatest leaders are men who have risen from the ranks. The great composers Wagner, Rubinstein, Strauss, Dvorak have proved themselves, both in the past and present, curiously ineffective when conducting their own works.

The leader must have magnetism and authority, or rather the magnetism of authority. He must be so certain of his intent that he convinces his men. He must literally lead them by the pressure of superior knowledge and force. Like a commander going into battle, he must be cognizant of every inch of ground he proposes to cover. He must be in touch with the weak and strong places of his men. He must know when to command, when to cajole, when to urge forward, when to hold back. For each conductor holds within himself the power to lead his men to victory or failure. He has the making or the marring of a great musical creation. Conductorship is musical routine crowned by the beat—musical rhythm—and the father of Rhythm is God.

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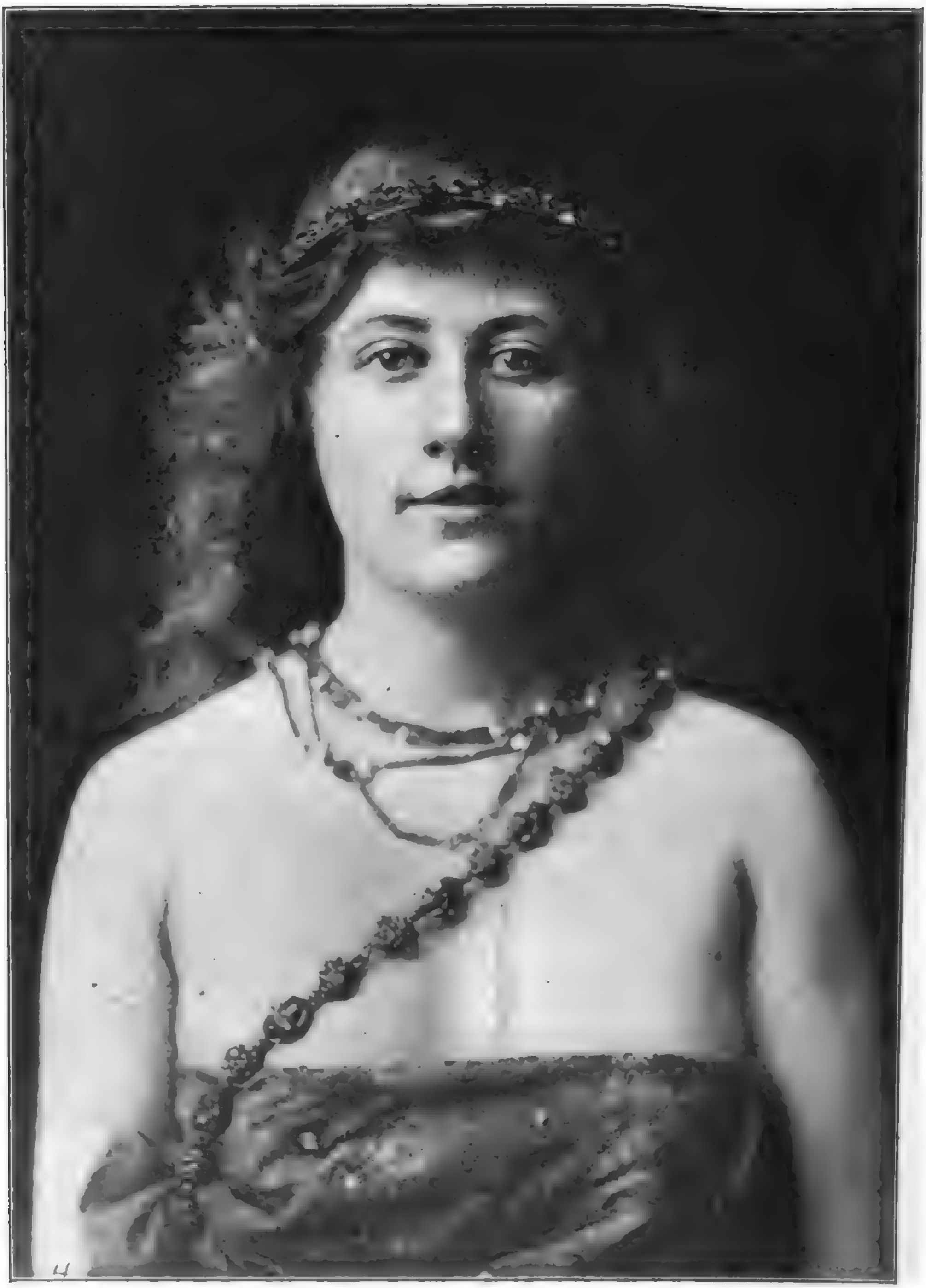

Photo by McMichael & Gro.

A MAIDEN OF THE ORIENT.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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AN ALDERMANIC WHEEL GRINDING THE GRIST.

THE MARRIAGE MILL OF MANHATTAN

By Nina Carter Marbourg

Illustrated with special photographs

THERE is a veritable Marriage Mill in New York. Spend a morning in it and then if you can, say that there is no romance in this prosaic world. In this mill the God of Love is not overburdened with care concerning the quality of his grinding, nor is he at all deliberate in the process.

When I stepped from the bright sunlight of City Hall Park, into the gloom of a long corridor that runs through the basement of the City Hall, I suddenly and quite unexpectedly collided with a group of men and women. Naturally I begged pardon, and asked where I could find the Marriage Bureau.

"It's right here," in a thin voice and accompanied by a series of suppressed giggles came from a girl near the wall. I started toward the door, when the same voice called out:

"It is too early, lady, the door isn't open yet. Yes we are waiting to get married," she added amiably. "Been here this half hour. We've got to hurry too or put it off until noon, because if—if we are late at the office we'll lose our jobs."

Astonishing and unique it did seem to find young people making this plunge

THE ALTAR AND THE PRIEST OF THE MARRIAGE MILL AT CITY HALL.

into the maelstrom of the marital sea in such a matter-of-fact way, just as though it were an every-day occurrence, and something that might be deferred until tomorrow without making much difference to either of them.

"You don't mean to say that you will be married this morning and then go to your office and enjoy no honeymoon, do you?"

"Um—!" the bridegroom elect rejoined this time, "and later on our vacations come at the same time so we are going away then. We'd have been married last week, only we couldn't get a chance, one of us was working all of the time—but——"

At this period of the interesting explanation a man came down the corridor. He cast a glance at the waiting couples, nodded, grinned, placed a key in the lock, turned it and announced:

"Business begun for the day. Step in all youse who are in love and want to be married."

The two young couples needed no urging, and the conductor of the marriage mill surveyed them critically as they filed to the chairs against the wall.

The chamber of ceremony is not over prepossessing. The ceiling is very low; an ordinary flat-topped desk stands at the back of the room; in front of it and around the sides of the wall are ranged a single row of chairs; a smaller desk completes the furnishings. The supervisor waved the young people to the seats and without taking further notice of them proceeded to dust the desk. Presently he looked up, very much as though his grey matter had begun work.

"In a hurry?" he managed to say out of the side of his mouth, as he chewed a piece of gum.

"Yes, sir," from the more courageous bridegroom.

"How much is it worth?" he paused a moment in his dusting and looked speculatively at the young people.

"Why, I'll give you a dollar," volunteered one of the men.

"So will I," chimed in the other.

"Well——" considered the keeper of the Mill, continuing his dusting, and,

"TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE."

judging from the furrows between his brows, thinking deeply.

"Well?" queried the more audacious ot the two men.

"Say," ejactulated Mike, fixing the young people with his eyes, "Say did any of youse 'lope?"

Indignation in all its righteousness arose; the four young people stood up as though they were mechanical dolls and the spring had been touched.

"Well! Well! That's all right. Don't get huffy about it. Stick to yer perches an' I'll see if I can hustle an Alderman fer youse. A dollar a piece you said? All right. Hi, Jerrey, pike down the shoot an' hustle the Alderman. See? Git!"

During this performance the young people, having regained their respective chairs, sat staring at each other in blank amazement, but soon this dazed condition of their minds wore off and they looked rather sheepish.

The young man who entertained apprehensions concerning the safety of his "job" looked at his watch. His bride-to-be whispered at him. For an instant he gazed blankly at the floor and then, man fashion, answered in a distinctly audible tone:

"Yes, and we'll get a new table for the dining-room and lace curtains bye-and-bye."

The girl blushed as red as an American Beauty rose, and the young woman on the opposite side of the pillar giggled.

All five of us straightened perceptibly as a sharp, quick step neared the door; then the Alderman, that all important Mr. Leopold Harburger of this morning's romances, came in, tossed his hat on the desk, pulled off his gloves, and remarked as he did so:

"Now, young people, if you are in as much of a hurry as I am, we've no time to lose. Who is first?"

"We are, sir," returned the prospective purchaser of the new "table for the dining room and lace custains bye-and-bye."

"All right, step up; what's your name?" said the Alderman without pause or break in his sentence.

"Henry Roth."

"The lady's?"

"Margaret Dean."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"Her's?"

"Twenty-one."

"Born?"

"New York, and so was she," he added wishing to hurry matters and evidently thinking of his "job" the whole.

"Now, then, where are your witnesses?"

"Havn't any."

"Well, then, you two young people back there step up here, take the witness places and be sworn."

The other couple did as the Alderman desired and presently the Master of Ceremonies was rattling on in his rapid-fire manned:

"Bride and groom join hands. Henry Roth do you take this woman, Margaret Dean, to be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yes."

"Margaret Dean, do you take this man Henry Roth to be your lawful and wedded husband, and do you promise to love, honor and obey him as long as you remain his wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Henry Roth kiss your wife, Mrs. Henry Roth, and go back to your homes and be happy all the rest of your days; there you two stand back and play witnesses for these other young people as they have done for you; it will take you only a minute and as I am in a hurry you will accommodate me as much by doing this as I have by getting you two married and if you owe the keeper of this marriage bureau anything pay it before you go though there is no charge for anything down here."

I drew a deep, long breath as Alderman Harburger completed this utterly unpunctuated list of instructions. It seemed as though his lung power must be exhausted, but before I had time to draw another breath he was off at the same mile-a-minute pace.

Within twenty minutes four people had been made two, everything was done up in proper shape, the certificates were ready, and the big red seal was placed on them. Then the young man paid the keeper of the Mill his little fee and in a second more had left the room.

"There," said the Alderman as they disappeared, "I've done my duty by them. Now I'm going over to my office. I'll be back by half-past ten. If others come, hold 'em or get another Alderman." So saying, he picked up his hat and was off.

The superintendent once more regained his feather duster, not that anything needed dusting, but it was a habit with him. We were left alone in this strange Cupid's Court. Resting his weight on one foot and flourishing the duster at intervals, he remarked:

"You see, it's this way. These young folks have no people in town, so they don't have church weddin's; they just come here, an' we ties the knot fer 'em. Then there's folks what 'lope. Sometimes you can spot 'em, because they look so scared, but now and then they gets away. After them comes older folks what takes marriage just as indifferent like as they do anything else in life. They come here 'cause it's like going 'jest round the corner' and there ain't no fuss and feathers." Here he dabbed at the chair as though he were making a body thrust at some hated enemy, and after a pause remarked in subtle, deep-meaning tones:

"Last of all there's them dagos. S'pose you call 'em Italians. They are the worst ever. Why, they come here morning, noon and night, and—hello, there's some now. Want to get hitched? All right, come in here."

He motioned them to chairs with a grand sweep of his feathered scepter.

The party in hand was a queer one. It was comprised of the young Italian, his sweetheart, her father and mother. They were decked in holiday day regalia, all the colors of the rainbow could be found in the dresses of the women, and brilliant purple and red neckties threw the deep

WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE MARRIAGE MILL.

bronzed features of the men into fine relief.

Every Italian in America must be married twice. The man of Little Italy is married in his Church. To our authorities this means nothing, so a civil marriage is necessary. To the Italians a civil marriage means no marriage whatsoever, for this reason there is a double wedding.

The party from Little Italy sat staring in wide-eyed astonishment at the King of the chamber, the little bride-to-be tugged at her husband's homespun coat sleeve.

"Say—where we find marrying man. Here? Yes?"

He of the homespun nodded, but the little woman was not yet content.

"S—ay, when, now?"

Again he nodded.

By this time two more couples had come to have the knot tied for them. They represented the up-town young people, a homey, comfortable sort. You perceived instantly that they were not strangers to Broadway, still they were not of the theatrical type, but a couple of young people who had succeeded in reaching the happy medium of existence. Being of such a class they sat down for a comfortable chat and a wait for the Alderman. To them, a wait of half an hour or so didn't matter much; they could find plenty to interest them.

Suddenly there was a rustle of skirts in the corridor, a quick step, a flutter at the door, and a young man quite breathless, demanded:

"Where's the man who ties the knots?"

"He'll be here after while," slowly answered the attendant from behind his morning paper, wholly unmoved by this sudden entrance.

"Say, I'll give you five dollars if you'll get him here in as many minutes.

"Whew!" whispered Mike, and in an instant he had darted from the room.

He had forgotten to ask whether or not they had eloped; it did not seem to matter to him what they had done. The young girl was all of a flurry, and they sat down near the very much sophisticated young couple. The flurried young woman held her hand to her heart a moment, and the girl in the next seat passed her vingarette.

"Oh, thank you ever so much. You see we hurried and—and I'm a little out of breath and——"

"Why, child," remarked the young woman of the vingarette, "you are as white as a ghost, now for heaven's sake don't faint, because if you do you'll probably spoil it all. You see when you've had enough courage to elope—there, there, I can read it in your face, you've eloped all right enough—and as I was about to say, when you've had enough courage to do that you don't want to ruin things at the very end. There now—here comes the Alderman and everything will be all right. Courage," she whispered, as she patted the back of the small, well-gloved hand.

The timid girl smiled her thanks, and in a more breathless manner than usual the marriage ceremony was read. The young men exchanged cards and the newly-married pair were out of the marriage bureau door before you could comfortably say Jack Robinson.

The Alderman was just calling the second couple when the door burst open and a very red faced, irate little man raised on tip toe, and shouted:

"Where are they?"

"Oh," remarked the Alderman," so they did elope after all. I thought so, for the fee was unusually big. Well, they have been gone some twenty minutes, and they said they were going to catch a train."

"They did, did they?" shouted the little man, "What train where?"

"I don't know," said the Alderman, "But I'd advise you to telegraph their description."

"Oh, it's a shame. It's a shame. I'll forgive them, but I wanted to give them a fine wedding, and only said 'No' because I wanted the pleasure of being asked over again. So, they've stolen the march on me, the young rascals! Well, that makes me love 'em more than ever," he completed, as he handed the Alderman a bill for no other reason than that his ill temper had turned to joy, and that smiles superseded the frowns.

"Now, I'm going to telegraph for them, and when I find them we'll have to celebrate. Good-bye, thank you."

"Good-bye," responded the Alderman, "and good luck." Then turning to the other American couple he remarked:

"Queer old codger, isn't he? Now, what on earth did he thank me for. Well, no time to lose, suppose you want to be made miserable, too?" jocosely smiled the marrying man.

"No, rather happy. But, say, won't you do me a favor? Read that marriage ceremony in a way that we may understand what we are doing, for goodness sakes don't make us say 'yes' to a lot of things we don't intend to do."

"All right," laughed this good-natured Alderman. "Now, ready? We're off," and he read the ceremony in a more decorous manner than previously.

Presently these young folks were married and sauntered out of the Court, but before going, the bridegroom exchanged such a good, well-relished kiss with his bride that it made everybody feel particularly glad that this comfortable young pair had come to the Mill.

The two Italians were next taken in hand. They could speak but little English and understand less. The marriage ceremony was read rapidly and when the Alderman came to the question:

"Do you take this woman, etc.," our friend of the feather duster nodded violently at the man and then the man nodded; the same performance was repeated when the question was addressed to the woman. So the ceremony was accomplished, the certificate was handed to the group, he turned it over and contemplated the big red seal. Presently he went to the table in the corner where the superintendent was sitting.

"Red spot," he said pointing to the seal. "Two?"

"No, that's all right."

"Two."

"No, one's enough. You're married now."

"No. Two, red spots."

"Now, see here," jerked out the keeper of seals, "you go on back to Little Italy, and be happy. You're married fast enough, and one seal'll hold the knot as tight as you want it to be tied. Most

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.

folks are willing to do with half a seal. So long."

He waved the man imperiously aside. In all probability the Italian did not understand a word said to him, but so long was the sentence and in such a gattling-gun rapid-fire manner was it delivered that he picked up his hat and catching his little bride by the hand bolted out of the door, followed by the mother and father.

Sometimes there are as many as twenty or twenty-five marriages ground out in this mill a day. Sometimes it is very dull. There is always an Alderman on the *tapis,* and at a moment's notice he will appear and say the word. Alderman Leopold Harburger holds the record for making the greatest number of marriages in the city. He is familiarly known as the "marrying Alderman" and well has he earned his title.

Any one who wants to may visit the Marriage Mill. All he has to do is to go to City Hall and inquire for the place. You may be stared at by the man of whom you inquire your way, but that need not trouble you, for down in City Hall they have a way of staring at one if one only asks where the Mayor's office is .

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S QUEER HOME 403

By J. R. Schmidt

IN every sense of the word, a queer home, but most costly, luxurious and comfortable—one only known to railroad presidents and magnates of the same ilk, for it is nothing more nor less than a private car which the distinguished actor uses during his tours as the ordinary and less original actor uses the local hotel. If Mr. Richard Mansfield were an ordinary man his private car would be the proud owner of some fine name whereby all beholders might recall a famous rôle or a special triumph. Being cast in a mould all his own, Mr. Mansfield eschews "Cyrano," "Beau Brummel" or "Shylock," and has left the nomenclature of his palatial home on wheels to the vulgar mercies of the railroad men. It is shifted, pushed through and side-tracked under the commonplace name of "403." None of the personality or individuality of its gifted owner is allowed to pierce through this mask of numerical incognita. Nevertheless it is known from one end of the country to the other.

Mr. Mansfield regards his car as a necessary convenience and not at all as a luxury, although the fittings are superb and his personal well being is carefully looked after by a chef, a steward, a porter and a valet. He has a well-founded dislike to hotel life, as hotel life is represented in the small towns and cities of "one-night stands." His arrangements are such that "403" awaits the close of an evening performance on a side track of the local station. As soon as it is boarded by its lord and master it speeds off to some sequestered nook, where embowered in trees and safe from prying eyes, it awaits further orders. Mr. Mansfield, in the meantime, enjoys the luxury of an unbroken seclusion. He wanders at will through the woods. He reads, studies and rehearses his roles unmolested and happy, the shriek of the engine's safety valve announcing the hour of luncheon or dinner.

For years "403" has accompanied him on his tours. Among railroad men Mr. Mansfield bears the reputation of being the only man in the world who "travels like a railroad president." Private cars and special trains are usually hustled through from point to point to get them out of the way. A railroad president knows the safety and comfort of a thirty-five-mile speed and commands it. So does Mr. Mansfield. His managers always contract for it. When an engineer attempts to "hit it up," the distinguished actor pulls the cord and orders a slower schedule. How does he know when an engineer is passing the limit? In the library of his car he has a speed indicator and keeps a close watch on it.

One of the prettiest stopping places of "403" is a rusty side track that has its terminus between two huge birch trees under the highlands of the Ohio River, about twelve miles from Cincinnati. This site is known as "Fernbank" and is one of the favorite one-week resorts of Mr. Mansfield. It is said that Mr. Mansfield insists upon playing an entire week in Cincinnati for the sake of recuperating between performances at this rural bower. A special stipulation in his itinerary is as follows:

"Immediately on arrival at Cincinnati Mr. Mansfield's private car shall be handled by a special engine to Fern Bank and placed on same siding as on his former visits to Cincinnati. This car to be handled by special engine, Fern Bank to Cincinnati and return, for each performance, leaving Fern Bank 6:30 p. m., and leaving Cincinnati as soon as Mr. Mansfield is ready after each performance, except on Sunday, when special train shall leave Fern Bank 12:30 p. m. (account matinee). The car to remain in Cincinnati until after night performance that date, returning to Fern Bank."

The distinguished actor stands in high favor with Fern Bank's citizens. The leading grocer tells of an amusing inci-

MR. MANSFIELD'S PRIVATE CAR, "NO. 403," SIDETRACKED AT FERN BANK, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CINCINNATI.

dent that happened the first time Mr. Mansfield came to Fern Bank. One day a stranger came into the store. He was erect, athletic, distinguished and groomed in a Brummelian fashion quite foreign to local experience. He asked if they had graham wafers in the store, and bought a ten-cent package.

"Now," said the stranger, "where can I put these?" Noting the shopkeeper's surprise, he whispered in his ear who he was, and then explained: "I want to put this package of biscuits on the shelf where no one will touch them; you and the clerk will know they are mine, and every day during my walk I can come in here and help myself to one or two without asking you and without attracting attention."

The proud shopkeeper quickly made a place for Mr. Mansfield's lunch and every day the distinguished actor came in, reached for a couple of wafers, passed a how-d'y-do and went on. He has done it each visit since.

PERSEPHONE

By Mary Stempel

One Springtime long ago,
Demeter lonely walked,
And unto Earth thus talked:
"Because of my despair
No bit of green must dare
Show itself anywhere!
Because my eyes must weep
No single flower must peep—
No love-tryst must thou keep,
O Earth! Winter must reign—
Spring ne'er must come again!
Persephone! Persephone!
My heart doth break for want of thee!"

But one dear, happy day
Her child returned,—
Her grief all passed away!
Ah, then she yearned
For Spring-tide flowers!
From Mother Earth she begged them all!
And quickly they obeyed her call.
With sympathy for her delight
The Earth with beauty was bedight.

I know Demeter's grief to-day!
To Mother Earth I, too, would say:
"Hide all your loveliness away!
Smile not, O Spring,
Smile not on me,
Till to me comes Persephone!
Persephone! Persephone!
My heart so aches for want of thee!"

AN EVENING WITH BEETHOVEN

By Montague Glass

CYPRESS, Pa., offers little recognition to the fine arts of which music, if you please, is one. It would hardly repay the visit of a mediocre performer, let alone the great virtuoso, Glauber, himself.

Accordingly Glauber felt rather disgruntled when the Pullman conductor broke it to us ever so gently that the Sugar Creek bridge had just gone out with the ice gorge and no train could proceed till morning.

"You'll find excellent hotel accommodations at the Cypress House, near the station," he said, cheerily, "and the railroad foots the bill."

Glauber, his secretary, Willy Vogel, and myself, were the only Pullman passengers and we plunged into the darkness with some misgiving. Our Pullman conductor led the way to the hotel, Glauber rasping out comprehensive Bohemian curses at every step.

The hotel proved to be a rather pretentious structure in a condition of decay bordering on utter ruin. The entrance hall loomed up bare and forbidding in the light of a solitary kerosene lamp and Glauber groaned aloud.

"What a land!" he cried, in his native Czech. This was his favorite exclamation and it served equally for a skyscraper and an unappreciative audience.

"Blame not the land for this miserable inn, O Czech!" called a voice from the darkness in Glauber's native tongue.

The faint gleam of a candle appeared at the end of the corridor.

"This way, gentlemen, if you please," the voice continued.

We groped down the long passage and entered a room at the end.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said the proprietor, who showed us into a chamber of large dimensions in the middle of which there glowed a great baseburner stove, and Oh, wonder of wonders, the glisten of black walnut proclaimed the presence of a concert grand piano in the far corner!

"Dinner will be served here to you, gentlemen, without delay. In the meantime, there is the brandy and hot water."

He bowed gravely and left the room.

"It augurs well," cried Glauber. "And a Bohemian, too!"

We pulled off our damp coats and drank heartily of the brandy, Glauber gravitating to the piano as the magnetic needle to the pole. He sat down on the stool and ran his fingers aimlessly over the keys, the melody gradually shaping into a marvellous Bohemian dance of Smetana, all consecutive thirds, of which Glauber made light work. Then followed an intricate improvisation on a melody of Brahms with a crashing coda that set the very air to vibrating. Its cadence ushered in the dinner borne smoking on two trays by the proprietor and a boy.

"Simple fare, gentlemen," he said, "but wholesome and plentiful."

I shall spare you the details of a meal, the like of which I never expect to taste this side of the tomb. There were fresh mushrooms of great size and succulence, a platter of fried chicken, vegetables prepared in a masterly fashion, and to cap the climax two bottles of Schloss Johannisberger '93. We finished the repast with excellent coffee, and cigars were produced from somewhere, while Glauber again seated himself at the piano.

We pressed the host to remain and listen to the music, which he did with some reluctance.

"Perhaps you do not care for piano playing," I said.

He smiled faintly.

"It's not that," he replied. "I'm afraid of intruding."

He sank into an easy chair facing the stove and closed his eyes. It was then that I noticed how haggard he looked. His big frame was encased in a suit of rusty black that hung about him like a sack. He was a mere skeleton and his long bony hands folded on his lap might have clutched the hour glass and scythe of the traditional Death. He coughed incessantly. His face was half hidden with a jet black beard and the whole was surmounted by a great shock of gray hair through which he ran his tapering fingers. His eyes were easily his most prominent feature, and as Glauber commenced to play a Beethoven Sonata, they opened wide and flashed with the light of real intellect. He grasped the arms of his chair as though to rise and turned toward the pianoforte.

In this position he sat until the conclusion of the movement, when he sighed a trembling, sobbing sigh.

"You are a great artist," he said, simply, "but the diminuendo should commence with the C, not with the A flat."

We gasped in astonishment and Glauber swung himself around on the stool, too furious for utterance. For a mere innkeeper to correct him, the great Glauber, the prime exponent of Beethoven, was utterly preposterous.

The host smiled again.

"I do not blame you," he continued. "Wagner himself advocates your rendition. But to my mind, there can be no other interpretation of Beethoven than Beethoven's interpretation."

He rose from his chair.

"Let me show you what I mean," he said, simply, and took Glauber's seat at the piano. The virtuoso was trembling with suppressed passion and strode up and down the room. He stood still, however, when the innkeeper struck the opening chords of the same Sonata.

Soon his amazement changed to admiration, for here was a performance of Beethoven by Beethoven himself. Here was a rendition of the master's works such as no living artist could approach.

The great Glauber sank into the vacant easy chair and buried his head in his hands, while the innkeeper seemed to forget his surroundings and played on and on for an hour. At the end of that time he rose and broke into a terrible fit of coughing.

Glauber ran to assist him to his old seat, but the innkeeper waved him aside.

"It is nothing; it is nothing," he gasped out.

When the attack passed away, he turned again to the instrument. This time it was a simple Bohemian folk tune that stole from beneath his fingers.

I looked at Glauber. He was leaning forward, his hands on his knees; a puzzled expression crept over his face. He seemed like a man who was trying hard to remember.

The simple theme passed into a labyrinth of variations and simultaneously a great light appeared to break over Glauber.

He jumped to his feet, wildly excited, and rushed to the piano.

"Korarik!" he shouted. "Good God, Korarik, is it you?"

The player stopped abruptly and held out a protesting hand.

"No, no, Glauber," he cried, avoiding the proffered embrace. "You must not touch me. I am not fit to associate with decent men."

He retreated to the stove, Glauber following with outstretched arms.

"I killed them both, I tell you," he cried, hysterically. "I am a murderer."

He threw himself into the easy chair and gave way to violent emotion.

When he became calmer I poured some brandy into the bottom of a tumbler and he swallowed it greedily.

Glauber was the first to speak.

"No one blames you, Korarik," he said. "No doubt we should have done the same thing."

Little by little we drew from him the pitiful story of his life's tragedy.

A young and beautiful wife and an unscrupulous nobleman. He had slain both and fled to America.

Here he found refuge with his cousin, the parish priest of Cypress. His cousin having died, he went to live at the Cypress House and eventually bought out the proprietor.

"This is my only relaxation," he said, indicating the piano with a nod.

"It is wonderful—your Beethoven," Glauber murmured.

Korarik shook his head in deprecation.

"It ought to be. It must be," he said

bitterly. "It is all that remains to me now."

"Nonsense," cried Glauber. "You shall return to Prague, stand trial and be acquitted. Then you can pursue your artistic career.

Another paroxysm of coughing seized him and he fell back completely exhausted.

"Too late," he muttered, "too late. I'm as good as dead now."

We were silent for some minutes. At length Glauber seated himself at the piano. His fingers seemed barely to touch the keys, yet an exquisite strain of music arose. It pervaded the room more like a perfume than a melody. Hope for the future, forgiveness for the past, it breathed, and Korarik, with parted lips and wide open eyes, hung on its every note.

Feebly he stood and tottered toward the iano. I hastened to his side and supported him with my arm.

Glauber's impromptu swept irresistibly onward to a grand climax and Korarik straightened up and appeared to grow stronger. His eyes glowed with a light that was not of this earth.

I motioned Willy Vogel to draw up a chair and gently we forced him to be seated.

Then came a gradual diminuendo and again that ethereal melody of the introduction. A smile played about Korarik's lips.

He closed his eyes as though asleep and folded his hands peacefully in his lap.

Glauber's impromptu grew fainter and fainter. At length it faltered; it ceased, and with it sped the soul of Korarik.

TO NICOTINE, MY KING

By Floyd Parker Wagaman

The kings of the earth have their glittering crowns,
  And the Goddess of Night hath her jewels so rare;
But lovelier still are the sinuous robes
  That thou in thy power so conscious doth wear.

Thy mansion's a castle built high in the heavens;
  'Mid the follies of men doth thy blue banner wave;
Tho' thy sceptre of amber thou wieldest so firmly,
  I love thee, for thou art both master and slave.

What care I for troubles that all flesh is heir to?
  When trials o'ertake me I kneel at thy feet,
And smile in a dreamy delight as thy incense
  Is wafted to me in its fragrance so sweet.

And in the hereafter could I be assigned to
  A place where I might hold communion with thee,
And puff at my meerschaum throughout the long ages,
  Heigho! 'twould be Heaven a-plenty for me.

WILTON LACKAYE, IN HIS FAMOUS RÔLE OF SVENGALI.

THE PERILS OF STOCK

By Wilton Lackaye

FAR be it from me to decry the utility, nay, the necessity of stock routine in the evolution of the actor toward the artist. It is a routine too often deemed superfluous nowadays when the so-called star reaches the glory of a full meridian without traversing the preliminary stages laid down by the ethics of tradition and normal development. He or she comes before the footlights; he or she is seen; he or she conquers a press manager, a specially written play and the centre of the stage, for the limited span of popular favor; then he or she returns to the great milky way of nebula, the final hunting grounds of precocious footlight constellations.

I admit readily that stock is an admirable post-graduate course for the would-be actor. I admit that it gives quickness, ease, spontaneity and adaptability. It holds the same place to the stage as the outside clinic to the medical profession. Every sort of a rôle is received and welcomed at the open door as a useful experience, and the young actor tries his skill upon it, just as the young medical student tries his immature knowledge "upon the dog."

The routine of stock is a new play every week. The company is rehearsing a comedy in the afternoon and presenting a tragedy in the evening. Lines are rushed through, the intent of the author is pounced upon in a hit-or-miss fashion, interpretations are not thought out with any sense of *finesse*, but laid on the canvas of the stage in big, crude masses of color. The actor-student gets a superficial, bowing acquaintance with a large circle of rôles; to none does he give his hand in sincere, well-tested friendship. The audience of the stock company is the indulgent "dog," who is satisfied to appease his hunger with the half-cooked provender of performances that are nothing more or less than rehearsals.

The young actor is gaining much by this experience. He is learning to gauge the pulse of an ever-changing auditorium of listeners, who manifest their approval or disapproval by applause or silence. The silence of an American audience is as final as the "boo" of the London pit or the hiss of the continental gallery.

But the time comes when the actor whose talents pre-suppose a serious career reaches a point when the "stock" becomes a menace to his art. Too long a continuation of this ever-changing routine will give him versatility, but a versatility which can best be compared to a Japanese garden of miniature waterfalls and stunted growths. True growth demands the ripening process of a full season. One cannot hasten the cycles that lead to maturity.

It is my experience that it takes at least two years to bring out all that there is in a rôle—before one can bring to it the magnetism of authority and all-around knowledge. It is only the man who is intimately acquainted with his mettlesome steeds who dares give them their heads, with loose rein and careless hand. It is only the actor who has tested his rôle from every point of view, who has tried its paces under a hundred varied conditions during years of experienced and experimental companionship, who calls down upon himself from the heavens above—the rare and exquisite baptism of inspiration.

As the play grows the outlook becomes broader and more fertile. I know it will be asserted, and innumerable instances can be given where an actor or actress will render an admirable and even beautiful impersonation during the beginning of a season and at its close the same rôle will be pitifully arid and mechanical. When this occurs the performance is not a genuine artistic interpretation. It is a base imitation. It is the result of excellent coaching and stage management. These abnormal examples of dramatic genius always remind me of the seed the Indian fakir drops into the earth, which apparently grows before one's eyes, putting forth blossoms and bearing fruit in the passing of ten or fifteen minutes. The delusion is pleasant, extraordinary and almost convincing, but it is nothing more than a trick, brought about by a combination of skillful accessories, such as mirrors, adjusted lights and reflectors. Once the accessories are removed, the seed remains a seed until it fulfills the immutable laws of nature.

Art, like nature, is not to be cheated. That which grows and fructifies in art is deep-rooted in a fertile soil. In art as in nature, where there is retrogression there is decay. Our greatest artists—those who have made history for the stage—have no fear of appearing in certain favorite rôles, not only for a season, but for a lifetime. Those who witnessed the performance of our beloved Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" a quarter of a century ago, and again when he had reached his three score years and ten, found no diminution of inspiration in his work. If ossification were art, then would the ossified man of our circus shows be the greatest of artists!

After an interval of ten years it has been my privilege to take up for a second time the study of that most interesting creation of Du Maurier, Svengali. I am happy to avow that I was able to bring upon the interpretation of the rôle fresh light, and I hope, a more subtle characterization. In reading the book, and re-studying my lines, I was im-

MR. WILTON LACKAYE, WHO HAS REAPPEARED DURING THE PAST SEASON IN HIS OLD ROLE OF SVENGALI.

pressed by the sardonic humor, the fiendish comedy of Svengali. He took delight in the weakness of erring humanity. His humor had turned acrid in passing through the channel of his distorted intellectuality and his ignoble ambitions. I had entirely missed this quality in my earlier interpretation. It was only possible after the added years of personal and dramatic development.

My knowledge of hypnotism has also increased during the past ten years. When I first played Svengali I had no more knowledge of hypnotism than was included in those passes of the hand that I considered necessary for dramatic effect upon the public. Since that time I have given the subject a certain amount of serious study. During this last season, I essayed the experiment of hypnotizing the Little Billee of our company, and even Miss Harned takes the precaution of closing her eyes in the first scene where she falls under the influence of Svengali. As a matter of fact, she is an apt subject, as her rôle necessitates an acquiescence to my supposed powers. It is not generally known that a subject is always self-hypnotized—that is, he or she must first be willing to succumb before the trance-like condition is reached. A distinguished hypnotist returning from a visit to Harvard, informed me that he found that the professors were his most facile subjects through their love of scientific investigation, while the freshmen were altogether impossible—the latter through fear of being considered weak or easy subjects, placed themselves in an attitude so antagonistic that the hypnotist could not bring them into *rapport*.

In connection with this subject, it is somewhat amusing to note the wide divergence between a scientific truth and dramatic expression. Between the ideal hypnotist and his subject there need not pass a movement of the hands. All the so-called passes are merely aids to effect conditions of concentration. The great Charcot, of Paris, employs a revolving disc, on which the subject fixes his eyes. It answers the purpose of scientific truth, but would certainly prove most ineffective for dramatic expression.

In fact, a quality or a force that does not lend itself to dramatic expression cannot be used upon the stage. I recall a certain well-known playwright who brought me a play in which the hero performed all sorts of rascalities and yet was the well-beloved of a score of blind admirers.

"What reason do you give that this man should be so worshipped by all with whom he comes in contact?" I asked.

"Magnetism—magnetism, pure and simple," was the reply.

"And what rules, what methods do you give for the dramatic expression of magnetism?" I asked. "Is it a loud voice, a beaming smile, a *frou frou* of drapery?"

The argument was unanswerable. That which cannot be taken apart cannot be put together. Any and every rôle can be portrayed with magnetism by a magnetic personality, but no play can hold its own as a serious production, if put together, relying upon magnetism to carry it over its inconsequential places.

This brings us to the successful play. The old plays still ring true, and stand the test of being sandwiched with the best of the modern school. "Trilby," whose plot pivots around so dangerous and equivocal a fact as hypnotism, still has power to rouse audiences to enthusiasm. The play is developed with a fair amount of intellectual continuity. It depends upon itself first, and then upon the art of the actors to interpret situations that impress the audience as both dramatic and possible. If it gave pleasure to audiences to witness "Trilby," no less did it give pleasure to the old company to interpret it again.

THE BACHELOR GIRL

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

'I will be,"
Exclaimed she,
"A bachelor girl!
I have thought it all out in my mind;
I will earn my own bread,
And will never be led
Or inveigled, by masculine-kind."
She was captured ere long, by a Bachelor One;
Not a Bachelor Girl was he.
And now she is rocking his cradle and son,
And dotes upon matrimonié.

THE GREAT KITCHEN AT BELLEVUE.

KITCHEN SECRETS OF BELLEVUE

By Annabel Lee

Illustrated With Special Photographs

TO an outsider, not used to the prompt workings of a hospital universe, the housekeeping department bears only the aspect of a hard necessity and appears absolutely the driest and dreariest subject that could be mentioned.

"But there is such an interesting inside to everything," says the little girl who breaks open her doll to discover the cause of eyes that go to sleep. We are past the age of dollhood, but still we like to see certain "wheels go 'wound," and I soon found that the running of the kitchen at Bellevue, the largest hospital of its kind in the world, is but little short of a miracle. Of all the factors in the control of the hospital, the most laborious and important part has to do with the service of food, and the kitchen is the most important end of that.

First of all, brain counts, in housekeeping as in everything else. It makes itself felt in method and in organization. And it is just here perhaps that Bellevue Hospital, with its average and enormous yearly admissions of over 40,000 patients, deserves the credit that has long been due. The hospital, like any New York hotel, caters to transient guests. But, unlike the big hotel, there are less than one-fourth the number of employes to do the work. During the month of March there was an average daily admission of 1,150 per day at Bellevue, and the average daily arrivals at one of the big hotels

THE KITCHEN OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

numbers about 450. A certain Fifth Avenue hostelry employs an army of over 100 cooks, and these, with the attachés of the hotel, swell the list to 1,400.

At Bellevue the main kitchen requires five cooks and one night cook, seven helpers, and nearly 400 in employment, including 50 resident physicians, 70 clerks and stenographers, gate-keepers, stretcher carriers, laundry men and drivers. The household in itself cannot compare with the average hotel retinue and yet it caters to nearly three times the number of guests.

In addition to the main kitchen at Bellevue, there is the doctor's kitchen, and last, but by far the most significant, in the allied city hospitals. Where so in the allied city hospitals. Where so much rests upon the feeding of the sick, this feature, of the gravest importance, is at last receiving the most searching investigation and the City of New York has provided a diet kitchen at Bellevue that well-cooked and digestible food may be furnished to her unfortunates' needs.

While the health of the patient depends so much upon proper nourishment and is of vital necessity to the scheme of convalescence, it has in many instances been neglected. But now a new spirit of affairs exists and a necessary reform is in progress. Heretofore, the inmates and invalids were supplied with food from the same general kitchen, and while the rations were bountifully provided, no attention had been paid to the dietary.

Until the new order of things came about, the children were given the same fare as the adults and it is due to the sympathy aroused for the condition of the little ones that the special diet was inaugurated. From now on the children will have a choice of dainties that cannot be exceeded in any hospital in the country and which few private homes can

THE LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT AT BELLEVUE.

afford except among the well-to-do class. Such progress could not have been made except by a board of trustees whose instincts and principles are fitted for the uses of humanity. Of course, all this demands a wise director and these duties are undertaken by a woman superintendent, whose official title is dietician.

The general kitchen, the physician's kitchen and the diet laboratory are all under the personal direction of the dietician, Miss Harriet Gorton, and will continue so until her rumored resignation is accepted.

Upon her efforts hang the comforts of nurses, physicians, inmates and patients and when you stop to consider that there are some months when over one thousand patients are admitted daily, her position cannot be regarded by any means in the nature of a sinecure.

Of course, I formed my opinion or rather my theory, one usually does this useless thing even after proving the vanity of it many times over, and I ventured upon it to Miss Gorton.

"Then your duties are simply to lay down the law upon the subject of ordering a household," I began.

Miss Gorton is a large woman with a conscientious head and big gray eyes. The uncertain light of a cloudy day came fitfully through the basement windows of her office, which contains the furniture only absolutely necessary and not much of that. A slight frown of embarrassment wrinkled her forehead, but there was not an irresolute line from the straight part of her dark brown hair under the immaculate nurse's cap to the sole of her trig, stout boots. She was, it was plain to see, a woman of decision. She gave me a puzzled glance and said:

"On the contrary, I have to do with everything that has to do with the feeding of the whole hospital."

She said this as if she enjoyed it and did not look upon kitchen experimentation as the humiliation of feminine sway, like the average woman. Miss Gorton had unconsciously adopted the low but emphatic tones of a teacher and then pro-

A TYPICAL LAUNDRY ROOM OF A NEW YORK HOSTELRY.

duced a business-like brown notebook. She glanced at me doubtfully, and said:

"I am afraid you will not find this of interest, but it may suggest some of our methods of scientific treatment. This, for instance, is a recipe for preparing pancreatized meat which will digest without the aid of a stomach. About 850 patients are now furnished with pancreatized meat and about 750 are supplied with food from the main kitchen."

The kitchen laboratory is the place to make housekeepers wonder. It is furnished with twelve desks. Each desk is supplied with a gas stove and a number of drawers to hold the culinary accessories, just the same as in a technical institute and is for the use of twelve nurses when that number shall be required. Miss Gorton then led the way to the main kitchen, through a long and airy hall, remarking cheerfully:

"The shape of our buildings interferes somewhat with the success of our service. The food has to be carried through this long, open passage way from the old building, and it is almost impossible to serve a meal at the right temperature. Of course, we like to make the food look dainty and so do the people who are to eat it, and we shall hail a new building at Bellevue as a harbinger of culinary improvement for the hospital service.

"All food is estimated for by the year and everything is furnished by contract. In an institution like Bellevue, where the provisions are bought and everything bargained for on a gigantic scale, the figures for a year seem absolutely appalling. All of the supplies for the Allied Hospitals are first brought to Bellevue and then distributed to the other institutions. The cost of supplies and contingencies last year amounted to $347,368.94.

"A big hotel," continued Miss Gorton, with evident relish, "buys everything at an open market and the cost of supplies per year, including flowers, wines and

WHERE THE DOCTORS DINE AT BELLEVUE.

liquors, china and glassware, stationery, linen, silver, cigars, etc., amounts to about $1,425,000. Excluding these articles from the list, the cost of supplies at Bellevue amounts to a little less than half those of the big hotel. The hotel has, let us say, a sleeping capacity of 1,500 persons, while Bellevue has been forced to accommodate nearly 2,000 patients. The management at the hospital is very liberal and all of the food supplies are very good. If any of the food delivered is undesirable, it is at once returned and the contract gives the privilege of going to the open market, paying retail prices and charging them against the contractor."

While talking we traversed the corridors to the kitchens. The main kitchen at Bellevue is large and dark and gloomy, and on both sides and in the center are unbroken rows of ranges and kitchen utensils of the very best sort invented, for when men do women's work they are not content with make-shift tools. Hot water, coffee and tea are held in great copper boilers that are placed along the center wall.

It is dinner time and the crucial hour of dinner serving is at hand; everybody and everything is ready in the kitchen, and cooks and carvers and their flock of assistants about them serve deftly and capably the hiveful of nurses, who swarm at the open square near the door, while scores of helpers distribute the food from kitchen to wards. The carving is done in the kitchen and the individual portions are divided by the nurses in the various wards. The rations are put into tin-lined boxes and then these metal trays are distributed.

The storage houses at Bellevue are also sources of wonder and the quantities of groceries and provisions needed every year require a small army of helpers to handle them. During the year 1904, Bellevue Hospital received 2,800,910 pounds of ice.

During the past year, Bellevue used

THE DINING-ROOM OF A NEW YORK HOTEL.

319,400 pounds of bread, 553,000 quarts of milk and cream, 231,410 pounds of potatoes, 9,520 pounds carrots, 56,207 pounds cabbage, 28,754 pounds butter, 53,049 dozen eggs and 21,029 pounds of onions.

There were also 5,991 turkeys, 30,419 chickens, 26,261 pounds of corned fish, 22,570 pounds of extra fish, 8,221 dozen oysters, 132 lobsters and 13,737 dozen clams.

The cost of supplies at one of the large New York hotels for one year is as follows:

Meats	$245,000
Poultry	121,000
Fish	59,000
Fruits and vegetables	111,000
China and glassware	89,000
Butter and eggs	77,000
Milk and cream	52,000
Groceries	39,000
Flowers	35,000
Coffee	21,000
Flour	18,000
Stationery	18,000
Coal and charcoal	125,000
Wines and liquors	245,000
Cigars	110,000
Linen	30,000
Silver	30,000
Total	$1,425,000

Another part of the hospital that affords a great deal of interest to Bellevue Hospital and is under the supervision of the kitchen department, is the big pantry which contains the refrigerators for the various kinds of food. One refrigerator is devoted exclusively to fish, which lies shining on blocks of clear ice as tempting as in any fish market. Another refrigerator is devoted to meat and game, and so it is with every thing, a place for everything and everything in its place.

THE SPECIAL DIET KITCHEN AT BELLEVUE.

But to go back to the diet kitchen, that apartment from which all orders are issued which have to do with the feeding of the hospital. The rôle of dietician is unknown in Europe and is an American innovation. But it is a profession upon which the comfort of the whole hospital depends, from inmate to patient. Not only want of adaptability, but want of knowledge of where to find the means has been a great drawback to a hospital without a dietician. And to prove this assertion, the books show that since the inauguration of this experiment there have been no additional charges for the diet menu.

"At the greatest cost," said Miss Gorton, "I do not think the amount will exceed more than $50 per month. What I mean to prove is this: that the necessaries are already provided for in the regular mess and that a knowledge of diet cooking will do the rest without extra expense. I begin my work at 6 o'clock every day and do not leave the hospital much before 8 o'clock at night. I consult with the doctors in attendance at each ward the day before, and request the visiting physicians and surgeons to leave a written order for their patients before 4 o'clock if the diet is to be furnished on the following day. I also talk with the patients and nurses, and anything which can be done for the comfort of the sick is not neglected. A dietary for the special diseases will be added later and a regular bill of fare is now furnished the sick adults in the various wards.

Broth—
- Beef juice, beef extract, hot or cold method.
- Beef mutton or chicken broth, plan, peptonized, pancreatized.
- Oysters, clam broth, plan or with milk.

Soups—
- Clear soups, with croutons, vegetables, rice, tapioca, barley or noodles.
- Cream soups, potato, celery, green pea, lima beans, lentils, onion and corn.

Meats—
- Steak, chops or bacon broiled.
- Chopped beef, broiled or baked.
- Chicken, baked, broiled, fricassee or creamed.

DISHWASHING AT A BIG HOTEL.

Sandwiches, beef, raw or cooked, chicken, ham, fish and eggs.

Fish—
- Fresh fish creamed, scalloped, broiled, boiled.
- Salt fish, creamed, baked.

Eggs—
- Hard cooked, shirred, escalloped, desiccated, albumen.

Custards—
- Boiled, baked, steamed, frozen with coca, caram fruit, cereals, bread.

Milk—
- Plain, pasteurized, sterilized, modified, boiled, diabetic, junket whey, ice cream.

Gelatines—
- Jellies, lemon, orange, wine and coffee.
- Snow pudding, fruit sponges.
- Bavarian and fruit creams.

Cereals—
- Rice, boiled, steamed, strained, parched, baked, plain or with fruit .

Legumes—
- Beans, lima beans or peas, stewed, baked or puree.

Bread—
- Graham, gluten, whole wheat bread, plain or zwieback, bread sticks, rolls or pulled bread, toast, plain, cream fruit or tomato.

Vegetables—
- Potatoes, sweet or white, baked, mashed, creamed lima beans, celery, onions, green peas, plain or creamed.

Fruits—
- Apples, baked, stewed, strained prunes, peaches, apricots, stewed, strained or in whip.

Miss Gorton began her hospital experience under General Lee in the Cuban campaign, where she served three months, and while her duties as dietician at Bellevue are arduous, she has not been too busy to teach a class of nurses a course of cookery and domestic science.

"I am most deeply interested in the

children's welfare," she added. "We have over 100 with us now and those over four years of age may have for dinner clear soup, milk, whole wheat or graham bread, butter, creamed chicken, eggs, fresh or salt fish, baked navy or lima beans without pork, potatoes, plain, boiled, mashed or creamed. They are also to eat stewed celery, onions, peas, lima beans, string beans and tomatoes. There will be desserts, alternating with vegetables, snow pudding, fruit custards or custard tapioca, lemon jelly, baked apples, rice, farina or hominy puddings, and ice cream or frozen custard once a week.

The patients and employes at Bellevue have much to boast of in regard to the improved conditions of the culinary department, where the plans for a better state of affairs have onlyhad a beginning.

I DO NOT REMEMBER

By Will C. Moulton

I do not remember the hour or the day,
Or whether the month was June or was May,
Or what in the world was befalling:
I only remember I listening stood
In the clover-field, close by the sheltering wood,
When I heard my sweetheart calling.

I do not know whether the far skies were fair
And serene, or the storm-clouds were gathering there
With thunder sounds low and appalling;
But I know that I heard the low hum of the bees,
And the south wind caressing the leaves of the trees,
Then the sound of her swift feet falling.

I do not remember the way that she came,
Or just why our faces were lighted with flame,
Or just how our hands went clasping;
But I know that her sunny head lay on my breast
Like a late bird just fluttering into its nest,
While her lips on my own lay gasping.

I do not know whether "The Story of Old"
By my trembling lips was then fittingly told
To write on her heart's white pages;
But I know that the answer, so soft, I heard,
Set my heart, like a happy and care-free bird
To singing the Hymn of the Ages.

I do not remember the words that we said,
Or whether the sun or the stars shone o'erhead,
So fondly our hearts were burning;
But I know that no light in the earth or skies
Shone as sweet as the light in her own dear eyes,
As homeward our steps were returning.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT INTENT UPON THE FINAL RUN OF THE RACE AT LATONIA, KY.

THE "LADY LASSIE" OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By Emily La Roche

ALICE ROOSEVELT is a bonnie lassie, brown-eyed, olive-skinned, gentle, merry and humorous. The "bonnie brown maid" for whom the Scottish bards wove their sweetest melodies. This modest title fits the winsome personality of Alice Roosevelt somewhat better than the grand-sounding, pretentious "first young lady of the White House." Miss Roosevelt is in truth the "lady lassie" of the White House, for she was barely seventeen years of age, still a schoolgirl, when she left her quiet home in Oyster Bay—the big rambling house, the wilderness of a garden, the routine of the schoolroom, and the duties of an elder sister, to enter the brilliant arena of Washington's social life, where the daughter of the President holds a position at once unique and important.

Her slender figure garbed in white, with fluttering ribbons, was first seen, one of a group of girls serving tea at the informal afternoon receptions given by Mrs. Roosevelt during the first season. A mere growing girl with her hair hanging in a braid down her back, with soft, laughing eyes, a quaint smile and the gift of repartee, it was soon in evidence that the little lady of the White House would rule as the Scotch maiden through the "bonnie gift of the fairies" rather than through the possession of dominating beauty and an authoritative and commanding personality.

Miss Roosevelt comes by right to her pretty Scotch face and her frankly happy acceptance of life—a merry *insouciance* that is never seen outside of the Latin nations. There is little of the sturdy Dutch in her makeup. She has none

MISS ROOSEVELT, ONE OF A MERRY PARTY, SEATED ON THE RAILING OF THE LATONIA CLUB HOUSE.

of her father's famous strenuosity. She is lively, amiable, receptive, but not aggressively active or athletic. A hundred and more years ago a certain James Bullock, allied to the Douglases and Ballies, came from Scotland and settled in Virginia. One of his sturdy descendants wedded Marie de Vaux, the daughter of a Huguenot, who left France and settled in Georgia at the time of the Edict of Nantes.

It is this double strain of French and Scotch allied to the heredity of a Southern ancestry that gives to Alice Roosevelt a charm, grace and subtilety that are far more winsome and interesting than mere beauty.

Alice Roosevelt loves life gaily, candidly and with child-like unconsciousness. She is always the centre of a coterie of young girls, and the world opens itself to her with its pleasures like the dawn of a day of miracles to a young goddess. She loves the whirl of society with the fresh ardor of a débutante who tastes its luscious fruit for the first time, and for whom as yet there has been no delusion. She loves her pretty frocks with the artless coquetry of the maiden who has been reared in wholesome simplicity, and whose mirror begins to tell her that she is young and fair to look upon. It is difficult for this life-loving girl to remember that she is the President's daughter and to forget that she is young. The camera fiend finds her a ready victim to his frenzy for reproduction on a sensitive plate; while the camera is focussed upon her doings she smilingly places her money upon the "favorite," laughs with unconcealed delight if she wins and pouts like a punished child if she loses. Wherever she is, whatever she does, she is entirely oblivious of the fact that public curiosity and the camera are always with her. She has her little girlish fads and fancies and carries them out as simply and openly as though she were in the old home of Sagamore. Just now she is preparing for a visit to the Philippines and is ostentatiously happy in wearing whenever pos-

THE ROOSEVELT PARTY ON THE WAY TO THE RACES AT LATONIA, KY. MISS ROOSEVELT DOES NOT WEAR A VEIL, AS SHE HAS NO FEAR OF THE CAMERA.

sible, a jaunty Philippine straw hat of sombrero suggestion. In this frank, vital sense of enjoying life in all its varied aspects as it comes to her fresh with the dew of a new dawn, she resembles her distinguished father.

She possesses also the same capacity for remaining unspoiled. Like him, she is in touch with the "humanities of the people." She is one with all that is living; quite unconsciously, of course, but simply because she is earnest and happy and life is so fair, and the world is so broad and beautiful that it is big enough for all.

There is no young girl in America who enjoys a more brilliant social life. She made her début at an opening party given in the historical blue room of the White House; this was followed by a series of dinners and balls tendered to her by her numerous relatives in New York. And rarely a winter passes that she does not go through a round of house visits in the South to the homes of the Bullingers, the Elliotts and the Dunwoodies, names famous in the history and social triumphs of Georgia and Virginia.

For the sake of her paternal grandmother, Martha Bullock, that staunch Confederate who hung the emblem of the South from her New York home in the most troublous times, Alice Roosevelt is a welcome guest at Atlanta and Savannah. Theodore Roosevelt's mother, Martha Bullock, was born at Rosewell, in the neighborhood of Atlanta, and passed her young girlhood at Savannah, both of which cities have a vivid remembrance of the beautiful self-willed girl whose marriage to a Northerner was more than a nine days' wonder.

Although neither self-willed nor so beautiful as her famous grandmother, Alice Roosevelt bears a resemblance to the paintings of this same Martha Bullock, a descendant of James Bullock, the Scotchman, and Marie de Vaux, the Huguenot maiden.

Alice Roosevelt may be said to be the only one of the President's children who has been the least bit spoiled by her father. His great, big, tender heart has always turned toward this, his oldest daughter, with a something quite apart as belonging to that period of his young manhood when romance and youthful ideals tinge the fancy with a light that is not of this earth. He had finished his studies at college and completed a tour of Europe when he returned to his alma mater to woo and win Alice Lee, of Boston. After two years of wedded life she died, leaving an infant daughter who was named Alice in memory of her mother.

Alice Roosevelt has never missed a mother nor any of the sweet ties of family life. Yet to Theodore Roosevelt his daughter Alice is always the helpless, wee infant who was placed in his arms to draw him from the tragedy of his early sorrow. For this reason, as the baby girl grew from childhood to early womanhood, she has always held as her own a sacred niche in his heart—the niche over which the veil of early youth is thrown by the tender hands of memory.

THE CHATELET BY THE SEA

By Horace Seymour Keller

In a chatelet that's fallen into ruin and decay,
Dwelt a maiden, airy maiden, blithe as fairy, lithe as fay.
And her eyes were like the azure of the amber-tinted skies
O'er the chatelet that crumbles where the sea-gull swiftly flies.

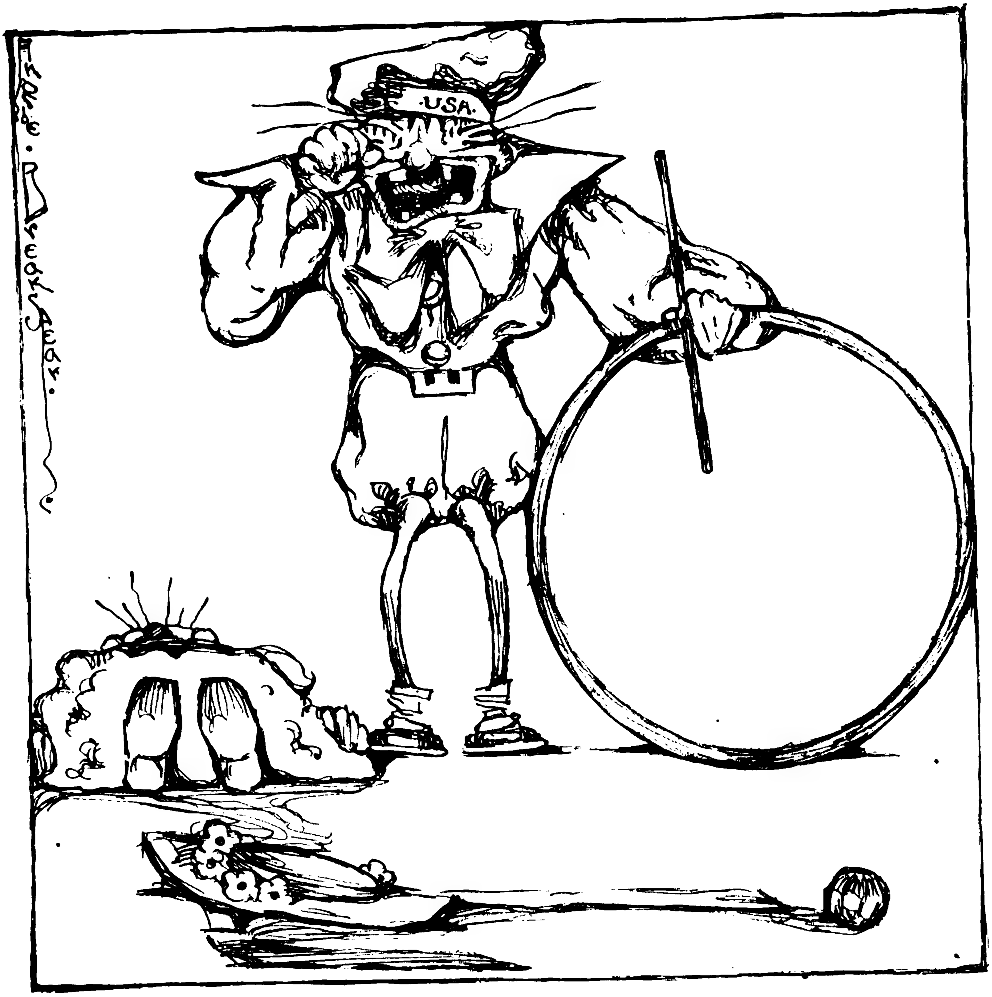
Years and years ago the roses clambered on the trellis vine
In the gardens that were laden with a sweetness—it was mine.
All was mine to love and cherish in the garden by the sea
Where the moaning waves re-echoed messages of love to me.

In the chatelet that crumbles from the lintel to the sill,
She awaits, my airy maiden, fairy maiden, faithful still.
And the salt spray on her tresses shimmers in the pallid light
Of the moonbeam's silver glory, like the jewels of the night.

From the belfry on the tower floats a murmur o'er the lands—
But the rope that's old and fretted, it is touched by unseen hands.
And the sea waves they are moaning their cadences sadly there
Where my lady waits the coming of her lover on the stair.

Ah! we quaffed the wine of blisses in the garden by the sea,
While my lady tossed the roses from the trellis vine to me.
Ah! we felt the pang of sadness when the tender mignonette
Came between us, and to bind us with the bonds of "ne'er forget."

Fare you well, old-fashioned garden, and the chatelet that lies
Far beyond the icy mountains and the golden paradise!
Ah! the ghost of love is dwelling where the murmurs of the wave
Croon their dirges in the moonlight falling on my lady's grave.



A YOUNG WHOOPING-COUGH GERM WAS SPANKED FOR KILLING HIS LITTLE SISTER WITH HIS HOOP.

THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS DARKLY

By Helena Smith

Illustrated with drawings by Angie Breakspear

CONSTERNATION ran riot among the bacilli. A convention had been hastily called to discuss the dangers impending from certain scientific discoveries.

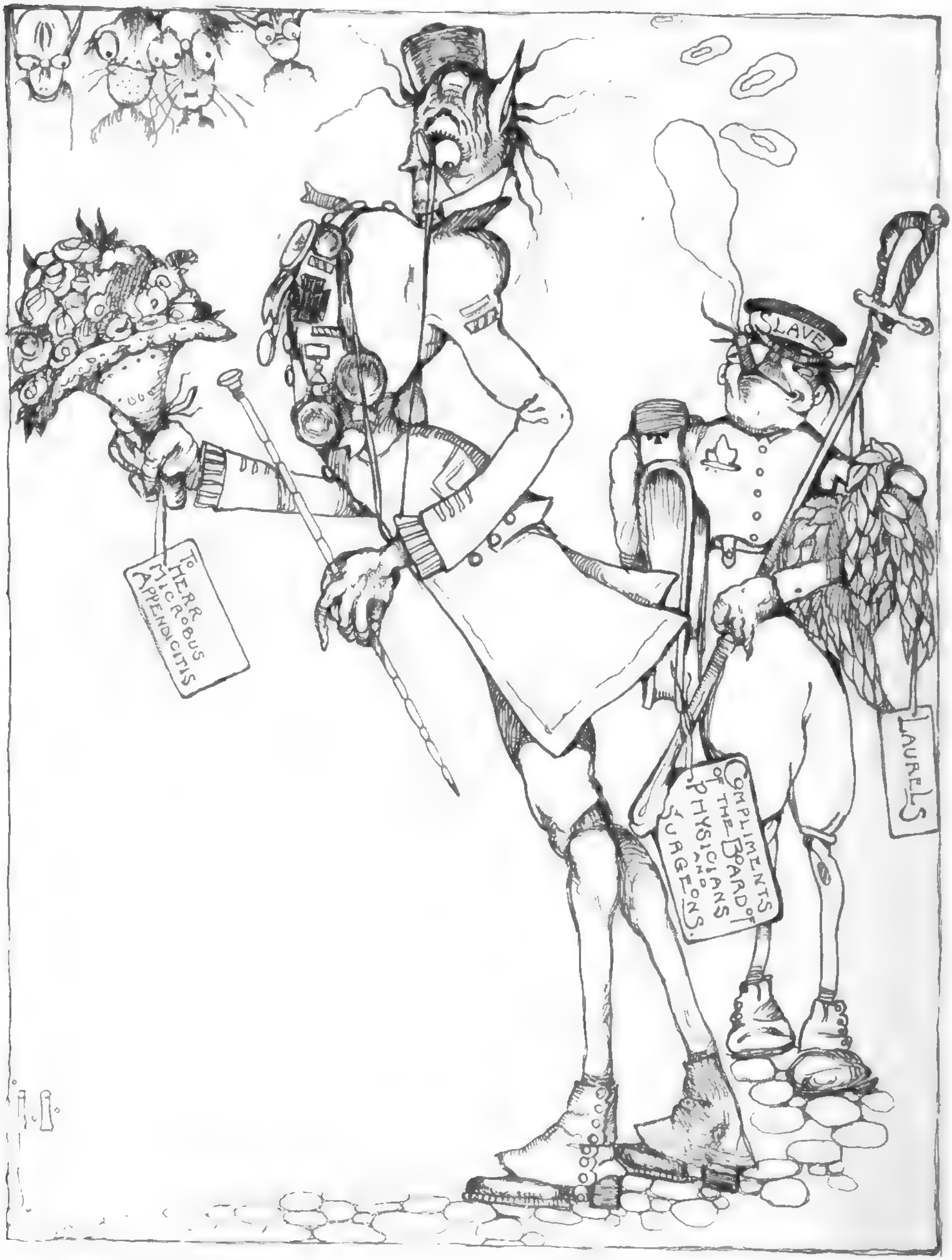
"Even a germ will turn," said a Spotted Fever microbe, who had just called the gathering to order. "It's up to us to outwit these mortals who pursue us so relentlessly."

"I second the motion!" yelled a Scarlet Fever germ, while a Measle delegate broke out with the remark: "Let's start an epidemic in the schools." This caused great excitement among the rival Whooping Cough and Mumps representatives.

"Plebians!" sneered an aristocratic Appendicitis plenipotentiary.

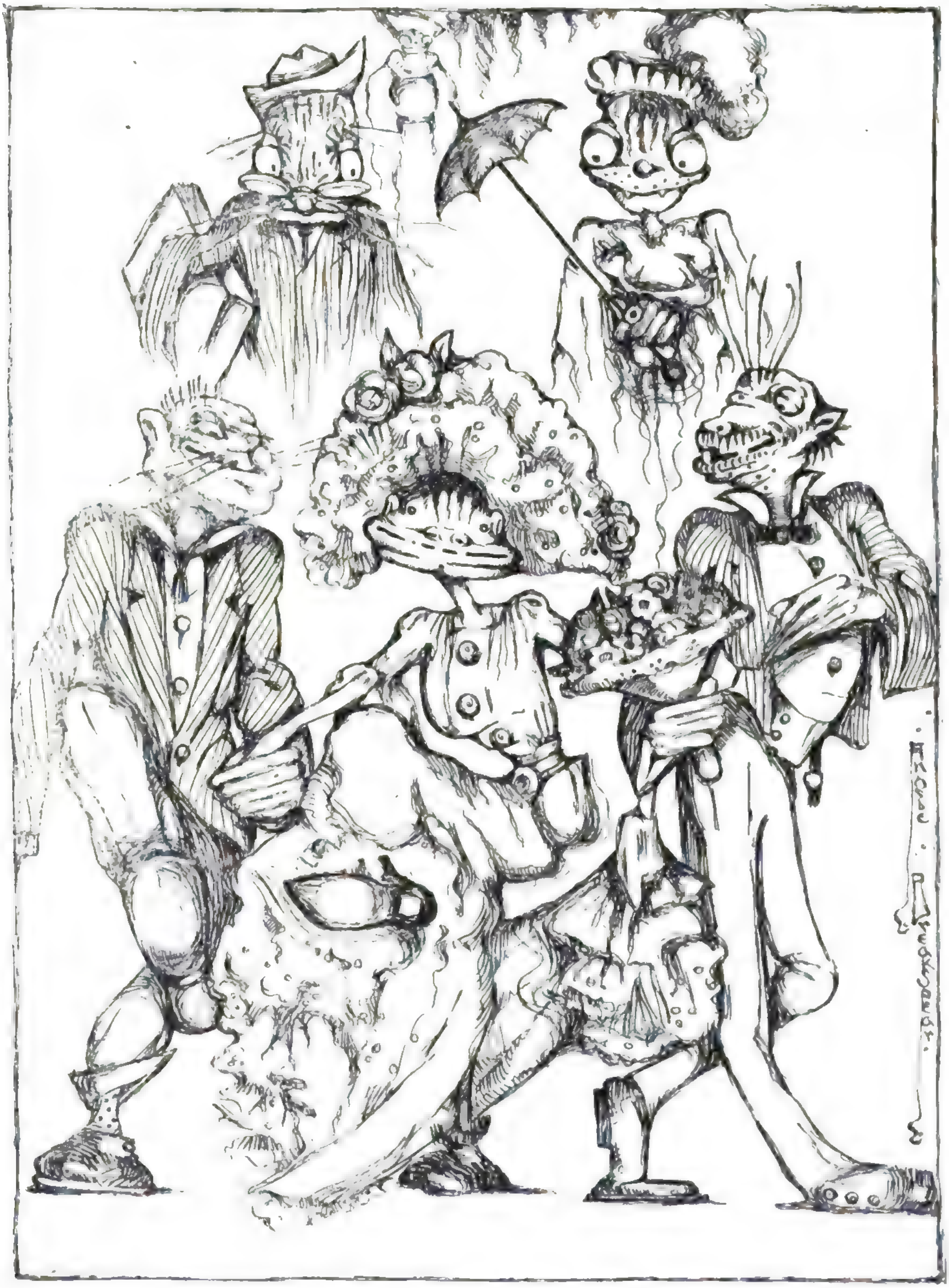
"Listen to the village cut-up!" retorted a little Hives germ, but he was silenced as being too insignificant to voice an opinion.

A contagious smile swept over the assembly when some one called "Bee quiet." The chairman rapped loudly for order—such outbreaks were not to be encouraged.

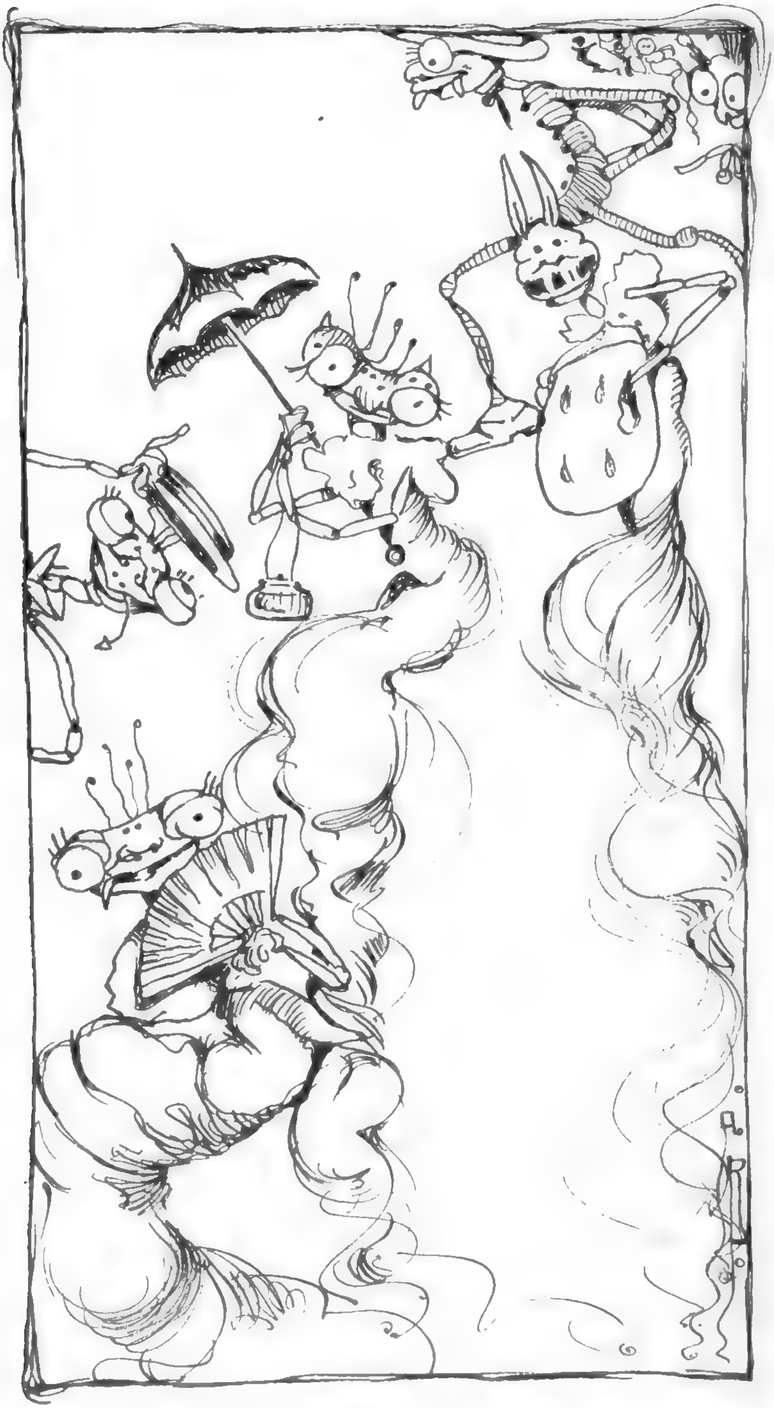

To HERR MICROBUS APPENDICITIS
SLAVE
COMPLIMENTS OF THE BOARD OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
LAURELS

THE DISTINGUISHED AND MUCH-SOUGHT-AFTER APPENDICITIS PLENIPOTENTIARY CUT HIS BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS TO ATTEND.

As a great microbe, who had spent most of his life in a bacteriologist's laboratory, arose to speak there was a craning of necks to "catch" a glimpse of him. He had become distinguished for his lectures against race suicide.



A KISSING GERM BY THE NAME OF FLOSSIE TRIED TO TURN THE CONVENTION INTO A MERRYMAKING.



THE BACILLIAN SMART SET WAS REPRESENTED.

"I trust you are all well," he began cordially, "and it gives me great pleasure to appear before you this afternoon. I shall speak from a close study of what is being done to exterminate us, having been in the confidence of a famous microbe specialist." He struck a dramatic pose and looked around to see the effect of his words.

"Chesty, ain't he?" piped a shrill voice from the rear of the hall. This caused a giggling epidemic.

"Will three or four thousand young bacteria on the back bench stop giggling that I may proceed?" demanded the speaker. "If not, I shall be forced to send an usher back there with some disinfectants." This produced a profound impression and silence reigned.

"To illustrate human intelligence, I will cite an instance," went on the orator. "This experience happened to my Cousin William Typhoid, who ran a ferry boat across a glass of milk in Boston. This glass of milk was refused by a baby, who declared that milk uncovered attracted germs. My Cousin William Typhoid was so surprised at the long, queer names that baby called him, he died of brain fever!

"I see before me many who have not, as yet, been out in the world. Others even unknown to scientists and who have not yet earned a Latin title. Eager for the fray as I know you are, I would address a few words of warning to these aspirants. A public career is full of danger. Be content to work quietly, happy in the thought that you have done what you could to make the world worse. Seek not empty honors. Fame only brings prosecutions and unhappiness, believe me!"

A famous actress, advising girls not to go on the stage could have spoken no more earnestly.

During long discussions on the latest in magnifying glasses and antiseptics, the delegates enjoyed a nap.

During a brief intermission, they went about making friends in their own taking way.

A band of aged bacilli collected in a corner and discussed their symptoms, each telling just how he came down and all the stages following—exactly like real people.

A few Lockjaw germs sat in an obscure nook and cried because they couldn't converse with the others, but were obliged to talk with their fingers.

The Kleptomaniac germs might have been observed making trips to the sideboard to take a little something. It soon became evident that they had taken a drop too much.

A Pun microbe, who posed as a humorist, was declared to be perfectly killing.

The committee found it difficult to impress upon those present the seriousness of the situation for the germs were of a merry nature and inclined to make a picnic of the whole affair. Everyone joined in the german that was danced.

A swimming tank was provided for the water germs, many of whom came in bathing suits or equipped with rubbers, raincoats and umbrellas.

Some young Pneumonia germs were yanked out of a draft by their mother, for she didn't want them to develop too fast and outgrew their clothes.

A lynx-eyed sentinel tumbled into the convention chamber with wild gesticulations.

"Danger bears down upon us!" he screamed. "We must scatter!"

Pandemonium ensued. To escape was the one thought in every terror-stricken mind.

And at this crisis there sailed down the street a pretty young thing with flowing skirts that swept the walk.

"A train! A train! We are saved!" cried the chairman of the Transportation Committee. "Everybody get aboard! Step lively, please."

Only one little Old Age germ missed the express.

To their delight it was a luxurious Pullman—silk lined and altogether delightful. The train made three stops; once at a soda fountain, another time at a station called "Jim," and again in front of a shop window. After these interruptions, the train whizzed straight to an important-looking structure. There was consternation when the germ who had addressed the meeting shrieked: "It is the Scientist! We are lost—I mean we are found—Oh! O-h! O-h-h!"

Then one and all took up the wail as the Scientist's voice fell upon them like a knell.

"Well, Miss Specialwriter, now we will examine the accumulation made by a woman's train in the street. Please be careful not to disturb the passengers. It will make an excellent story for your Sunday issue, with a series of striking sketches from life."

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL

By Helen Frances Huntington

"WHAT I want you to do," said Fairfield, "is to find out what Danvers is doing up at his country place. Shadow him till you know his game to the last card, no matter how you accomplish it. I'll make it worth your while to put in the work of your life, if need be, on that single case. He pretends his doctor ordered him up there to freeze out malaria. Bah! It's rank deviltry that actuates that man's every motive. I want him caught at it this time so that it will be easy to free my daughter without touching her name, you understand. Will you undertake the case?"

Peter Morse said that he would, whereupon Fairfield went on to describe his son-in-law's house of which he produced a small photograph, for Morse was, on no account, to ask his way or mention Danvers name either at the station or during his three-mile walk to his destination.

"Better destroy the picture before you enter the grounds," Fairfield advised; "for there's no telling what sort of an inquisition you may be subjected to if caught. Danvers is equal to anything when interfered with. Otherwise you'll find him gentlemanly enough, for he's about as sleek as they come."

The Danvers had evidently kept their trouble to themselves, for only Orlin Graves, the society detective, whom Fairfield had once employed to shadow his son-in-law, suspected the existence of a family skeleton. Danvers had married Fairfield's only daughter three years before, and the old man had set the bride up magnificently in a fit of generosity that weakened suddenly under the strain of later discoveries concerning Danvers' spirited past. Mrs. Danvers, was, unfortunately, of a fiercely jealous temperament, and Danvers, being thoroughly and obstinately human had shaken off the burden of restraint which she unwisely imposed upon him and fed the flames of her jealousy with a reckless disregard of consequences. He was a very handsome man of the big, blond, quiet, masterful sort that women instinctively confide in and defer to. Fairfield, widowed, rich, idle and vindictive, had turned his whole attention to the exploitation of his daughter's interest the moment he discovered the domestic variance; so he rooted through Danvers' history with ferret-like pertinacity until the situation became unbearable to Danvers, who was as vigorous mentally as he was physically.

He told his father-in-law what he thought of his tactics in language that left no doubts in the old gentleman's mind, and after that, Fairfield looked diligently for grounds for a divorce which should, as he said, reflect no shadow upon his daughter's unsullied reputation. How far his daughter sympathized with his aims no one knew, but Graves was of the opinion that she was even more vindictively determined on punishing Danvers than the father.

Fairfield's chief object of suspicion was a young married woman to whom Danvers had been openly attentive before his marriage.

"You'll have five days to work in," said Fairfield, in conclusion. "That ought to be long enough to do the thing up thoroughly if you're any good at your business—and I suppose you are, judging by Graves' recommendation. Wire the moment you get him cornered so that I can go up and catch him red-handed. I want inside evidence."

Morse took the first north-bound train which was due at Glendale at four o'clock that same afternoon. It was a cold, dull morning, cursed with raw, easterly winds and an icy undercurrent from the frozen north. There were few passengers in the day coach where Morse took his seat—half a dozen traveling men, a family party with innumerable impedimenta in the way of parcels and bags, and a woman in rather rusty black who carried a shabby, much-scratched handbag. She was heavily veiled and cloaked, but Morse saw at a glance that she was young, for even the cumbersome, ill-fitting cloak could not wholly disguise the svelte fullness of her graceful, erect figure.

As the train whirled further north the cold increased, and the slaty sky darkened ominously; by the time Morse alighted on the dark little station platform at Glendale, big clots of snow had begun to pelt through the bitter wind. Knowing that he was to go due north by the old turnpike until he reached a certain rise where the road branched off toward the Danvers place, Morse did not trouble himself to reconnoitre his bearings, but paused a moment to turn up his coat collar, and as he did so he noticed that the girl with the shabby handbag had left the train also and walked to the edge of the platform where she stood looking northward in search of some sort of conveyance, probably. No living being was in sight, so she stepped bravely down just as a wrench of wind flung a great flurry of snow full in her veiled face with a violence that made her gasp for breath.

Morse strode over to her as she gathered her rusty skirts in one mittened hand preparatory to plunging into the storm which was fast merging into a blizzard.

"It's pretty rough weather for a woman to face alone and on foot," said he, courteously. "Suppose I try to hunt up some way to ride?"

She started and drew back in palpable alarm, but recovered herself quickly.

"I haven't far to go," she explained, in a slightly constrained voice, which, nevertheless, had an underlying note of sweetness that struck pleasantly across Morse's inner consciousness. "I am on my way to visit my sick mother, who lives a little way up the road."

"You'd better let me try to find some way to ride," he repeated, kindly.

"Oh, no, sir, thank you. I'd have to wait, maybe, and I don't want to do that, for I have only a little while to stay. I'll lose my situation in the city if I'm not back by to-morrow morning."

So she was a servant! English, most likely, thought Morse, judging from her attire, which lacked the pert smartness so common to Americanized domestics. Probably she was the mainstay of aged parents.

"Then, if you will permit me, I will at least see you safely home," said Morse. "As I am going your way it will be no trouble to carry your bag."

She yielded rather reluctantly, and without further parley they set off down the long, hard, snowy road where the leafless twigs snapped like glass in the bitter blast that howled about them. It was exceedingly difficult for the girl to walk against the wind which tore at her cloak and veil like some malicious spirit bent on delaying her progress; now and then she paused and swung around long enough to draw a deep breath to relieve her aching throat, then plunged on again, still without a word. Morse's brief, half-stifled remarks she seemed not even to hear.

Presently she stopped before a gate leading to a big, desolate-looking enclosure which surrounded a humble, one-story dwelling.

"Thank you for your kindness," said she, simply, taking the grip from his stiffened grasp, evidently unwilling to have him accompany her further. "I live here."

Morse raised his hat with a mumbled "good-bye" and plodded on laboriously against the driving gale. Once he turned and looked back through the flying snow and saw her still fumbling with the crazy latch.

The storm increased in violence, and the snow fell so thick and fast that Morse had great difficulty in making any appreciable headway against it. He knew that he must reach the Danvers place before night and obtain shelter there, as a lost wayfarer, if nothing else; but he began to be seriously afraid of losing his way, for night was certainly darkening the landscape, although it was but a little after four o'clock, for the snow looked white against the gloomy atmosphere, and the rift in the forest through which he was passing, showing him a line of unobscured sky, was his only guide to the road. When he finally emerged into an open field he was at a complete loss where to turn, as he had not then reached the wooded rise which Fairfield had spoken of as leading to the Danvers house. It was impossible to make out the road in that blinding, swirling, choking storm. He plodded onward for what seemed hours to his wearied body, then suddenly entered a grove, roadless, as far as he could make out, until his feet stumbled into a wagon rut that led to a roughly hewn pile of lumber.

Hunger, fatigue and anxiety added to his bewilderment. He dared not turn back and it seemed equally hopeless to wander on. As he groped fumblingly around the timber pile in search of a sheltered nook where he could rest for a few moments his smarting eyes caught sight of a rift of light, like a thin thread of gold, that darted horizontally across the gloom a few rods to his right. It lay quite still for the space of ten long heartbeats, then disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared. A thrill of renewed hope shot through Morse's jaded spirits, for he knew that the light meant, first of all, a human presence, and probably shelter of some kind; so he kept his eyes fixed on the spot where the ray of light had been and stumbled eagerly toward it over fallen branches and piles of chips that strewed the ground under the drifted snow, until he ran plump against a rough rail fence. Then, for the first time he perceived, dimly, the blunt outlines of a roof against the stormy evening sky; a very small, low structure and seemingly vacant, for there were no lights where the windows should have been.

He found the door and tried the knob which turned quite readily at his touch. The mellow warmth of a spent wood fire enveloped him like a caress as he crossed the threshold and made his way toward the hearth where a few darkly red embers glowed in a bed of warm ashes, but the rest of the room was in huddled darkness, which, under any other circumstances, would have made Morse uneasy; but he was so utterly weary that nothing apppealed to him but the expectation of rest and bodily comfort. Gradually he was able to discern faintly the outline of his surroundings, which were very humble. Two chairs stood close to the hearth and near what he supposed to be the rear wall was a cot, and in front of that a bare table on which rested what looked like a wide-open grip.

Morse sank into a chair with a sigh of fatigue and stirred the embers with his foot, and as he did so something vibrated softly through the little room—a succession of muffled shacks, as if someone were stamping the snow from rubbered feet on a thickly covered doorstep. The next moment a door swung open and a woman entered with an armful of wood. The bark and debris which Morse had kicked into the fire flamed up suddenly lighting the black-robed figure of a woman in the full flower of nubility—a woman with a face of such extraordinary beauty that Morse felt himself glow with a sense of superfine admiration.

For an instant she stared down at him in blank surprise; then her head went back superbly, and she let the wood fall, pell mell, about her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, in the voice of the woman whom he had left at the wayside gate that afternoon.

"Saving my life, I think," Morse answered. "It must have been the instinct of self-preservation that brought me here, for I stumbled across the house by the merest chance after giving myself up for lost. I hope the intrusion is not unforgiveable."

"No," she said, "in that case you have a right to any shelter. But you cannot spend the night here. It is impossible."

Morse made no immediate answer, for he had become suddenly conscious that he had stumbled inadvertently across the very secret which Fairfield had sent him up to ferret out. Here was Danvers' motive for his frigid seclusion—almost a justifiable excuse, Morse was inclined to admit, as he drank the glowing beauty of her flowerful womanhood. But why, in the name of wonder, had she elected to take up her abode even for one night in this hovel? And why that disguise? Could it be possible that either she or Danvers had an inkling of Fairfield's game? Or was it because of the tremendous risk her daring involved? Evidently she knew her bearings perfectly, else how had she been able to precede Morse to the hut?

Morse's quick brain told him that it was for Danver's sake that she had taken that way—because she wished to avert all possible danger of reflecting discredit upon him in case her advent at the station had been noticed. That was it, of course. But why hadn't Danvers met her at the next station, for instance? So this was the woman whom Danvers loved! For a moment Morse found himself sympathizing acutely with Mrs. Danvers.

"When you have warmed yourself thoroughly you must go," she said, stepping back and closing the door. Then she laid the half-dried wood on the coals and waved Morse back to his chair.

"For the present this is my home," said she, with a wave of her white hand about the poor premises, "and as you are both an unwilling and unwelcome guest I must impose a double obligation upon you."

"I understand," Morse murmured, following her thoughts unerringly. "You are here for a purpose that does not concern me, wherefore I must bind myself to keep silence regarding this chance meeting."

She bowed acquiescently. After a moment she spoke again, in a slightly softened tone.

"While you are here you may as well take all the comfort the poor place affords," she advised. "Take off your overcoat and get thoroughly warmed and dried while you refresh yourself with what little I have to offer you."

She took from the handbag a box which contained a few daintily prepared sandwiches, three of which she laid on a napkin and offered to Morse, together with a tiny glass of brandy poured from a silver flask.

"You must drink enough to keep you warm awhile, for you have more walking before you," she reminded him.

He ate and drank in silence, then rose and rebuttoned his overcoat preparatory to facing the bitter night once more.

"Straight east of this hut, beyond a wooded bluff, is a house where you will probably find shelter for the night," his unwilling hostess told him. "When you have gone a little way through the forest you will probably discover lights which will guide you safely. Remember your promise to me," she added, significantly.

Morse discovered the light after wandering cautiously hither and thither over steadily rising ground—a single bright glow from an upper window sunk in a mass of sombre black; but it guided him finally to a door where he found a bell. He could distinctly hear the thin electric trill reverberate through the echoing silence within, and presently a pale nebula spread itself against the stained glass doors, and the lock turned noiselessly in its socket. The man who opened the door was old and spare and churlish, but he could not refuse a fellow-being shelter on such a night, so he stood aside to let the stranger pass in, saying that he would see his master at once.

Danvers' greeting was surprisingly cordial. He invited Morse into his study where refreshments were served, and where he talked afterward with such ease and freedom from distraction that Morse concluded that the woman's presence in the hut was not known to him. At ten o'clock, however, when the hour struck gaily from the bronze timepiece, Danvers started up uneasily.

"As bad as it is I've got to meet that eleven o'clock passenger," he explained. "Daniel is too old to weather a storm like this. That's one trouble about keeping old retainers—you hate to ship them even after they have outgrown their usefulness. I am expecting a friend who presumably left the city before the storm broke down there, so there's nothing to do but go. After all, it isn't a serious matter to me since the cold seems beneficial. That's one reason I'm up here at this time of the year; the chief reason, in fact—hoping that the cold may freeze out the remnant of the malaria I acquired in Florida. And it really does seem to do the business. Well, so long. Whenever you feel like it you can retire, you know. Shall I show you to your room now?"

Although Morse's room was some distance from the study in an opposite wing of the house, he distinctly heard his host return at the stroke of twelve and retire to his study, alone as he thought; but after a few moments the door opened again and a woman's subdued voice bade the host good-night. Tired as he was, Morse lay awake trying to solve the mystery of the woman's communication with Danvers and concluded finally that the hut and the mansion were connected in some way by telephone; after which he fell asleep.

Daniel served Morse's breakfast alone in a bright little morning room, explaining, tersely, that his master, who had been out late the night before, was still asleep. Morse, realizing that his work was barely begun, was obliged to trump up some excuse for a prolonged stay in the house, much as he hated to impose upon Danvers' pleasant cordiality. Illness was the only practicable plea within consideration, so he ate very sparingly of what was set before him in order that his subsequent ring for brandy might not arouse the old servant's suspicion. An attack of rheumatism was what he called the mysterious malady which necessitated brandy and hot water bottles to assuage his discomfort.

Danvers, fresh from his morning plunge, looked in at noon to inquire as to his condition.

"Don't think of leaving to-day," he said, genially. "Daniel will take good care of you until to-morrow, when the weather will in all probability have moderated a great deal. If there's anything I can do, be sure to let me know, won't you?"

Morse felt a sudden sick distaste for the task in hand. What right had he to invade the privacy of a gentleman's home for the purpose of spying upon him to his ultimate hurt? he asked himself, savagely. Yet, on the other hand if he should drop the case Fairfield would immediately send another man in his place and the end would be the same as far as Danvers was concerned. So he might as well appropriate what professional gain there was in it. Under the above resolution he set to work immediately after dinner when Danvers had abandoned the study which was evidently his favorite quarters. Morse had noticed on the previous evening that the study adjoined a little book-filled alcove on one side which opened upon a railed-in balcony, thus affording an unobserved exit when necessary. The balcony also faced a glass door which opened into a corridor, and this convenient arrangement gave Morse an opportunity to comfortably ensconce himself behind the heavy alcove portieres during his host's absence at dinner—a procedure rendered perfectly natural by Danvers, who had left the door invitingly open. Morse made sure that the window opened easily and noiselessly before he settled himself, then gave himself up to uncomplimentary thoughts concerning himself, which were presently interrupted by Danvers' return. Hardly had his host seated himself when the door swung back again and a rustle of silken garments smote Morse's acutely sensitized ears.

"For some inexplicable reason, Dick," said a woman's voice—not the full, rich contralto of the woman in the hut, it seemed to Morse, but he could not be sure with that new note of sharp anxiety threading its softness—"I declare to you that I have almost reached the point of complete surrender. The thing has worn so harrowingly on my nerves I am on the verge of throwing caution to the winds and letting things collapse in any way they choose."

"Oh, nonsense, Mab," said Danvers' reassuring voice. "But, my child, let me remind you that you must use more caution in the future. Think of what it would mean if anyone should surprise you here—alone with me."

"Daniel is to be trusted, surely!" she cried, in quick alarm, through which Morse could hear a sharply drawn breath.

"Absolutely; but we cannot guard against unexpected intrusions. Just now, for instance, there is our sick guest. If he should see you here there is no telling what might happen in case he ever met you hereafter."

"Do, for heaven's sake, send him about his business!" was the lady's ungracious retort.

"He'll go to-morrow. In the meantime, be careful that he does not see you. Now to business, Mabel. What can that wretched fellow be bought for?"

"Not a dollar less than ten thousand. And, Dick, I'm terribly afraid the gems won't bring as much."

"Oh, as to funds, we'll manage that question easily enough," Danvers replied, with the utmost confidence. "It's dirt cheap at ten thousand, Mabel, if he means business. He's got to be sworn down in a way that he can't squirm out of no matter what comes. It's bad business, this buying your liberty," he added, in a grim voice.

"But isn't it the only way? It makes me rage when I think of being in the power of such a man even to the paltry amount of ten thousand dollars. I've brought the jewels," she went on after a pause during which Morse felt that Danvers had changed his seat.

"Oh, Dick, how good you have been to me," Mabel murmured, as if speaking very close to him. "And how wonderfully good it will seem to be free once more. I'm so tired of—of this wretched underhand business!"

Danvers' answer was inaudible. Presently a door opened and Morse heard firm, brisk steps going down the hall, and at that moment he realized that it was time to make his escape lest Danvers should, for some reason, call at his room and discover his absence; so he slid back the window very cautiously and withdrew to the balcony, then to the dimly lighted hall which led directly to his room, where he sat down to think the situation over briefly before wiring Fairfield. So the husband was to be bought off! Well, he must be a damned poor sort, Morse reasoned ironically, with a wave of warm sympathy for his wife, erring though she was. He would wire Fairfield that night, which meant that he would have to make his exit unknown to Danvers and walk through three miles of knee-deep snow and back, for he desired to take leave of Danvers in the ordinary way to avoid being thought worse than he really was.

At half past ten, when Daniel had retired for the night, Morse crept down cautiously and let himself out, taking care to adjust the latch before closing the door after him. The night was intensely cold, crystal clear and bright with the fine, frosty radiance of myriads of stars that sparkled from rim to rim of the far horizon, and all the cold, white world seemed wrapped in profound slumber as Morse plodded grimly through the untrodden drifts that led to the turnpike; but his walk ended at last as even the hardest of tasks end, and he sent his dispatch in the cipher agreed upon by Fairfield, who did nothing by halves. Back again Morse tramped, desperately out of humor with himself and the world at large, for the undertaking had got on his nerves to an irritating degree. One thing he was determined upon—to make his respectable adieux before Fairfield arrived upon the scene.

Luckily the lock had not been tampered with. He let himself in carefully and made his slow, cautious way up the stairs, keeping his ears open for noises that might portend detection. He had all but reached the top step when something moved in the corridor opposite the study, something faintly violet scented, which breathed softly, but excitedly. He listened intently for some movement of the unseen presence, which he knew to be a woman; but what he heard was a murmur of voices from the closed study. The woman in the dark heard also, and stopped breathing for many seconds, it seemed to Morse; then suddenly a low, tense, agonized whisper wrenched through the silence:

"My God! It is true, then!"

Then the perfume of violets stirred once more as the eavesdropper turned and made her swift, stealthy way down the hall toward the west wing of the building.

Morse went to his room to get his dazed wits together, for affairs were getting beyond him. He did not turn on the lights, but seated himself beside the window which looked out upon a glistening wilderness, and incidentally, on the west wall of the mansion, whose big windows had been sombrely curtained the night before. Now, while he gazed unseeingly at the blank wall, a square of light shot out upon the gray surface which revealed, presently, a stretch of rose-tinted wall. There was a curtain of cobweb lace before the window and an opaque shade arranged to slide up from the bottom, evidently, for it was then drawn half way up of the window which hid the occupant of the room from outside observation. Morse, however, could distinctly see the shadow that moved to and fro on the lighted wall—a woman's shadow which paused, now and then, with arms rigidly down-held and head thrown back in an attitude of intense repression. Morse watched the shadow with a sort of breathless fascination. What was the cause of her perturbation, he asked himself. Could it be possible that she doubted Danvers' integrity? Did conscience scourge her so unmercifully for her transgression of honor? Whose were the voices she had listened to in the dark?

Suddenly the shadow stooped so that only the bowed head and shoulders were visible. Morse climbed to the window sill where he could command a slightly lower view of the opposite room, and where he presently perceived from the huddled shadow that the woman was reading letters which she tore feverishly into strips that fluttered heedlessly about her. Lastly she paused with her head bowed over something small and square, something that twice drew the clinched hand toward the fire on the hearth before the shadow collapsed utterly and mysteriously, leaving the wall a wide, rosy blank. Morse waited for fully five minutes with his face pressed against the icy window pane for the shadow to reappear, but instead a ruby glow deepened the rose of the walls to crimson and suddenly a tongue of fire leaped to the film of drapery that depended from some unseen garniture, devouring it greedily. It was then that Morse realized the truth—that something was afire in the closed room!

He sprang down and dashed out of his room. Down the corridor he ran till he reached a door which resisted his onslaught like iron. A faint smell of burning cloth assailed his nostrils as he shuffled back against the wall to gain impetus for a second crash which snapped the fastening of the lock. At the third assault the door slammed inward, and he leaped in past the burning draperies to the woman who lay with face down amid a pool of fire. As the greedy flames enveloped her like a garment Morse raised her, trying vainly to smother the fire with his coat, then with the half-burned rug. all the while calling for help; and so Danvers found him in the midst of a fiery furnace fighting death away from his burden.

A groan of anguished terror broke from Danvers' white lips as he snatched the unconscious woman from his scorched arms and staggered away, followed by a slender, white-robed woman, who cried "Florence! Florence!" over and over in accents of incredible, horrified surprise.

She returned before Morse had got back breath or motion, and was clutching his arms with iron-thewed fingers.

"Come away, for God's sake, or you will be burned to death!" she cried, piercingly, as she dragged him bodily into the hall, where a volume of smoke gushed from the doomed room.

Little and frail as she was she finally saved the house, for she directed Daniel and Morse with a trained efficacy that told at every stroke. They got a hose from the conservatory which they fixed to the bathroom spigot and carried an immediate flow of water to the burning room, and in less than half an hour the airy pink boudoir was a soaked, blackened empty box. Then the little woman overwhelmed Morse with a torrent of questions.

"How did it happen? How came you to discover the fire? And how in heaven's name came Florence here? To think of Florence being in this house—now of all times—— Oh, poor, poor Dick!"

"Who is Florence?" Morse asked, dazedly, wiping the water and soot from his perspiring face, and trying to roll down the tattered ends of his shirt sleeves that melted under his lightest touch.

"Florence——? Oh, of course you don't know *anything* about this dreadful business!" she wailed, with a rush of nervous tears. "I don't dare intrude even to find out if she's hurt. You must go and ask Danvers how she is. Go, quickly; for I can't bear the suspense another moment."

Danvers was in the study beside the couch where Florence lay straight and still under a slumber robe, white as the dead save for a long black smirch across her forehead, for the flame had not touched her face; they seemed to have done deadlier work than the disfiguring of her wonderful beauty, for if she breathed at all Morse was unable to detect it even when he went quite close to Danvers' bowed shoulder.

"She is in a faint," he heard himself say, huskily, but Danvers answered not a word. His face was ghastly, like that of a man suddenly stricken with a deadly illness.

"Isn't there a doctor to be had?" Morse asked, after a moment, shaking his host by the shoulder to rouse him.

"My God, why didn't I think of that!" cried Danvers, struggling to his feet.

"I'll go," said Morse. "Tell me where to find him."

By the time Morse had reached the doctor's gate he was barely able to drag himself to the front door, but he made the young doctor understand what was wanted of him before he collapsed entirely and after that he let someone pour a good stiff swallow of whiskey down his throat which set him on his feet in time to accompany the doctor back to the Danvers place.

The rose of dawn flushed the wintry sky when the doctor reached the side of the unconscious woman. After two hours of apparently futile effort he withdrew temporarily.

"Pretty serious case," he told Morse, who had waited miserably in the hall. "Her condition is due to violent shock, I think, though; not to the burns which are very slight as far as I can discover. How did it happen? Danvers is too broken up to talk, so I didn't ask him.

"She probably fell asleep before the open fire," the blond girl hazarded before Morse could answer. "Her dress must have caught fire while she slept."

"Bad accident," the doctor commented, with a sombre nod of his head. "Danvers is horribly alarmed about her—thinks she will die, and, of course, I can't say positively what complications may set in; but I feel pretty confident that she'll pull through with good care. Remarkably strong woman, I should say. Everything will depend on her condition when she regains consciousness. I'm going home for a nitro-glycerine preparation in case it becomes necessary to resort to heart stimulation."

Morse hovered restlessly here and there about the silent halls after the doctor had gone, with the blonde girl keeping a mute oversight of his comings and goings as she crouched on the lowest stair step waiting for some sign from the closed room. It came simultaneously with an imperative trill of the front door bell, which was followed by heavy, rapid footsteps that marched straight up the stairs, down the hall and in the direction of the study. It was Fairfield, muffled to the ears in a great coat, his excited, triumphant face aglow with frosty rosiness.

The blond girl put out her arm defiantly to hold him back.

"You can't go in there," she said, shrilly. "You must not, I tell you!"

Fairfield flung her arm aside and stalked past her as he would past a pile of debris, but halted abruptly at the threshold and stared at what he saw—Danvers kneeling beside a couch with one arm thrown protectingly over a prostrate woman with a pale, beautiful face and tired, yet strangely radiant, eyes. His face went from red to white and back like a wind-blown flame, and he drew a deep breath before he was able to voice his surprise.

"Florence! What in heaven's name does this mean?" he cried.

The woman in Danvers' arms went faintly pink with surprise or emotion, or both, and Danvers rose tremblingly to confront the intruder.

"Florence has had a terrible accident," said he, in an unsteady voice that showed how shaken he was," and must on no account be disturbed. Be good enough to withdraw to the library, where I will see you presently."

"Well, if *I* haven't the right to be with my daughter at a time like this, I'd like to know who has!" Fairfield blurted, stalking over to the prostrate woman.

His daughter! More fairly reeled with astonishment. Was it possible that Florence—the woman of the forest hut—was Danvers' wife!

"My dear girl, what on earth has happened?" Fairfield asked, in real concern, seating himself on the couch beside his daughter. "You are surely not seriously hurt, art you?"

"No," she answered, in a singularly clear voice. "I was more frightened than hurt."

"I'm sure I hope so," said he, kissing her. "How did it happen. And, above all, why are you here, when you gave me to believe that you were with your cousin in Philadelphia?"

"Florence must not be excited," Danvers interrupted, sharply.

But Florence reassured him with a smile so radiant that he seemed, for the moment, satisfied.

"I have made my confession to Dick," she said, "and as he has forgiven me all the rest seems insignificant. I came up with the desperate intention of finding out for myself just how it was with Dick—if there was any truth in the dreadful stories you heard about him—to spy on my husband. Yes, that is the word," she added, with returning pallor. "So I went to the woodsman's hut in the forest to evade suspicion, then came here unknown to Dick—and found that someone *was* here with him. I eavesdropped like any common thief and heard just enough to make me fearfully, unbearably miserable. I went to my room that night with the full intention of freeing him absolutely. I re-read his old letters to me and burned them all. I must have fainted after that, for I knew nothing more until I woke here, with Dick, an hour ago."

"And who was here with Danvers?" Fairfield demanded, sternly.

"It was I," cried the blond girl, going forward with a rush. "I am the cause of all poor Dick's trouble, because I asked him to help me out of a dreadful mess—an affair which concerns my husband's welfare so intimately that I live in constant terror of an unjust exposure. You see, my husband is such a generous, unsuspicious fellow, that he lets people impose on his good nature shamefully. The present trouble all came through a despicable fellow whom Paul befriended and who now threatens to spoil his reputation unless he is paid a big sum of hush money, and even then he may make trouble. There is a woman in the story and as Paul can't possibly betray her confidence, why he can't explain the matter satisfactorily to his friends. People are so mean about such things—always ready to believe the worst side of a story. Dick was the only person I dared to' confide in, and as I couldn't see him in New York without being spied upon I slipped off up here as soon as I found out Dick had gone up. I know it was taking dreadful risks on both sides, but I was simply desperate. And that is God's own truth."

None of the listeners doubted it, not even Florence, who had evidently heard the story from her husband, who had slipped over and taken Fairfield's place when the old gentleman rose to listen to Mabel's confession, and as he leaned over her he said something that brought a glorious light to her eyes.

Fairfield alone looked obdurate.

"A lot more will have to be explained before *I'm* satisfied!" he grumbled.

Then, quite suddenly, Florence caught sight of Morse standing, white and gloomy, in the doorway.

"Won't you come in, please?" she entreated. "We haven't even thanked you for saving my life."

A wave of honest shame flooded Morse's sober face.

"Why, that was nothing compared with the mischief I wrought," he blurted. "It was I who sent for Fairfield—to spy upon Danvers."

"In my service," Fairfield was honest enough to admit, hastily. "I wanted to get at the bottom of things—for Florence's sake, understand—so I sent him up to get evidence, though I must say that I don't think much of his tactics. And he saved your life, did he, Florence? Well, that's to his credit, decidedly."

"So you see," Morse added, relentlessly, seeming not to have heard Fairfield's remark, "you owe me all sorts of ill will. All that I can say for myself is that I am heartily ashamed of my part of the business."

Danvers rose impeuously and went forward with outstretched hand.

"My friend, I owe you nothing but undying gratitude for saving my wife's life," said he, with an illuminating smile. "You have made me your stanch friend whether you want me or not. Come, Florence wants to thank you in her own way."

He led Morse over to the couch as if he had been a refractory child. Florence caught his hand in a close, tremulous grasp.

"Since we are friends I know you are glad it all turned out so happily," she murmured.

And Morse was able to answer truthfully that he was.

URBAN NOCTURNE

By Louis J Stellmann

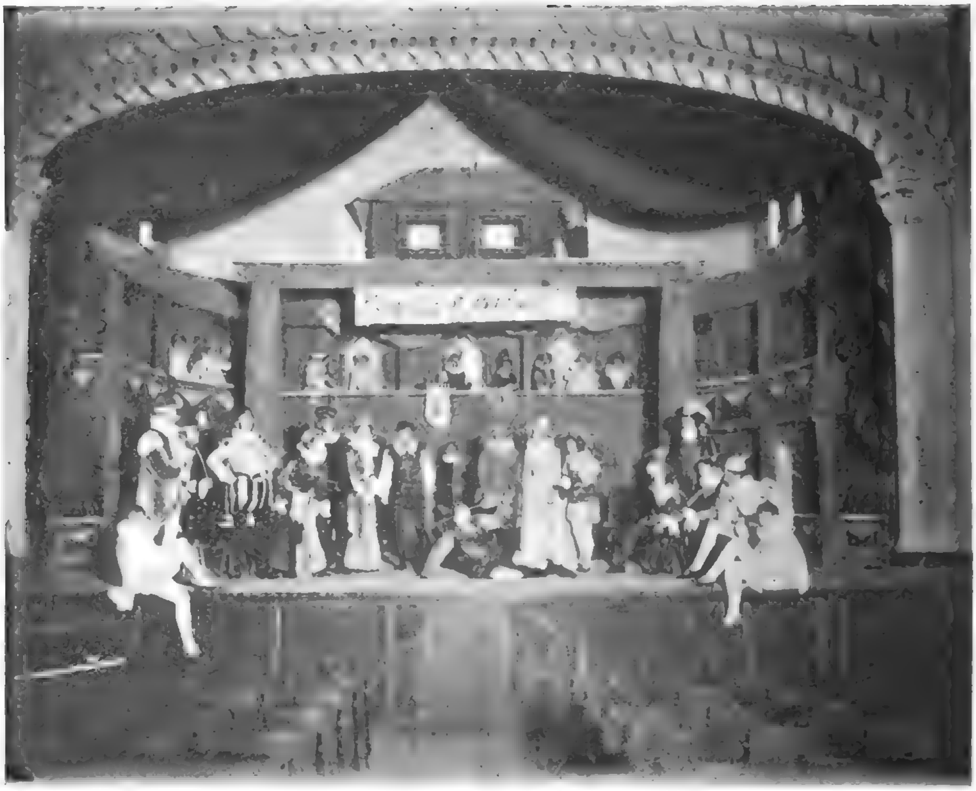
Ah, the charm of night in the city!
The myriad lights that glow;
The Ocean of Life, whose torrents,
Forever surge to and fro!

The sound of the vital music
That wells from the urban heart;
The perfumed crowd's gay laughter;
The hum of the busy mart!

It stirs the chords of my being
To marvellous sympathy;
It quickens the pulse within me;—
Sets it throbbing, fast and free.

The black-silhouetted towers;
The domes and the minarets;—
They people my mind with fancies
That only the night begets.

I love each stone of the paving;
Each window, aglow with light;—
I stretch out my arms to welcome
The Spirit of Urban Night!



AN ELIZABETHAN STAGE SETTING AT STANFORD ASSEMBLY HALL, CALIFORNIA.

CLASSIC AND ELIZABETHAN REVIVALISTS IN THE FAR WEST

By Kar A. Bickel

Illustrated with special photographs

AWAY out on the western rim of the continent, in the center of the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley in California, there is going on, without any particular noise and flourish, a notable revival of the classic and Elibabethan drama. Although this movement is but a few years old, its influence upon the dramatic taste in California and along the Pacific Coast generally is already marked.

During the spring of 1902, the Greek and Latin departments of Stanford University presented the Sophoclean tragedy of "Antigone." The production was staged and acted with greater attention to historic detail than ever previously attempted in America, and because of its absolute uniqueness in the field of dramatic endeavor upon the Coast, the tragedy created a profound impression. The company was taken upon a short tour throughout California, showing in all of the larger cities, and was not only an artistic but a financial success.

The universal commendation which greeted the presentation of "Antigone" encouraged the revivalists at Stanford to continue in the work, and during the following winter the Stanford English Club decided to attempt something even more ambitious than the "Antigone."

The rollicking comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," was taken up and staged. The cast, as in "Antigone," was composed of undergraduates and members of the faculty of Stanford, and every effort was exerted to present the comedy as it originally appeared to the courtiers and gallants who visited the playhouses in ancient London.

An Elizabethan stage, after a swetch of the interior of the Globe Theatre as it appeared in Shakespeare's time, drawn by a contemporaneous artist, was built and fitted into the extra large stage of the Stanford Assembly Hall. This stage is partially roofed over and projects over footlights into the pit proper. Boxes were erected for the gallants on each side of the structure. In the rear a balcony extended across the stage. But one drop curtain was used, a forest scene, all other scene sets being simply indicated by placards.

There is but one other stage of this kind in the United States. In 1894, Professor Baker, of Harvard University, designed and built an Elizabethan stage for a production of "Hamlet," and also Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman." The only other stage of this kind in the world is the one owned by the Elizabethan Stage Society of London.

The production was placed in charge of Professor R. M. Alden, Professor M. B. Anderson and Instructors E. K. Putnam and L. E. Bassett, all of the Stanford English department. These men made an extended and painstaking research into the subject and the play was produced as far as possible in the Elizabethan spirit.

The comedy, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," was especially suitable for a revival of this nature, because of the abundance of genuine humor and comedy action in the plot. The two presentations were a complete success, and so great was the interest in the plav that special trains were run from San Francisco and San Jose to Stanford to accommodate the general demand of the public to see the comedy.

During the following year the Elizabethan Stage Society's company, under Ben Greet, presented "Twelfth Night" and the morality "Everyman." In the ensuing fall the same company, assisted by undergraduate actors in minor roles, presented "Hamlet" in the original version. The production took up five hours in the playing.

In March of the present year the English Club staged Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor." This was the first American presentation of the famous

comedy of manners, and the first revival on any stage since Kean's presentation of the piece in London in 1865. This comedy, the initial and most popular production of Shakespeare's famous rival, was first produced at the Globe Theater in London in 1598. Shakespeare was one of the actors, as was Richard Burbage, who afterward created the part of Macbeth, and Will Kempe, who in later years acted the leading comedy parts in Shakespeare's works. The Stanford production was very successful, and was witnessed by large audiences.

The production of "Antigone," at Stanford in 1902, prompted Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, wife of the famous California millionaire, to present to the University of California the only exact reproduction of an ancient Greek theater in the world. This splendid structure of stone, costing many thousands of dollars, is situated in a beautiful natural amphitheater on the campus of the State University. It was dedicated in the spring of 1904 with a presentation of Aristophane's "Birds," which was observed by several thousand spectators.

The aims of the revivalists at Stanford are not revolutionary. They are not attempting to usurp the position of the modern drama and to enthrone in its place the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe and Jonson. The brilliancy of the name and fame of Shakespeare has blinded the eyes of posterity and has thrown into the shadow of comparative oblivion the works of playwrights who, under more fortunate circumstances, would have been accorded high places in the roll of honor.

The realism of Jonson, the fire of Marlowe, the wit of Beaumont and Fletcher have not been surpassed in the history of the English drama, and it is the endeavor of these California lovers of the pure drama to impress upon the forgetful world the fact that the productions of these playwrights have in them much that still lives and is of interest to the men and women of to-day, and that their authors were not mere crude bunglers in the craft of play-building, but were writers of genius, worthy to be ranked in the immortal company of the great dramatists of the world.

MESSENGERS

By C. Cary

I'll give a thought to a zephyr
As it plays about your couch;
Do you think you will guess its meaning,
Do you think you will know its touch?

I'll give a kiss to a sunbeam—
When you feel its warmth on your lips,
Will your heart grow warm and tender,
Will it thrill to your finger tips?

I'll give to a bird a message—
When he trills his sweet song, will you
hear
The story it tells from my heart to you—,
Will you feel how I love you, dear?

BEFORE SUNSET

By Walter Beverley Crane

"In the lower lands of day
  On the hither side of night,
These is nothing that will stay,
  There are all things soft to sight;
Lighted shade and shadowy light
  In the wayside and the way,
Hours the sun has spared to smite,
  Flowers the rain has left to play."

It is the season at Cannes. The scene is the drawing-room of the suite occupied by Mrs. Schuyler Van Keuren in the Hotel Prince de Galles. Connecting with this suite are the apartments occupied by Ivan Navrowski, the celebrated piano virtuoso.

A tall, old-fashioned clock stands at one side of the closed doors dividing the two suites, and the clock's hands point to a quarter of seven.

Mrs. Van Keuren is reading a newspaper. She is evidently very much annoyed; her face is flushed and her brow wears a heavy frown.

Her daughter Katherine stands at the open French casement leading out to the hotel garden, and the sun's last rays glint lovingly over her as she reads the note which has just been brought in attached to some beautiful La France roses.

"Still brooding over her miserable infatuation," observes Mrs. Van Keuren, glancing over her shoulder for the third time. "The sooner we leave Cannes the better. Change has always such a salutary effect in these cases; she will have forgotten him and his music by the time we reach Algiers.

"Oh, dear, what trials an ambitious mother has!" She resumes her reading.

"What an appalling list of American arrivals! I never read the names—one does not come abroad to meet one's countrymen. So far I have been quite successful in keeping Katherine's American admirers in the background." She reads aloud: "Baron de Bellièrés l'Etoile won the Prix du Midi at Pau to-day." That's another box of gloves I owe you, Kate, dear."

Katherine is too absorbed in her letter to hear.

"How *distraite* the child is!" mutters Mrs. Van Keuren petulantly. "I must draw her out. I am afraid it is not all over between her and that miserable Polish pianist. He was to have left this morning. Why does he remain here? He promised me on his word and honor as a gentleman he would leave Cannes."

Mrs. Van Keuren affects an air of extreme nonchalance, and inquires:

"From whom are the roses, Kate, dear?"

"From Monsieur Navrowski, mamma," the girl answers.

"Is he still here!" exclaims her mother with assumed surprise. "Oh! this item seems to account for the delay in his departure:

"'To-night, by command of His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy, now visiting at Cannes, M. Ivan Navrowski, the famous piano virtuoso and composer, will, for the first time, perform what he himself considers the *chef d'oeuvre* of his life. The composer claims to have discovered the universal keynote to all harmonies in his latest composition, entitled 'Before Sunset.' We await with great interest the outcome of this evening's concert.' Why, this announcement reads like a press agent's work! Has M. Navrowski gone out of his mind? What does it all mean, Kate?"

Katherine comes slowly toward her, the open letter and bunch of roses in her hands.

"This is what it all means, mother," she answers, and reads aloud:

"My dear Miss Van Keuren: I am about to rehearse for the last time, prior to the concert to be given this evening, what I consider to be the crowning work of my lifetime. In this work I was inspired by your being and the poetry of your presence in my life. It is a tribute to the sentiment engendered by all that you are to me, and baptized by the best blood of my heart. Premonition has given title to this child of my fancy, and for your sake more than my own I love the pain that called it forth. Since circumstance makes you forego the acceptance of a life of devotion, I can henceforth appeal to you only in the language of the realm of which I am prince, and I beg you to permit me to dedicate my last work as proof positive of my sincerity and disinterestedness. As the clock in your room strikes seven, withdraw the portières over the doors and let me come to you once again in the eloquence of harmony. I dedicate to you 'Before Sunset,' the harmony of harmonies.

"Wait for the last tone—the death of day.

"NAVROWSKI."

Katherine's tears have fallen on the pages. She kneels at her mother's side and buries her face in her lap.

"Just like a crazy musician to write such a letter!" exclaims Mrs. Van Keuren, angrily. "Why, Kate, I am surprised at you. I thought all was over between you, and here you are sobbing your heart out, and all over a miserable, worthless piano player—a mere musician. How can you, Kate; how can you?"

Katherine raises her tear-wet face and looks her mother in the eyes.

"I love him," she answers. "In spite of all you can say, I love him, mother. When I told you last night that I had rejected him and all was over between us I was sincere——"

"Yes," interrupts Mrs. Van Keuren, "Yes, yes, Kate, dear; like the good sensible girl you are, I knew you would sleep over it and——"

"But I *waked* over it, mother, and with me waked my love, sleepless as myself."

"Katherine," says Mrs. Van Keuren in decided tones, "this *must* be brought to a close; it is simply preposterous! The idea of a Schuyler Van Keuren flinging herself away on a crazy adventurer-musician! I positively forbid you to entertain any further though of this man. You will bring shame and disgrace on our family name. We leave Cannes to-night!"

Katherine has risen and moved toward the clock, but as her mother announces their departure she turns and faces her.

"Mother, you will leave without me."

The reply is made in a firm and calm voice; the girl's face expresses determination.

"What!" gasps Mrs. Van Keuren. "Is this the reward of years of care and devotion? Are you going to cast me aside for a comparative stranger—a man you know nothing of? You, who have had such opportunities; you, the reigning belle of a London season, the envy of all your sisters in society—are you crazy? Think of the proposals you have had since you have been here! Only last week Sir Geoffrey Chalmers offered you one of the oldest titles in England."

"And the oldest taint as well," interjects the girl.

"Lord Falcon," resumes her mother, "a man who adored the very ground you walked on——"

"Especially my New York realty," interrupts Katherine with a bitter laugh.

"And, oh! Katherine," continues her mother, sorrowfully, "think of that dear little Count de Gruyère, who offered you one of the oldest names in France, one of the most beautiful estates in the Midi, a place historically noted for its,—its——"

"Fast maturing mortgages," supplies Katherine with provoking flippancy.

"Disappointment of disappointments," pursues her mother, "when you refused His Excellency the Duc de Rougechêne!"

The girl replies angrily this time: "Mother, this is more than I can endure! The Duc de Rougechêne!—of whom the newspapers reek at this moment—a man whose very presence would be a profanation to the virtue of our sex—a moral leper, whose very breath is contamination! I loathe him as I loathe the instinct that makes you ask such degradation of me. Even now one of his many mistresses is flaunting her self under your very eyes here in Cannes. You speak of such men in the same breath with Ivan Navrowski, who stands like a giant above the pigmies and puppets you mention: a man to whose genius monarchs bow, a man whose touch thrills nations, a man who, through his art, elevates and endears the people—my Ivan, who has unfolded to me my better self and made me know the woman that I am!

"Until I met him, what was I? The shallow, artificial girl of society, a creature of impulse and caprice, a woman devoid of heart and soul! And now that he has come into my life, awakening chords untoned, undreamed—now that I have found the harmony of life, you wish me to deafen my ears to it!"

The girl's outburst has nonplussed the mother for the moment.

"Katherine, Katherine, what would your father say were he alive?" she feebly answers.

"Did he ever know such a love as mine?" fiercely demands the girl.

"I tried to make him happy, Katherine. Didn't I bring him wealth and position? Didn't I make him a good and dutiful wife? Oh, Katherine, why do you rake up painful memories of your poor, dear father at such a time? I always tried to make him happy—and it has come to my own daughter upbraiding me!"

"Mother, dear, I don't upbraid you. I am pleading for myself and for a love that was denied both of you—a love that neither of you would understand, because it never entered your lives."

Mrs. Van Keuren perceives that she must try another line of argument with her daughter, and drawing her to her, kisses her fondly. "Kate, darling," she says, softly, "alas for those who must live in Bohemia and not be of Bohemia! You do not seem to realize what a union with this musician means. You only think of him, not of that of which he is a part—his environment, his associates, his Bohemia. Do you know what lives the wives of these poor artist-men lead? Can you produce an example where a man of genius could make his wife happy, even if he tried? It is not in the nature of things that he should. He does not belong to wife, child, or home; he is the common property of a fickle public; he is abject slave to his career; he is everyone's and no one's. Kate, I have warned you before and I warn you again—a woman can idealize him, but she can never be a wife to him."

"To hear you speak, mother, one would suppose you had made a study of the lives of geniuses, not to mention the lives of saints. You speak as if Ivan Navrowski were nothing more than a commonplace musician. I tell you, mother, great as master of his art, so great his soul, so great his heart.

"A sad infatuation, Kate, a sad infatuation. Of the crowds of light-headed women who throw themselves at Navrowski you are but one—and he knows it. To-day you happen to please him, and he encourages you; to-morrow he will mock you. My child, you do not know him or his kind. He is no different from the rest; he is but one of them."

Mrs. Van Keuren has approached the open casement.

"Look!" she exclaims. "See him now pacing up and down the garden in one of his black moods. Would you dare go to him now?"

"I respect the moods that make the man what he is," the girl replies, "and it pains me to have you watch and criticise him. Would I dare go to him now? I am always with him."

"My dear," commences Mrs. Van Keuren, calmly, "constancy is no part of him or his tribe. But why should I stand here and argue with a lovesick, silly girl?" she adds, impatiently. "I have made my decision: it simply cannot be. We leave Cannes this very night to avert a serious misfortune—a step that will cost you everything."

"I have decided to remain," answers the girl, doggedly; "you will leave without me."

Mrs. Van Keuren's face is ablaze with rage.

"Listen!" she cries, threateningly, "if you are going to be so unreasonable, so blind and deaf to what concerns your welfare, there is no alternative. Insist in this, take the desperate step you meditate, and you sacrifice my love and consideration as a mother. I will cut you off without a *sou marqué.*"

"Mother——"

"You goad me to say harsh things; I am thoroughly aroused to the peril of the situation, Katherine. I shall thwart you in every step that leads to social ostracism and the damnation of your fair future. I want to save you from yourself. I should feel like a criminal if I didn't. Remember, you renounce everything when you disobey me!"

She touches a bell, and a lady's maid enters from an adjoining room.

"Marie, have our trunks and boxes packed immediately; we leave on the midnight express."

Katherine's eyes are on the clock: it lacks the hour by a minute.

Mrs. Van Keuren points to the room from which the maid entered.

"Leave the room!" she says sternly to her daughter. "I shall not permit you to hear this lunatic's *dedication!*" she cries, contemptuously.

"'Before Sunset' is mine," replies her daughter, passionately. "And when he has struck the last tone I shall throw myself in his arms, and he will restore to me all I shall have lost."

Music! Music such as Navrowski's is like the soul: it is beyond description!

"Shall these hours run down and say
No good thing of thee and me?
Time that made us and will slay
Laughs at love in me and thee;
But if here the flowers may see
One whole hour of amorous breath,
Time shall die, and love shall be
Lord as time was over death."

Ivan Navrowski was playing the harmony of all harmonies; he was interpreting "Before Sunset" as only the prince of the pianoforte could. His audience of two was spellbound; not only the note but the theme bade them wait for the *last tone*—the keynote of all harmonies.

Louder and louder soared the soul-cry, higher and higher soared the spirit of sound—"Lord as time was over death"—and with the *fortissimo,* a sharp report!

With a cry of despair Katherine forces the doors apart, and as she falls senseless to the floor a spiral wave of smoke drifts over her.

Mrs. Van Keuren kneels at her daughter's side. Her back is turned to the sickening sight, the lifeless form, hanging o'er the red, brain-bespattered keyboard of the still reverberating instrument.

"Thank God! thank God!" murmurs the mother, gently raising the unconscious girl, "it was *before sunset,* before departing day!"

WISDOM AND BACHELORS

By Grace G. Bostwick

WHEN a man speaketh not of a maid but dodgeth her name even as he dodgeth the tax assessors, be thou wary of him, for he knoweth what he thinketh, and it is not of the stock market.

When a man weareth his heart in sight, strewing sayings of his lady love as the spring streweth dandelions, watch him not for he will recover and quickly, from that which possesseth him.

When a man looketh to the cut of his hair that it be seemly; when he tryeth cravats as a robin the cherry tree, finding naught that pleaseth, returning at last to the first, which he tieth in innumerable knots, cursing fervently the while; when he seeketh the mirrors where they be and gazeth shamelessly therein with various and sundry expressions, smiling even as he gazeth; when he purchaseth a hair wash that preventeth baldness and when he letteth his cigar to go out; these be the signs whereby ye shall know that he is at last a victim to the inevitable—which is woman.

READY FOR THE FIRE BRAND.

THE BURNING GHATS OF INDIA

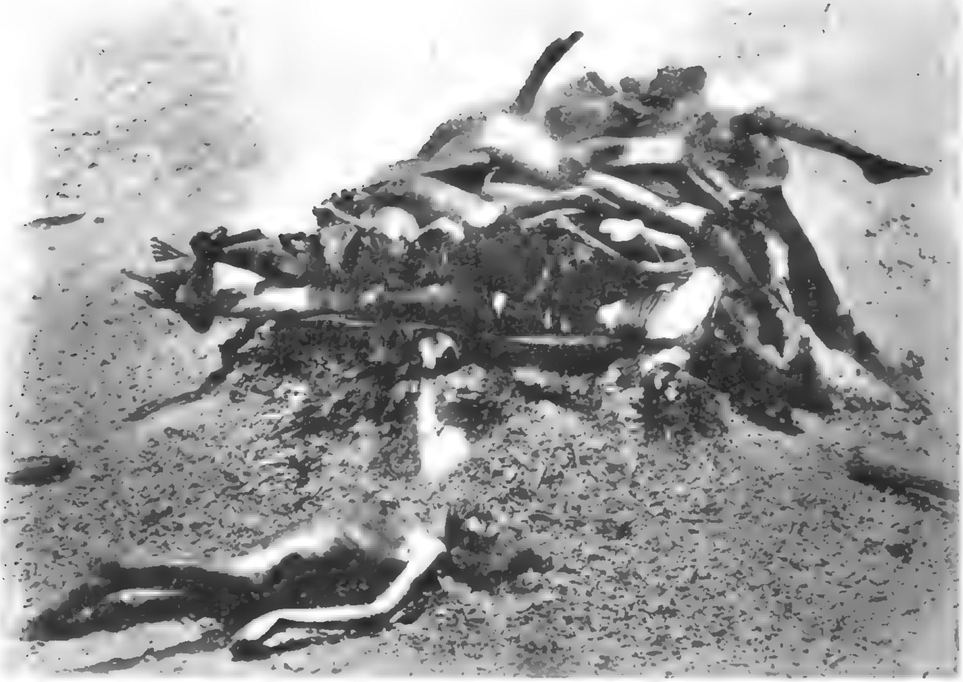
By Martha Nelson McCan

The Last Gruesome Rites of the Hindus Described and Photographed by an Eye-witness.

THE disposal of the dead is a problem which has confronted all nations, and all ages. Cremation as practiced in this country seems to many people the best form of reducing the human body, but to see cremation in all its horrors one must visit India and witness the last rites of the Hindus. The Hindus believe that the soul passes through eighty-four different species of animals before it reaches Heaven; in order to shorten this they make offerings to the gods. It is said their religion amounts to little more than the fear of demons, the loss of caste and of the priests. The different castes are very marked with the Hindus; great care must be taken not to eat food cooked by a man of inferior caste, and the castes are entirely separated by marriage. A sacred thread of cotton is worn by the higher castes. All who are not Hindus are regarded as outcasts, and travellers are warned not to touch any cooking or water-holding utensil belonging to a Hindu, nor to disturb them when at their meals, and not to approach any holy place if objection is made.

The water of the Ganges River is considered sacred, and the bathing in this with prayer will remove any possible loss of caste.

One of the great sights of India is a ride on the Ganges at Benares, in the morning any time between six and nine o'clock. Benares is the Holy City of the Hindus, and it is said that not less than one million pilgrims visit there every year to worship and bathe in the Ganges. We, with our faithful servant and guide, "Ameer Ali," took this trip up the river, and it was indeed a revelation. All along

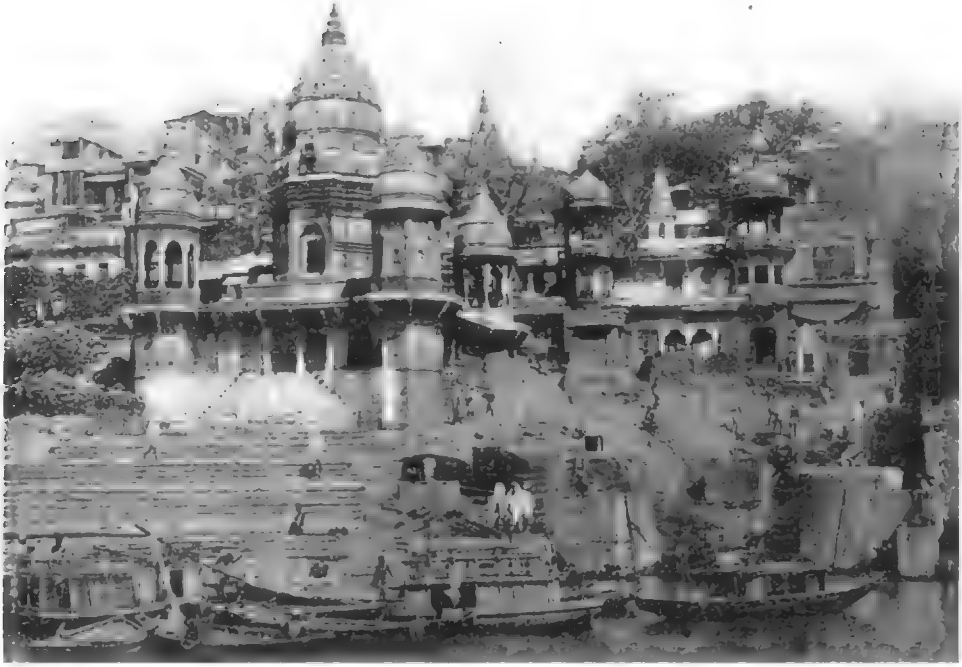


THE BURNING GHAT.

the river front are temples and palaces of the Hindus, in various states of dilapidation. As the current of the river varies so often and the banks are of soft clay, the buildings stand at many curious angles. From the top of the banks are long and many series of steps, which are called Bathing Ghats, and sitting at intervals on the various landing places are the priests, under big umbrellas, waiting for the offerings after the bath and to put the different caste marks on the foreheads of the people. All sexes and ages and all castes must bathe and pray here every day, and it is all done with that abandon to which a foreigner travelling in India must get accustomed. To show that it is not altogether religion, they embrace the opportunity to wash their clothes in the river, pounding them on the stones instead of rubbing them as we do.

In the early ages when the Ganges was considered sacred there was, of course, no city sewage pouring into it day and night, as is the case now. We saw some men bring down a dead cow and throw it in as we were going up the river. A short time afterward we saw something white floating by with a cloth around it and several large crows on top of the form, apparently eating. We asked Ameer, the guide, what it was, with a feeling of dread of the answer. He replied, quite carelessly: "Oh! somebody threw it away; they had no money to burn it." Only a Hindu pauper, but it made us shudder!

The next pleasant sight was the Burning Ghat, or where the Hindus cremate their dead. As we passed there were seven bodies brought. The women seemed to be tied onto two poles which formed a sort of a litter; if they are widows, they are encased in white cloth, which is evidently sewed about them; if they leave a husband, the cloth is red. The same thing is done with the young children, the only difference being the cloth is red and white striped. The very little babies they do not bother to burn, they simply throw them in the river. The



HINDU TEMPLE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

bodies as they came were taken to the river and wet with the sacred water of the Ganges. One old man who was clad in very poor clothes and not sewed in any cloth was treated with no ceremony whatever; his clothes were pulled off of him and he was fairly thrown on the pile of wood. I shall never forget the sight as he lay there with one leg protruding, and when they put the torch to the pile of wood it was too much for me.

This was as near as I came to the actual burning, but the following description was given me by my companion, who put his feelings aside and witnessed this truly awful method of disposing of the dead at closer range. There was no ceremony, no prayers, nothing pertaining to religion in any form connected with these last rites. With some of the bodies there were relatives, with others none; some of these stayed through the cremation, others left as soon as the body was put on the pile. The men are all burned naked, and their bodies greased with some sort of fat brought with them in their litter or bed. The pile, as it is called, was arranged in this manner. First long logs about the length of the body were laid upon the ground; across these, lying the opposite way, were placed smaller pieces of wood; again the long ones, then more short pieces, and on these the body, on top of which fine wood was laid; last of all, kindling and brushwood were pushed between the logs, then a brand of fire was brought from one of the other piles and the process of cremation was started.

The amount of wood used and the kind depends upon the wealth of the person. The very rich man or woman has sandalwood or rosewood and the smell of sandalwood burning, mingled with that of human flesh, is indeed horrible. There is one man whose business it is to keep the fires going, and who wears no clothes at all except a small cloth around his loins. He goes from one pile to another with a long pole poking the fires. This place is no doubt his home, as he was preparing his mid-day meal. He took a piece of goat meat, went to one of these fires, pushed

READY FOR CREMATION.

aside the cinders, buried his meat in the ashes, then put his little brass kettle filled with rice in the same fire. In the course of a short time the meat was roasted; he removed it. The rice, which he had simply warmed over, was ready. He sat calmly down and without any implements but his fingers devoured it with an evident relish.

The process of dissolution is almost too gruesome to describe, for the bodies roast, crack, turn brown, just as a chicken does in our ovens. After the cremation the ashes are thrown into the Ganges, just below the Burning Ghat. There were several men and women sifting the ashes and sand for any possible gold or silver that might have been left on the bodies. On our way back down the river I had time to think it all over, and did not wonder at the plague in India. The English Government has tried to suppress the drinking of this water, but any interference is greatly resented by the Hindus; in fact, they come for hundreds of miles on foot to bathe in and drink the water from the River Ganges.

WHEN LOVE DIED

By G. G. B.

"He is so small," she sobbed with tear-wet eyes,
"So little for the journey he must take,
Ah, leave him. Even I, who am world-wise,
Cannot endure the loneliness and ache."

"And he will yearn to come to me again
And sob and call across the sadd'ning years,
And stretch his hands toward me, all in vain,—
Dear Heart, hast thou no mercy? See his tears."

A WOMAN'S HEART

By Jean Mann

MISS CRAWFORD sat chin in palm in her easy chair at the window, an open letter lying in her lap, listlessly observing the large, glittering drops slowly patter down the window-pane and disappear. So she had sat for some time apparently watching the storm raging outside, and the few rain-soaked persons, compelled by some untoward fate to breast this inclement weather, pursue their weary way. Even when the wind, blowing fiercely aside everything that came in its path, unceremoniously turned inside out those umbrellas held up as shields by confiding owners, Miss Crawford's abstracted and fixed gaze was not altered in the least by any changing expression of either compassion or amusement. Still and silent she sat while the little gilt clock on the mantel ticked off the minutes and the canary in his cage began half-hearted attempts to sing and stopped when it mistress manifested neither interest nor responding animation.

A strong gust of wind rattled the window unusually loud and roused her somewhat from her absorbed reverie. She rose firmly clasping the letter and fastened the window more securely, then sank into the chair again with a weary sigh, smoothed the creases of the letter carefully, and read for the second time:—

"Dear Margie: Well, of all things strange and wonderful in this world, you certainly are it. You promised, yes, you did; I don't care what you say, it was as good as a promise, when you said that when the last school term was ended you thought you might give up your class in that great wicked city of New York, and come here to Middleton to teach school and help mother. I don't think you have a right to be so mean—you are mean, and you know it—so there! I know you left home for the purpose of paying that silly mortgage; I know it was very noble of you, nobody denies that, but as you have already paid the mortgage, I don't see why you don't come home and give me a chance to come to New York to have a good time and make money like you. It is so awfully dull here in this stupid hole, with its humdrum ways—the only sensible person here is Will. By the way, how long do you mean to keep Will waiting for you? Isn't he a fool for waiting six years for you already? Oh, you should see how tall and handsome he is? The handsomest man not only in Middleton, but in all Massachusetts, is Will. You should see what a darling of a moustache he has, and such grand curling hair! And he dresses like—like a Grecian god; you know what I mean—so elegantly. And he makes a bow so nice, and when he kisses you (you needn't become jealous here, for am I not as good as his sister-in-law already? —and one can kiss his sister-in-law I hope without every Dick, Tom and Harry having something to say), it is simply delicious—sends a thrill and all that over you, but you know this I bet. I almost envy you the kisses Will gave you—Oh, you needn't deny it, I know he did, because he told me so himself—they are so good. Dad and Mom says I ought to keep him at a respectable distance, that he is your promised husband, and all that stuff; but much they know. They are old-fashioned folk and have no idea how things are conducted nowadays; they think we ought to be as prudish as they were; but you don't mind, dear, do you? I know you don't, so I will go right on having a good time with Will.

"But say, Margie, do come home; I sing awfully nice, that is what other people say, of course; you wouldn't catch me say such a thing of myself, and I have heard that girls who can sing become prima donnas and marry millionaires and such glorious things on the stage in New York, so I think it a mean shame that I should waste my youth and talent here in Middleton washing dishes and sweeping floors while you teach in a silly old school and earn in a month what I could earn in a day if only you were not so selfish and gave me the opportunity. I don't want to complain but it is hard to put up with your selfishness. Come home, marry Will and keep house; I am surprised the dear fellow still wants you; you are an old maid—twenty-six, but he is such a noble creature and so self-sacricing, that no wonder! And then your last picture is not a bit like what I remember you. Mom cried when she saw it and said you were a shadow of yourself. (Pshaw, as if such a thing could be possible!) Dad like a cry baby put that everlasting red handkerchief to his eyes and said something about a "poor little girl" and a "heroine." Bosh! I agreed with Will when he said you were a fool and growing as ugly and thin as that old maid Jane Maria. Old maids always do become ugly and thin, you know, so come home and give me a chance to see the world too. You can teach in the village school before you marry Will, if you are so much in love with school-ma-aming and have made up your mind not to marry before thirty and make the poor, dear innocent soul miserable. I have determined to go upon the stage and become a queen like other girls, so you had better send in your resignation to that precious school of yours and come home. I hope you have enjoyed my letter, (Will says I write splendid, gossipy ones,) because I took great pains to make it interesting and I like my efforts to be appreciated. Pray don't forget to send me the money for that dream of a hat I wrote you about, you are all by yourself and don't need the things I do, so I can't see why you did not send me the money the first time I asked you for it. An old maid doesn't need so many things as a young girl of twenty. I am expecting the money and a letter saying you are going to get over your selfishness and let me have a chance to see something of real life, before next week, so don't disappoint me. With a bushel of kisses and love from everybody at home, I am, always your affectionate and wronged sister, ELIZABETH CRAWFORD.

Miss Crawford leaned back in her chair and put her hands to her aching temples. Why did this letter from Bess, harum-scarum Bess whom she had left as a wild hoyden of fourteen, six years ago climbing trees, and beating the boys whether at swimming, rowing or fighting, give her such acute pain? What does it mean? What is that unnamable fear tearing at her heart-strings? Nonsense, what folly is this? Bess is nothing but a child, only fourteen—but stay! Six years has passed since she waved her last good-by at Middleton Station, and Bess, little romping Bess is twenty now—a woman, and is thrilled by a kiss, Will's kiss, Will, the playmate of her childhood, the friend and companion of her youth, and her lover and affianced husband for six years, he whom she called her king and who had been her inspiration in her hard struggle to pay off the mortgage on the homestead, and put Dad, Mother and Bess in independent comfort before she married him and built a nest of her own.

Now, it was done. The mortgage was paid, a neat little sum which would insure the old folk a provision for the rest of their lives, lay safe and snug in the bank and Bess had been graduated from the training school for teachers and could teach, were it not for the mad ambition she had suddenly developed to go upon the stage. With a pang of bitterness she recollected how she had written and advised Bess to give up the stage idea, as the few triumphs the world hears of are more than counterbalanced by the hundreds of failures which are seldom heard or known. Bess's angry, contemptuous answer accused her of envy, hatred and narrow-mindedness and peremptorily demanded the money for the journey to New York, as come she would, even if she had to get Dad to mortgage the farm again to supply her needs, still rankled in her brain. She recalled her sister's taunt in agony, "When you wanted to go to New York, nobody stood in your way, only encouraged you; I only get advice upon advice from an envious sister who fears for her laurels."

She sighed wearily as before her mind

came the picture of Margaret Crawford of six years ago, reputed as the prettiest and brightest girl of Middleton. She too, like Bess, had longed for a career, she too had had visions of the world at her feet and its wealth at her command, but she had recognized her limitations and was contented to remain at home and teach in the little school where she had borne off all the honors, when the mortgage was about to fall due. Dad's rheumatism entirely disabled him and the little hoard put aside for a rainy day, not being replenished for some time, had already melted. Mother and Bess could do nothing, and the twenty-five dollars a month she got from the village school could not be made to go a long way. Then Will was poor and could not be burdened with a still poorer wife, so could she have done any better than leave home for New York where teachers were paid better salaries? True, Will had volunteered to go to New York and do something for her sake. But could she in justice have taken a mean advantage of the great-hearted creature's love? No, she had been quite right in refusing that sacrifice and telling him that his first duty was to his mother and home, that she would fight her own battle, and have him as the spur to success and the final reward of victory.

Thank God, the victory was at last hers after six long years of desperate fighting against heavy odds. She called back to memory those dark, dreary days when she had to convice the Board of Education of her ability to teach in the public schools of New York before she was granted a license, and when the hardly-won license was at last secured, how many weary days and days she had trudged from school to school before the permanent appointment came. How bitter and terrible had been her lonely, silent struggles in those early days. That long, horrible, never-to-be-forgotten night when she had fully determined to end it all rather than let them know at home of her miserable failure and desperate starving condition, would it ever cease to recur to her imagination with its torturing vividness? "Nil Desperandum!" she had cried to her agonized heart, "If I forget all else, I must remember him; he is waiting for me and I must not disappoint his trust! He would have endured this for me, and I must not be a coward and unworthy of my king." He was still her king—still the lover who had rained passionate kisses upon her lips when she went forth on her self-imposed task, even though his letters had become less frequent and a degree less ardent; even though "My dearly beloved Queen," was often substituted by the curt "Dear Margaret." It had hurt her, cut her to the soul, to have the lover-like endearing terms gradually disappear. Yesterday she had become almost delirious in her pain at Will's last letter. "Selfish, selfish!" she had screamed in the bitter anguish of her heart, and when the thought suddenly struck her that it was her king whom she called selfish, sorrow and contrition still rent her conscience-stricken heart. Yet now though she was calmer, the thought still would come—was she wholly mistaken? Was that unjust accusation really made without cause? She would look at the letter again and convince herself once and for all that it was her overwrought imagination and nothing more that gave her such dreadful agony, not the strange, unjust fancies of Will that dared intrude upon her.

She went quickly to the drawer where lay a neatly bound pile of mail, and grasped the foremost letter with feverish eagerness. Her eyes glittered and her hands trembled, as pacing the floor to and fro, she read again:

"Dear Margaret: I do wish you would be more considerate in your demands. You must imagine that I have nothing to do but to write your letters; two letters a month are enough for any sane person; of course it was different in the old days when we were both young fools, now you ought to know better and have more sense. And, then, what have I to write? Did I not write you several times that the farm was doing well and that I would be glad to welcome you home? What more can I say, and what more can you require? I have sacrificed much for you and am still sacrificing. How many men do you think would wait for a girl six years and over? And I could have the pick of Middleton, too. And as you can see, my picture does not show my age as yours does, neither am I becoming as thin as old maid Jane Maria. So what do you want me to do? I am doing all I can and have I not done enough? Do be reasonable and if you must write, write nice gossipy letters like Bess. By the way, you wouldn't recognize Bess if you saw her. She is growing prettier every day, and smart! Nothing like it! You're not in it with her; her only fault is that she is stage-struck, but I'll argue her out of it, though I think she would win wherever she went; still Middleton cannot spare the dear little girl, so I will drive that nonsense out of her sweet curly head. You might try that principal position they offer you for a while. You cannot have too much money and you have doubtless come over all homesickness by this time, so if you persist in staying away longer, why we will all have to bear it heroically I suppose. Now do be good and don't expect impossibilities any more. You know I love you, so try to be content. Mother sends her love, and, of course, so do I. Ever faithfully your "WILL."

She paused in her walk and stared blankly around the room, then went to the mantel, took two photographs from it and stepped to the mirror. Here she scrutinized the pictures narrowly. One represented a young man of about twenty-seven, well-developed, handsome and in the full flush of manhood; the other, a young girl with a round face in which the eyes smiled and the mouth dimpled; altogether a very pretty, roguish and happy face, such as only freedom from care and enjoyment of life can make. "The years have passed for his benefit," she soliloquized, "he is more manly and handsome; her they have changed from child to woman; let me see, what have they done for me?" She looked at herself in the glass with eyes pitiless in their criticism, and saw herself as never before in six years. The figure revealed seemed shorter than the one Margaret Crawford saw in the glass six years ago. It seemed shrunken; the curve of the cheek had given way to a sallow line and the bloom of the rose was supplanted by a deep pallor; even the luxuriant hair looked lifeless and dry. She turned from the unflattering reflection with despair clutching at her heart. "I should have known," she moaned, "I should have known that where men develop into maturity and greater strength with the years, women but fade and lose." She laughed to herself hysterically. "Old maid Jane Maria, you are not alone in your distinction; old maid Margaret Crawford disputes your laurels. Oh, what selfishness! My God! how can I bear it? Still—oh, no, no—he has not changed; he is the same as ever, only nobler, handsomer. It is I,—I who have changed for the worse. I wonder whether my mind has kept pace with my body; it must have become as stunted and ugly, else would I call Will, my noble Will, who offered to work for me and mine, selfish? It is my fault, all my fault; had I any right to keep a man waiting and pining for me six years? No wonder he is growing impatient! Yet how kind of him to let me accept that principalship if I want ; he is still my generous, large-souled Will; how could I—how dared I doubt him? But no! I have had enough of money-making; all I started out to get, I have; thank God that I have still enough of my youth left to make Will happy. He will never regret, my king, having served for his beloved Rachel; I shall resign my position at once and make arrangements for Bess to fulfil her ambition, then off for home——"

At the thought of home her pulse quickened and her eye brightened. Yes, she would write the resignation and the letters home immediately, before she had time to change her mind at the thought that it was not quite wise to resign three months before the summer vacation. She considered the teacher's usual lonely life if away from relatives and friends, and her heart swelled with pity for those of her sisters who, less fortunate than she, had no home or a faithful Will to look forward to. Her work was done, so why wait longer? Her days of pitiful little economies and self-sacrifices to save money were over, and now for the reward of the happiness she had dreamed of for six years. Why delay it? Whoever delayed happiness without regret——?

She hesitated no more, but with lightning rapidity got writing materials and wrote. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the moving of the pen over the paper. The letters were finished at last—five of them—and she breathed a sigh of relief. The one to Dad told of the comfortable little sum that would soon be transferred to him, and prepared him for his daughter's home-coming. Mother's letter said that big, staid Margaret was coming home again to be made into little Margie, to re-learn how to bake bread and make pies and keep house. The letter to Bess advised the girl to reconsider her determination to come to New York, but if upon earnest reflection, her decision was final, arrangements would be made by which she could have her wish; this letter contained a crisp ten-dollar note. Will's letter was passionate in its words of love, gratitude and promise of happiness for the future, and asked him—only him—to meet "his ever devoted Margaret," at the station they had parted at six years ago. The last letter was terse and business-like; Miss Crawford thanked the Board of Education for its offer of promotion, but force of circumstances prevented her taking advantage of it, and also to her deep regret, compelled her to resign the position of teacher.

She closed and stamped the letters carefully, tidied her hair and dress and, though the rain still fell in torrents, prepared to go out. Those precious letters must be mailed by herself, and at once; nobody could be trusted with them. She hastily donned hat and raincoat, paying no attention to the fact that the coat had not dried where it hung in limp, wet folds upon the back of a chair, and was still dripping water, and left the room with hasty steps.

At the foot of the stairs, she almost ran into a child. The tiny creature was beginning to climb the long flight of steps, and Miss Crawford stopped to see whether she was hurt. "You little darling," she whispered, clasping the child tightly to her breast and kissing the soft, sweet baby face, "have I hurt you. The child was apparently accustomed to vehement embraces from this source, for she took the hugging quite philosophically, and the moment her curly head was released, calmly drew out something white from somewheres in her blouse, and lisped, "Mammie gib me to gib Mees Trawfor."

Wonderingly Miss Crawford took the two letters held out to her. From whom could they be? She leaned over the balustrade and held them under the light. An exclamation of surprise escaped her as she recognized Will's and Bess' handwriting. What could that mean? They never before had written her without waiting for an answer to their letters, and only twenty-four hours after she had received their earlier communications — what did it betoken? Could something have happened at home? A sense of impending calamity, she dared not think what, gripped her heart, and she forgot the child as she flew up the stairs, flung open the door of her room, instinctively found a match and turned on the gas. Then in her wraps and with the five letters she had written unconsciously tucked under her arm, she tore open Will's letter and read:

"Dear Sister Margaret——"

Sister! She must have opened Bess' letter first. Yet it was Will's bold, clear handwriting that seemed to burn its characters into her brain. She looked at the signature—No, it was Will's. She forced her eyes to look again.

"Dear Sister Margaret——"

There it stood legible and distinct without possibility of error. She grasped a chair to keep from falling, but exerted all her will power and read further:

"Congratulate me, dear. Bess has consented to give up the stage in my favor. Can you understand why? She has promised, the darling, to be my wife. That is all the sweet story, and we hasten to acquaint you with it, that you may find pleasure in our happiness and rejoice with us. Of course you know, dear, that nothing was possible between you and me; a woman of genius was never meant to be a wife, especially to such an ordinary fellow as I am. You, like the clever thing you are, of course saw this, and not to hurt my feelings, which you know are very sensitive, kept away from me. At first I was raving angry, but now I understand the nobility of your character and assure you of my full pardon. Bess just suits me, and my dearest says I just suit her, so you can be assured of our happiness. Your father and mother are the only dampers to our heavenly delight. They are such old-fashioned folks, they cannot see things in a modern, civilized light, and so refuse their consent, thereby making both of us miserable, which I am sure you will agree is very wrong of them, and that they have no right to do. And when we are so happy, too! But if you will write to them, explaining that it is all your fault, they will be sensible. It is really a duty you owe to Bess and me not to be selfish and explain things. You will not be selfish, dearest, will you? Bess and I expect to be married in about three months, and we would be so glad if you would come down to spend your summer vacation with us. You know you wrote me that you intended not to work during this vacation, so Bess and I hope to have you witness our happiness. You will come, dearest, won't you? We will be so glad to welcome you home again. I hope you will find somebody worthy of you, and I trust you will write at once and explain things to your parents. You are really to blame, you know, not we—Bess and I. Hoping you will find time to do this immediately, I remain, as ever,

"Your affectionate,

"WILL."

Bess' letter slipped unread and unheeded to the floor.

An hour later while five letters were burning merrily, four newly written letters on which the ink was still wet, were posted at the street corner by a young woman with a very pale face and tightly drawn lips. One addressed to the Board of Education informed the Board that Miss Crawford would be glad to accept the principalship of the Irving Place Grammar School; another to Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Crawford gave good and sufficient reasons why they should not object to the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth to Mr. William Kent, and requested that they do their daughter Margaret the favor to sanction the engagement of the young people, as it was entirely in accord with her desires and would please her greatly. A letter to Miss Elizabeth Crawford contained a ten-dollar note, and was profuse in its congratulations and good wishes; the other to Mr. William Kent was coached in the most congratulatory terms, and thanked him for his thoughtfulness, kindnesses and six years of patient sacrifices, in return for which the writer would make it her business to see that naught stood in the way of his happiness.

WOMANHOOD

By Mabel A. Potter

"Let me but give to you infinite bliss,"
Smiling, said Love to a woman one day.
Hesitant eyes she upraised unto his,
"What will it cost?" she began to say.
"The price?" he replied, "the price dismiss,
Better not know, for 'tis cruel alway."

Pleading, insistent, the woman's own heart
Begged for the joy and would not take nay.
This she must have and the cost stand apart.
Bowed she her head then in woman's brave way,
List'ning the echo that flew with Love's dart,
"Infinite pain is the price you will pay."

LOUIS HARRISON AS "DICK DEADEYE" AND VIRGINIA EARLE AS "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER" IN PINAFORE.

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

Illustrated with photographs of players and scenes from plays

THERE is one consolation for the struggling playwright, which is, that when he is recognized at all he is recognized "a whole lot," to borrow a Wolfville expression. Paul Armstrong, who wrote "The Heir to the Hoorah," finds himself almost stared out of countenance by managerial recognition. When first he entered on the arduous task of trying to get his play staged, the dramatist found his work scorned by every producing manager on Broadway.

He was not astonished. He had been through it all before. Some of the managers glanced casually over the manuscript themselves. Others turned it over to their "readers," who yawned over it after noting that it was by a new man, and languidly directed the office boy to "roll that up for return, and write 'Paul Armstrong' on the wrapper." One or

A SCENE FROM "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH," THE AMERICAN SUCCESS TO BE PRODUCED IN LONDON.

two managers gave it to their wives to read, flattering the ladies by agreeing with them when they shook their heads with a superior smile after reading an act or two. In some offices it never was opened at all. In others it was locked up in safes and mislaid for weeks. In a word, it went through the usual experience of a manuscript by a dramatist who had not yet won his spurs, dozens of managers and stars repeating that musty old lie: "I read carefully every play sent to me, in the hope of coming across something really worth putting on," and never "batting an eye."

So it went. The great managers, with their unerring judgment, could not discern anything in "The Heir to the Hoorah," and the manuscript was becoming more dog's eared and disreputable every day. Then it fell into the hands of the late Kirke La Shelle—for the second time, I have been told. The persistence of the author, with possibly the glint of some specially bright incident or speech here and there which had escaped his eye at the first reading, prevailed on the manager. At all events, he produced the play, and—it is still running in New York, in the dog days. This rough-hewn Western stage story, with its boisterous comedy and ruthless kicking aside of the traditions of the tea-and-toast drama, proved to be one of the few decided hits of the year. It is announced that the comedy will be presented in London next season—probably with the present cast.

Among the actors who had to wait for some time before their peculiar fitness for certain parts was recognized are Thomas W. Ross, who found a congenial role as "Checkers," and Lawrance D'Orsay, who

A LITTLE JITSU IN "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH."

was just an ordinary actor until Augustus Thomas fitted him with a star part in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Now Ross, after showing that he could make a rather tenuous comedy successful by his clever rendering of the leading part, has been snapped up by the voracious Charles B. Dillingham, just as his "Checkers" managers were about to offer him a new five years' contract, while Lawrance D'Orsay, turned loose by the death of Kirke La Shelle, his original manager, has been taken up by Daniel Frohman, and will be exploited in a new play by Augustus Thomas, "The Embassy Ball." Ross's new play is "A Fair Exchange," by Henry M. Blossom.

Talking about tardy recognition, just

Photo by Gilbert Bacon.

KATHRYN PEARL.

think what a hard time Thomas himself had, years ago, before the late A. M. Palmer took "Alabama" from a shelf in his office in Wallack's theatre (or Palmer's, as it was then called), and, after dusting it off, dubiously placed it in rehearsal to fill a gap made by the ghastly failure of another play by some well-known author. Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Palmer, "Alabama" made a hit, and a few days after its first production Augustus Thomas was pestered by managers and stars to write new plays for them as good as "Alabama." He did as well as he could, one of the best bits of work by him of that period being "In Mizzoura," in which Nat Goodwin starred for some seasons, and which is still earning cakes and ale for the author in stock companies. To-day, Augustus Thomas is the most popular dramatist America has produced, one of the big successes of last winter, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," being by him.

Photo by Hall.

VIOLET PEARL.

Then there is C. S. McLellan, who, under his pen-name of "Hugh Morton," wrote a number of musical skits for the Casino eight or ten years ago, "The Belle of New York" among them. His "Leah Kleschna," which no manager could see as a hopeful offering until Mrs. Fiske took it up, has been the cause of nearly a riot since it made its big hit. Three or four managers wanted it for London, but Charles Frohman got it, after the usual fight when anything valuable is thrown into the theatrical maelstrom. Two companies will play it in different parts of Great Britain next winter.

McLellan has come so much into the limelight by the success of "Leah Kleschna," that there is a revived interest in his stage work of all kinds, and he has written the libretto of a musical comedy on the style of those he used to do, with his old partner, Gus Kerker, providing

CORINNE UZZELL AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM AERIAL THEATRE.

the score. Its title is "The Butterfly of Fashion," and it will be presented in New York by Klaw & Erlanger early in October.

As one looks along the stretch of Broadway, between Herald Square and Fiftieth street—the present Metropolitan "Rialto"—one may wonder what has become of all the theatrical folks who are wont to stroll along that thoroughfare at all seasons of the year. Even along Forty-second street, where there are seven theatres in one block, you do not see many familiar faces just now.

Where are the prominent managers, the stars, and even a large percentage of the smaller fry of actors and actresses? Certainly they are not promenading the walk or troubling the agencies and managers' assistants very much. But then, it must be remembered that this is written about the 15th of July. There will be a

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
CORINNE AS "BUTTERCUP" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM.

different story to tell by the middle of August.

While I cannot say where all the well-known theatrical folks are, it is the fact that many of them are in Europe. It is said nowadays that the New York "Rialto" goes over bodily to the Strand every summer, and that you can meet nearly everybody there whom you are used to see meandering past the Knickerbocker theatre at other times in the year.

Here are a few of the theatrical celebrities who are on the other side of the Atlantic: Charles Frohman, with his retinue, are in London and Paris, with the chief occasionally running over to Berlin, or Vienna, or some small town on the Continent when he hears of something he may want. He may be in New York before the first of August, however. George Tyler, of Liebler & Co., Charles B. Dillingham, Marc Klaw, Daniel Frohman, Joseph Weber, Florenz Ziegfeld,

SING-SONG GIRLS IN "THE SHO-GUN."

LOUIS MORRISON AS OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

and William A. Brady are other managers who have been spending most of the summer "on the other side." They have been scattered all over Europe, although their headquarters naturally have been in London.

When Charles Frohman reaches New York he will make his annual announcement of his intentions as a producer, and then it can all be told in orderly fashion. The same with other managers. Meanwhile, scraps of information of various kinds have been given to the world, and here they are, just as they have come to hand.

Edna May will open at Daly's with her new musical comedy, "The Catch of the Season." She is in Paris getting new dresses, but means to rest a little while in Canada before beginning rehearsals. These prima donnas do get so tired, you know—after they have "arrived." Her principal comedians will be Fred Wright and Fred Soutar.

Ethel Barrymore, who is in England, visiting duchesses and things, will play "Sunday" for a few weeks at the beginning of her season here, and will then be put forth in J. M. Barrie's latest offering, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which has been successful in London. Barrie is a whimsical genius. Who but he would

Photo by Morrison.

MISS ALICE LOMION, LEADING LADY WITH E. S. WILLARD.

ever have hit on such a queer title? It is as funny a name for a play as was the "Little Mary" for a subject in his comedy of that title. By the way, "Little Mary" was a success in London, and a frost in New York. It is to be hoped there is no parallel significance in this affecting "Alice"—er—and all the rest of it.

William H. Crane, who is in Europe, will be seen in an American comedy, called "An American Lord." It was supposed at first that he would appear as old Gorgon Graham, in a dramatization of George Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which Paul Potter, in Paris, has just completed. But Mr. Crane has not been an actor for nearly half a century for nothing. He knows when he has a failure, and he admits that he never had a more dismal one on his hands than "Business is Business," in spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of playgoers went to see it—because Mr. Crane was in the leading role. So he will have no Gorgon Graham this time. He is always agreeable in a comedy of true American life and manners. Why does he not try to get another "Brother John"?

William Gillette, last heard of taking baths at Carslbad, with Mr. Crane, has written a new play, "Clarice," in which

VIRGIE WARE IN "THE BAD SAMARITAN.

Ada Dwyer will play the title role, an old black mammy. Miss Marie Doro, who was killed by a bad English comedy in New York last winter, will be the heroine of "Clarice." This play is the first original one Gillette has written since "Secret Service," nearly a decade ago.

Miss Virginia Harned, who wept through "The Lady Shore"—as ghastly a failure as poor Jane Shore appeared to be in the last act—will have a drama by Henry Arthur Jones for the coming season something on the lines of "The Dancing Girl." She has been in London ever since the closing of "Trilby," consulting with Mr. Jones. Miss Harned showed, as Trilby, that she is as youthful and full of charm as ever, and if Henry Arthur can only give her something really worthy, she may make us forget "The Lady Shore" before Christmas. She will open in her new play in New York, at the Hudson, on October 15th, it is announced. The author will come over to America to stage the play. Perhaps that will be an advantage, but I don't know.

We shall have Maude Adams as a boy again next winter. She is in London, in confab with J. M. Barrie over his fairy play, "Peter Pan," which will be her new offering in New York. It is said that

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MAY LESLIE, OF "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND CO.," WHO IS SAID TO BE THE INTENDED BRIDE OF CHARLES ROGERS, SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BORDEN CONDENSED MILK CO.

Barrie has written this piece in his happiest vein. If he has, we may hope to welcome Miss Adams in another real triumph.

John Drew is in London. He will have a play from the pen of Augustus Thomas. That is all I know about it.

W. N. Lawrence, who, since he assumed the management of the Madison Square theatre, has proved that he has a sure touch in the selection of plays, making a success of everything he has put on so far, has decided to open the fall season at his theatre with a comedy by E. H. Peple, called "The Prince Chap." The "Chap" made a hit as a novel. Following this will be a dramatization of Harold McGrath's novel, "The Man on the Box," by Grace Livingston Furniss, and then Cyrus Townsend Brady's "A Corner in Coffee."

Eleanor Robson, with her mother, Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, has been in London most of the summer. Miss Robson has been doing "Merely Mary Ann" long enough, she and her managers think so she will have a comedy by Bernard Shaw (What has became of the Shaw

MARIE WALSH, OF "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN CO," WHO HAS JUST MADE HER DEBUT IN VAUDEVILLE.

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.
STELLA MAYHEW AT NEW AMSTERDAM AERIAL THEATRE.

"G"?), and will show us what is her conception of a Salvation Army lassie. The only other person who ever tried seriously to make a Salvation Army girl a stage heroine, Edna May, found the role a fortunate one, for it lifted her from the chorus into stardom.

Bernard Shaw will be much in evidence here next winter. Besides Arnold Daly, who has the rights to a number of Shaw plays, and who will produce "John Bull's Other Island," there will be Robert Loraine, in "Man and Superman," James J. Corbett, in "Roland Cashel's Profession," and Miss Robson in her comedy, which may be called "A Salvation Army Lassie," although I do not believe that is quite decided.

And to think that, three or four years ago, no one would touch a Shaw play on this side of the ocean—except Richard Mansfield, who is a law unto himself.

We are to have Olga Nethersole with us again in October. She will do an adaptation of "Le Dedale" ("The Labyrinth"), which has pleased Paris, and will

BESSIE DE VOIE, WHO WILL PLAY THE PRINCIPAL ROLE WITH "ROGERS BROS. IN IRELAND."

also revive "Carmen," "Denise," "Magda," "Camille" and "Sapho." Her leading man will be Hamilton Revelle. You remember Revelle. He was the hero who used to carry the palpitating Sapho up the staircase when Miss Nethersole impersonated this decidedly warm Clyde Fitch lady from the French in New York, a few years ago. Revelle is a good actor on general principles, aside from his athleticism.

Maxine Elliott, who has established herself as a favorite in London, as well as in America, in "Her Own Way," will begin her New York season at the Criterion theatre, on the 4th of September, in a new comedy by Clyde Fitch, called "My Girl Joe." Mr. Fitch was the author of "Her Own Way," so it is only natural that he should be chosen to provide Miss Elliott's new vehicle. He writes painful failures now and then, but he usually

MYRA DAVIS IN GEO. ADE'S COMEDY, "THE BAD SAMARITAN."

scores at least one smashing success every year.

Fritzi Scheff, who suffered for lack of a good comic opera last winter, will try it now in a new one, entitled "Mlle. Modiste." Henry M. Blossom, who wrote "Checkers," will provide the libretto, with Victor Herbert furnishing the score. Miss Scheff is a favorite in the United States personally, but it was sad to see her struggling with inadequate new productions or revivals of old operas, and finding her greatest satisfaction in old-fashioned "Fatinitza." Young Mr. Blossom has done a lot of good stage work in the last two or three years, so, with his "book," and Victor's Herbert's music, Fritzi Scheff has hopes of a better season than last.

Lulu Glaser has Harry B. Smith getting up her new opera, and she will open in it at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, on September 4th, according to official announcement.

It seems to be uncertain what play Grace George will have when she begins her New York season. "Abigail" was not entirely satisfactory, and she will not use it again. She and her husband and manager, W. A. Brady, are understood to have concluded the purchase of the dramatic rights of Mrs. Humphhy Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," while in London.

Charles Emerson Cook, long connected with David Belasco, has found time to write an opera, which F. C. Whitney will produce, with Lillian Blauvelt as the star, called "The Rose of the Alhambra." Mr. Cook spent some time this summer in Spain, to absorb some local color for his work.

Klaw & Erlanger will make a number of new productions the coming fall and winter, besides continuing the perennial "Ben Hur" and "Humpty-Dumpty." Here are some of the firm's announcements: The Drury Lane spectacle, "The White Cat," with 400 people in the cast, will be at the New Amsterdam theatre about Christmas. The Rogers Brothers have a new skit, by John J. McNally, "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland." McNally has written another comedy, "In Tammany Hall," in which Joseph Cawthorne will star. McIntyre and Heath will appear in a spectacular farce-comedy by George V. Hobart, "The Ham Tree."

"The Duchess of Dantzic" will be sung through the country, having been seen and heard for four months in New York, and another opera of the same character, "Veronique," will be produced. These are both from London. A big Klaw & Erlanger spectacle will be "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," the book and lyrics by Paul West and W. W. Denslow, and music by John W. Bratton. J. I. C. Clarke's version of "A Prince of India," by the late General Lew Wallace, will be produced in the course of the winter. Also Marion Crawford's new play, "By the Waters of Babylon."

James K. Hackett, who with Mrs. Hackett (Mary Mannering) has been spending the summer in Europe, saw a performance in London of the drama he will do this next winter. It is "The Walls of Jericho." Mr. Hackett was delighted, regarding it as the best play of its kind since "The Banker's Daughter." I believe Miss Mannering will be Mr. Hackett's leading lady—or, rather, co-star.

There is a great deal of contradictory gossip about the professional intentions of David Bispham this year. It has been reported that Charles Klein is writing a serious play for him called "The Buffoon," in which he can render a few songs. Another story is that Mr. Bispham will go into opera again, and still another that he will sing principally in concert, as he did last winter. I suppose the truth is that Mr. Bispham has not yet made up his mind. He is wealthy and famous enough to do about as he pleases, anyhow.

Hall Caine's new play, "The Prodigal Son," will be one of the important New York productions of the fall, under the direction of Liebler & Co. Mr. Caine regards all his plays as important, of course. You remember "The Eternal City"? You recall what a magnificent stage production it enjoyed, and, from a literary and dramatic point of view, what poor stuff it was? Still, Hall Caine can write popular plays. Look at "The Christian." Then, "The Eeternal City" has made a lot of money for its author, as well as the managers. So what's the use?

True merit in a play? Pish! What about Theodore Kremer, who is dangerously near being a millionaire?

Talking about Kremer,there was a funny burst of haughty indignation from Clyde Fitch in print not long ago. Fitch denied, solemnly and officially, that he "had ever collaborated with Theodore Kremer, was collaborating with him, or had any intention of ever doing so." Kremer smiled comfortably, and went on turning out blood-and-thunder melodramas at the rate of two a week, as usual.

Raymond Hitchcock,after making himself one of the most popular of comic opera comedians, must needs try his hand in another line of work, like most stage people who have been successful in some particular field. Yet, why not? Hitchcock is a bright fellow, and there is no reason why he should not be acceptable without a background of bespangled pretty girls. At all events, he is about to try it. He will appear at Wallack's in September in a bucolic comedy, by Edward E. Kidder, entitled, "Easy Dawson." The scenes are laid in a village called Hackney, in New York State, near Auburn, where Hitchcock was born, and his character is Rip Dawson, foreman of the fire company, and generally a big man in town. I fancy I can see some general likeness to "The County Chairman" in

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio.

SUE STUART.

all this. If "Easy Dawson" is as good as the "Chairman," then we have nothing censorious to say to Raymond Hitchcock for deserting "The Yankee Consul."

George Ade has evolved a new comedy, called "The Bad Samaritan," which will have its première in Washington, and then be brought to the Garden Theatre, in New York, in the hope that it will prove a worthy successor to "The College Widow."

Henry W. Savage, who will be the producer of "Easy Dawson" and "The

Bad Samaritan," will have a number of other enterprises, including English grand opera, "Parsifal" in English, all his offerings of last season, and a new play or two as the winter goes along. "The Valkyrie" will be Mr. Savage's most ambitious grand opera in all probability.

Bertha Kalish, who created a sensation in "Fedora," at the American Theatre, late in the spring, after being an important figure on the Yiddish stage for years, will now be under the direction of Harrison Grey Fiske, I understand. If so, he will put her forward in a series of strong character rôles such as are supplied by Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and other writers of that impressive school.

The roof gardens are enjoying a fair measure of prosperity, and will last until the real cool weather comes. "The Rollicking Girl" and "Fantana" have continued to draw large audiences at the Herald Square and Lyric theatres respectively, without a break, but Frank Daniels, with "Sergeant Brue," retired from the Knickerbocker for a very short vacation.

There has been no lack of amusement throughout the summer, even without many theatres open.

The Hippodrome has been closed. It did not seem to be able to stand the hot weather as well as was hoped; but it will reopen early in the autumn with a lot of new entertainment.

But what of all that? Go to Coney Island, and you will see that everything is breezing there, with all managers of entertainments hopeful of having a good average season, in spite of the cold and wet weather in June. The "Boer War" has been doing well at Brighton Beach, while the various catch-penny contrivances for making the jaded theatre-goer forget himself through the heated term have fulfilled well their mission.

Now let us draw a long breath, preparatory to the breaking out of Broadway theatricals, for they will most of them be with us in September—good, bad and indifferent.

UNCERTAINTY

By Clarence Cary

The wheel of fortune turns 'round and 'round,
Each one of us to a spoke is bound;
And where is the man who can safely boast,
That he will to-morrow be uppermost?

The scales of life sway up and down,
The world will laugh and the world will frown;
So the wisest of men can only guess
That his best venture will be a success.

The tides of chance flow out and in,
We all stand waiting a prize to win;
But who can tell the day before,
What to-morrow's drift will bring to shore?

And thus the cycles of time roll by,
Nothing is sure but that man must die;
No mortal may know this side the dark wave,
What will be the to-morrow after the grave.

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio.
JACOB ADLER, THE YIDDISH ACTOR, WHOSE RENDITION OF SHYLOCK WAS A FEATURE OF THE PAST SEASON.

THE JEW OF THE DRAMA

By Jacob Adler

The Distinguished Yiddish Actor

THE Jew of the drama is a purely dramatic fabrication—a highly colored and effective creation of bloodthirstiness and sordid greed, put together and interpreted to tickle the traditions of a theatre-going public. He is an individual, a man who exacts his pound of flesh in a business transaction; an unnatural father who loves his ducats better than his daughter. This anomaly belongs to all times and all races, but dramatic tradition places the ill-fitting mantle upon the Jew; and there it hangs, torn to tatters by the passionate genius of the great and bedraggled in the mire by the mediocre.

But there is another and nobler Jew—the type of the chosen race—the type of the oppressed seeking deliverance from the oppressor—the type of the wronged demanding justice from the All Just. He is the Hebrew of the Old Testament whose written page of steadfast faith and indomitable hope in the God of Abraham and Jacob is far older than the annals of the histrionic. This Jew is a living fact. He is rarely, if ever, presented upon the fictitious world of the stage.

The first, and perhaps the only great Jew of the drama, was created by that Titan of playwrights, William Shakespeare. I doubt if Shakespeare had ever personally encountered or exchanged words with a Jew; but he had absorbed and assimilated the dramatic possibilities of the hated money lender of his time. His drastic genius imagined the Merchant of Venice, but his inspired pen gave the world Shylock—the man of his race demanding justice for his people from the Gentile. The genius of Shakespeare wrought better than he knew. It burst the boundaries of his century, annihilated the limitations of the English Gentile and gave us the type of a race who, in a glorious outburst of eloquence, cries in the great speech of the third act:

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as the Christian is?"

After this speech it seems to me the intent of the drama changes. Shakespeare, impelled by the purifying fires of a divine afflatus, no longer treats of the Merchant of Venice as the grasping, cringing, murderous individual, but of Shylock, the type of a hounded race tricked to its own undoing by the wit of a Portia and the cunning of a Gratiano.

I recall the first time I witnessed a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in one of the playhouses of Odessa, my native city. I was an impressionable lad of about sixteen, and I left the theatre my blood boiling with righteous indignation over the arch-fiendishness of the money lender. If the veil of the future could have been rent at that moment, the young Jewish boy would have beheld a miracle that to him would have been no less astounding than the bursting forth into blossom of the barren rod of Aaron.

He would have seen himself in the full years of his life, an actor not unknown to his own people, upon an American stage and before an American audience, impersonating the same rôle; but a new Shylock—the Shylock of the race—the Shylock of universal brotherhood. It has been my privilege to present this new phase of our people upon the English-speaking stage, and I admit with reverence for the all-comprehensive genius of the author, that I was able to give this new interpretation, not by any distortion of the lines, but by a mere attitude of conviction and intent. It is my dream to present the Shylock of the race upon the Russian stage before an anti-Semitic audience. I dream that I could move hearts to a better and more tender understanding of the wrongs inflicted upon our people. I dream that perhaps because of this Shylock, who totters feebly, but proudly, from the hall of justice, robbed of his daughter, his fortune and even the God of his fathers, the Gentile would call out in a mighty voice of remorse, "Return, Shylock—return and forgive!" And then in my vision I behold the furrowed, trembling hand of the old man grasp the extended hand of Bassanio in a clasp of reconciliation.

It was a love of my race, awakened in my soul by the singing of our mournful songs in the tabernacle, that indirectly was the cause of my going upon the stage. From my earliest childhood these chants, calling upon high for freedom, for justice, for vengeance, stirred me strangely with a vague sense of helplessness and impending doom. When I reached manhood the idea came to me that the most forcible and quickest method of gaining a hearing for our national slavery was through the stage.

Although a young man of barely twenty-one, I occupied a position of some importance as a patron of the drama. I was the leader of a band of self-constituted dramatic critics who frequented every performance of note and whose approval or disapproval were given with all the vehemence and cruelty of self-opinionated youth.

I remember that there was a certain talented young actress whose simple and realistic art pleased us mightily. She was comparatively unknown and in one of our secret conferences we determined to make her famous. Night after night we applauded her big scenes. With untiring devotion we recalled her after the fall of the curtain. We presented her with huge floral trophies. We clubbed together and laid a golden laurel wreath at her feet when the season closed. The result was a triumph for her art and our youthful ingenuity. She was recognized eventually as one of the greatest actresses on the Russian stage.

It was at this time I frequented the society of a very beautiful and charming actress. We were frequently seen together on various public occasions, and yet it was noted with amazement that when I attended the theatre at which she was playing, both I and the band of young men whom I led, sat ostentatiously silent and indifferent. I am quite sure we overacted our rôles of dramatic connoisseurs, but we were very much in earnest and brutally young.

The time came when she reproached me with bitter tears and lamentations for my apparent cruelty and favoritism. I shall never forget my reply; it was untinged by the slightest vestige of kindness or palliation. I blush with shame as I recall my savage frankness.

"Madame," I replied, "as a woman you are charming and have won my devotion and admiration. As an artist you are abominable and artificial. To approve of you is beyond my power. I endure, but I cannot applaud."

After this outburst of eloquence we parted never to meet again.

It will be seen by this that my attitude toward the drama was such that I considered myself fully competent to right the wrongs of my people through the theatre. A little Yiddish company was performing at the time of my determination at a town in the neighborhood of Odessa. Consulting with my friends, who were all of the same faith as myself, we engaged a hall in Odessa in the fashionable district, and sent for the Yiddish players at our own expense. The result was a keen disappointment; the play was mediocre—the acting was worse. But although disappointed, we were not discouraged. We clubbed together and amassed a sufficient sum of money to order from a distinguished playwright a number of one-act plays depicting, in an interesting and appealing manner, the pathos and tragedy of the home life of our people. We furthermore engaged for the leading parts an actress of talent and lovely personality.

Our work began to attract attention. I assisted at every rehearsal and constituted myself stage manager and all-around critic. When an actor repeated his lines in a manner that did not suit me, I would throw off my coat and show him how I imagined it should be done. I entered heart and soul into the experiment, and before long had memorized every rôle. More than once our leading woman came to me saying: "You must act. You are a natural actor. You must become a member of the company."

I refused continually, giving for reasons that I had already a lucrative position in the customs house and that my family would seriously object to such a proceeding on my part. One evening, however, the "lover" in the company fell suddenly ill.

"This settles it," said the leading woman. "You must take his place and act. It is fate!"

I accepted the situation, and that evening I made my début as an actor. I made a very poor lover, but when the round of applause reached my ears, it filled my veins with a fever that has never left them. Not the fever of applause, but the burning knowledge that a single man could sway a multitude by the power of the lines he uttered if he had the art of uttering them with power.

I soon realized my unfitness for the rôle of lover. I took up character work, and in it found my first success and inspiration. From the beginning I had no other gauge of success than the reception accorded to my work by the audience. When I was applauded I knew that what I had done was right and then I at once sought the reason why this way was right and the other wrong.

On one occasion when I was playing the part of a very old man, I placed my staff upon a table. By some error it was removed. As I stood up to make my exit my hand instinctively fumbled over the table for the cane. Not finding it, I became more anxious and nervous in my search. I finally was obliged to totter out without it and, much to my surprise, my exit was received with rounds of applause.

Another time my skull cap fell from my head while I was making a speech—this time it was a comedy rôle—and was caught on the collar of my habit. My lines concluded, I stooped to pick it from the floor where I supposed it had fallen. I searched to the right and to the left and then to the back, the audience in the meanwhile convulsed with laughter, and when I finally discovered it and banged it on my head with a look of discomfiture, I found that I had made a hit.

It was these little accidents that taught me the importance of adhering closely to the natural in acting. A human interpretation and natural methods are the only safe and sure doorways to the hearts of the audience.

If the actor seeks a natural method of expression, his work is bound to be stamped with originality; or, to use a better word, "individuality." He will scorn to imitate another, for nature speaks differently to every man. So much of the work upon the stage is what I call "phonographic art"—a taking in and a giving out. One should give out from oneself first, and then gather in a harvest of one's own sowing. This is the only process of true growth for the actor.

The first time I saw Irving in the rôle of Shylock I was deeply impressed by the dramatic vividness of the scene when knocking repeatedly at the door of Jessica, his daughter, he receives no answer. The expression of his face changing from careless indifference to fear, dismay and horror, was such that it seemed to me, when I began to act the part, that there was no other way to depict the situation. But each time I knocked and knocked again at the door of Jessica in my performances, I became dissatisfied. The long, gaunt figure of Irving seemed to rise before me and call me "Imitator!"

One evening, Jessica, in playing, neglected to close the door. I arrived on the scene and was confronted at once by the open door and the empty house. I realized at once the dramatic possibilities of this perfectly natural and reasonable episode. It inspired me, and from that time I have played the scene with the open door.

An actor is not sufficiently fortunate to receive the fires of inspiration every night of the week. Oftentimes he is only the artist. Sometimes a face in the audience thrills him, or the entire audience seems to come close—close to him like a loving child; then he becomes the man—he does not play him—the interpretation enters into him as a part of himself. After a performance of this kind my valet is forced to lead me to my dressing-room; for otherwise I would wander around like one dazed.

I recall a certain performance when I was so worn out that it seemed to me I could not undertake the rôle for that evening. I began the opening lines in a feeble voice, when I suddenly noticed in one of the private boxes an old man with his hand behind his ear, leaning forward with a rapt expression on his face. It acted upon me with the force of an electric shock. I acted with inspiration. I felt the fires descending upon me and through the flames I saw only the rapt face of this old man with his hand to his ear. Of such stuff are we actors made!

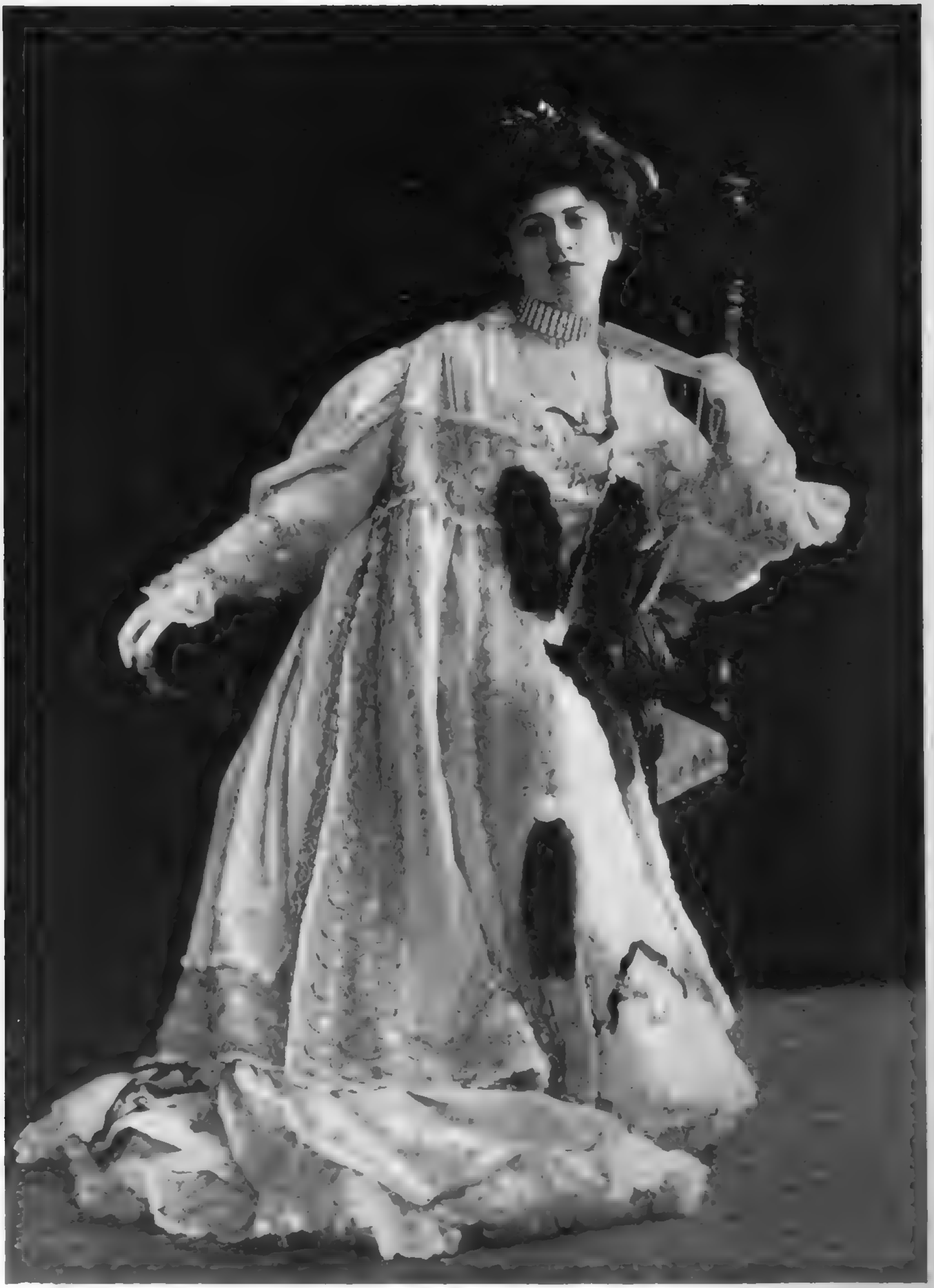


Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MME. BERTHA KALISH, THE YIDDISH ACTRESS, WHO MADE HER DEBUT IN ENGLISH AS FEDORA.

YIDDISH STAGE TRAINING

By Bertha Kalish

Illustrated with portrait of Mme. Kalish

YIDDISH stage training has no preliminary manifestations in a national conservatory sustained by the government and upheld by experienced and distinguished masters. We have no gold and silver medals of award, no diplomas, no testimonials of merit. The Yiddish people belong to no nation in particular; it is a colony of wanderers, speaking a strange language, holding to strange tenets; a little body of sincere, virile, passionate souls living simply and strongly. Wherever we are found, be it in Russia, Poland or America, there are also found our theatres and drama, as an absolutely necessary outlet to our emotional temperament.

The training of a *Conservatoire* such as that in Paris sends out a school of actors who are the standards of polish and unrivaled technique. Their most inspired outbursts of passion are always held in check by an art that is second nature. The French actor is always master of himself, however he appears to his audience. Indeed, a French audience enjovs nothing better than to watch the workings of the exquisite and delicate mechanism that brings about a successful dramatic climax. We would not tolerate upon the Yiddish stage the long-drawn-out speeches that are a delight to a French audience, if delivered with the diction of which the product of the Paris *Conservatoire* is past master.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood as depreciating in the slightest the beauties of French dramatic art, when I say, that under the pressure of its iron traditions it is bound to deal in artificialities rather than realities. The Parisian artist is master of the art of comedy, for comedy at the best goes no deeper than the surface of things. The French peasant is rarely seen on the stage, although he is covered with glory by a Millet and a Delacroix. Fedora, Theodora, and down through the long list of Sardou and Dumas plays are the natural evolution of the French school of acting.

The training of the Yiddish stage is altogether from the opposite extreme. It is true that I made my English speaking début in the rôle of Fedora; but as a matter of fact, these great princesses living in a time that is purely historical, while I admit they were swayed by the same eternal passions of love, hatred and vengeance, do not appeal to me as would a character taken from the environment of the life we see about us day by day.

Has Shakespeare's Rosalind, that rich creature of imagination, ever lived and loved? Could she ever live and declare herself in those exquisitely sonorous lines of the great master?

Because I am a Yiddish actress and a true representative of my school, I venture to assert that while Rosalind might please my artistic sensibilities, she would never kindle the flame of an emotion that would arouse my temperament or touch an audience before whom I played. Our only school is the one I entered upon as a young girl—the stage itself. Our only training is the routine of innumerable rôles played year after year, added to our capacity to awaken the applause of those who come to witness the performance. It is no uncommon thing for a Yiddish actor to be master of as many as three or four hundred rôles in the course of his career. He acquires fame not through the success of two or three parts, but through his average of successes in a multitude of different impersonations.

A young girl who becomes a member of one of our companies has the opportunity of seeing its leading men and women in a diversity of parts. The good actor is not necessarily distinguished from the others by having great rôles picked out for him or great rôles written around his personality. He is considered good when he can infuse the most mediocre of lines with the inspiration of original methods and thought. It is what *he* does for the rôle that counts, and not what the rôle does for him.

In our theatre we have no stars; we have no paid stage managers; we have no lines hedged about by minute directions. At our rehearsals, which are daily, the actor or actress who plays the leading part takes charge of the stage management for the time being. Every member of the company, however few his lines, is urged and expected, through individual and original nterpretation, to strengthen and build up the dramatic possibilities of the play as a whole. The performers, from the least to the greatest, are altogether subservient to the spirit of the play. For this reason, while we recognize an important rôle, we do not overrate the importance of any one person. We rehearse for the ensemble, for the smoothness of entrées and exits. When the star (I use this word merely as a medium of expression) occupies the centre of the stage, he is bound by no rules of tradition. He evolves his interpretation according to the virility of his God-given inspiration.

This is the only training I received, when, as a young singer in light opera, I drifted upon the Yiddish stage of New York. By degrees, I rose from little parts to those of more importance. Stage routine was my teacher, observation my critic, and my own inner consciousness my standard of interpretation. In the literal sense of the word, this method is the natural school of acting. Our work starts from the heart. It is then the province of the brain to adorn it with the subtility and finer shades of an analysis that is purely mental and intellectual. Too often the process of interpretation starts at the mental end, and a sort of artificial spontaneity or artistic inspiration is added as the final veneer. The natural school has given the stage a Duse, the Paris *Conservatoire* has given us the incomparable art of a Rejane and a Coquelin. Why not admit once for all, that Sara Bernhardt is not French but the glorious gift of Holland to France?

The natural school demands the natural play. The plays that deal, as I said before, in the life we know and are actually living. Our best Yiddish dramas—the ones in which the artist loses himself until he becomes one with his part, are the veiled tragedies that underlie the quiet home circle in a quiet environment. A story of the people—how the people love it! How they weep and laugh over the sorrows and joys of some simple Yiddish girl of the East Side who loves, and suffers, and through her love and suffering is driven into the vortex of passions as deep and tragical as those that brought the sleeping draught to a Juliet or the deed of regicide to a Macbeth!

I am not depreciating the great classics of the drama, but I maintain that the true drama of the day must be evolved, living and breathing, from the clay of our own times. The great actor of the day must be one who is created from this Adam as Eve was formed from the rib of her husband, bound indissolubly for all time to share his paradise and his curse.

It is one of my cherished ambitions to appear in English in some of the least known of the Ibsen dramas, "The Woman of the Sea," "Rosmersholmes." I hope some day to be seen in Maeterlinck's "Mona Vanna." Our own great playright, Jordans, is yet to be heard in his masterpieces of Yiddish life upon the English-speaking stage.

The Yiddish actor has something to learn from acting before an American audience. He will acquire reticence, a more varied selection of means, a more delicate working in shadows and high lights. The American audience will perhaps be aroused to a keener sense of the realities of art. He will learn to look beyond the mechanism of the play and its scenic accessories, to the qualities that constitute the right of art to live and have speech. He will look upon the actor as the interpreter, a law giver of the ethics of life. He will recognize that the drama is nature allied to art and not art that acts at being natural as a last resource

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Photo by McMichael & Gro. MIDNIGHT.

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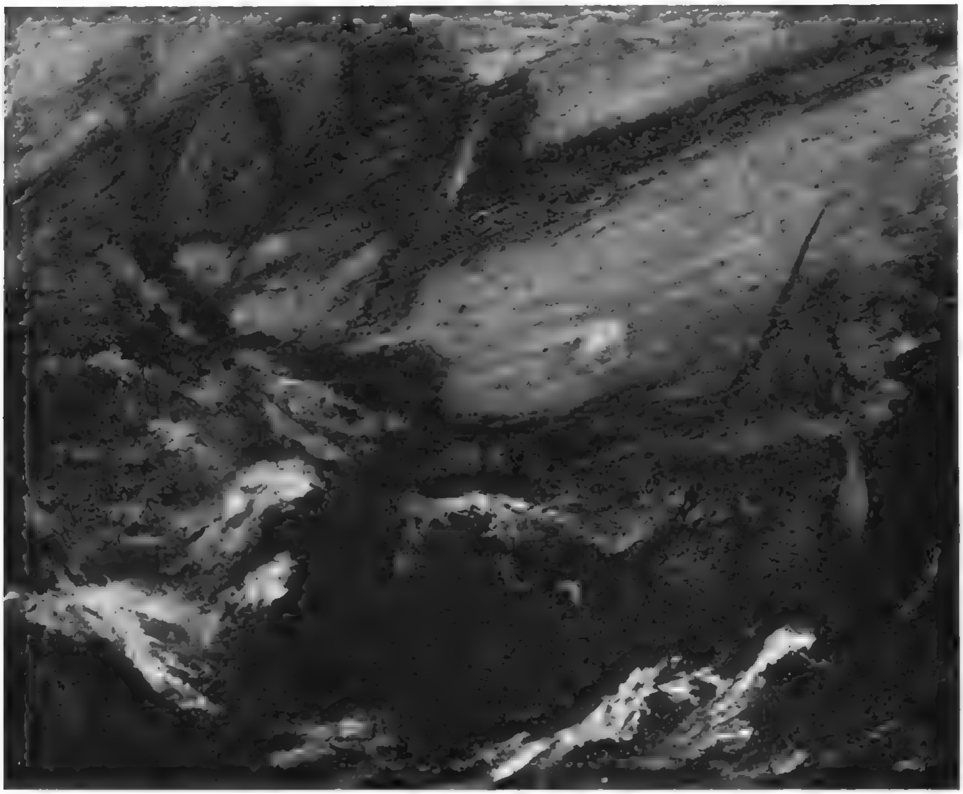


Painting by Albert P. Ryder. *Owned by John Gellatly, Esq.*

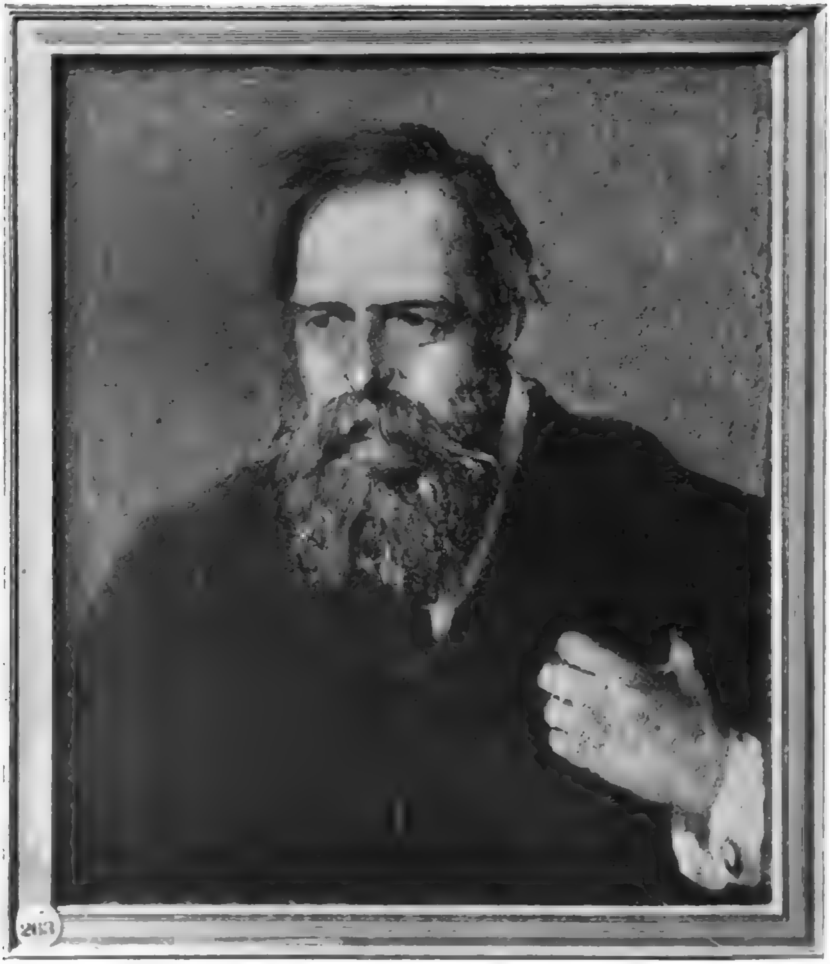
"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

A PAINTER OF DREAMS

By Joseph Lewis French

Illustrated with portrait and photographic reproductions of paintings

AWAY over on the lowest West Side of New York City, where nobody in particular lives, there dwells one of the most interesting and unique characters, as well as one of the greatest masters of the brush, in the United States of America. Tucked away down a narrow, old-fashioned street, not far from Ninth Avenue, up two flights of a dreary, carpetless stair, from a bare hallway, there has lived and worked in a back room for twenty years Albert P. Ryder, an associate member of the National Academy of Design and the recipient of honors abroad, the merest bit of whose brush-



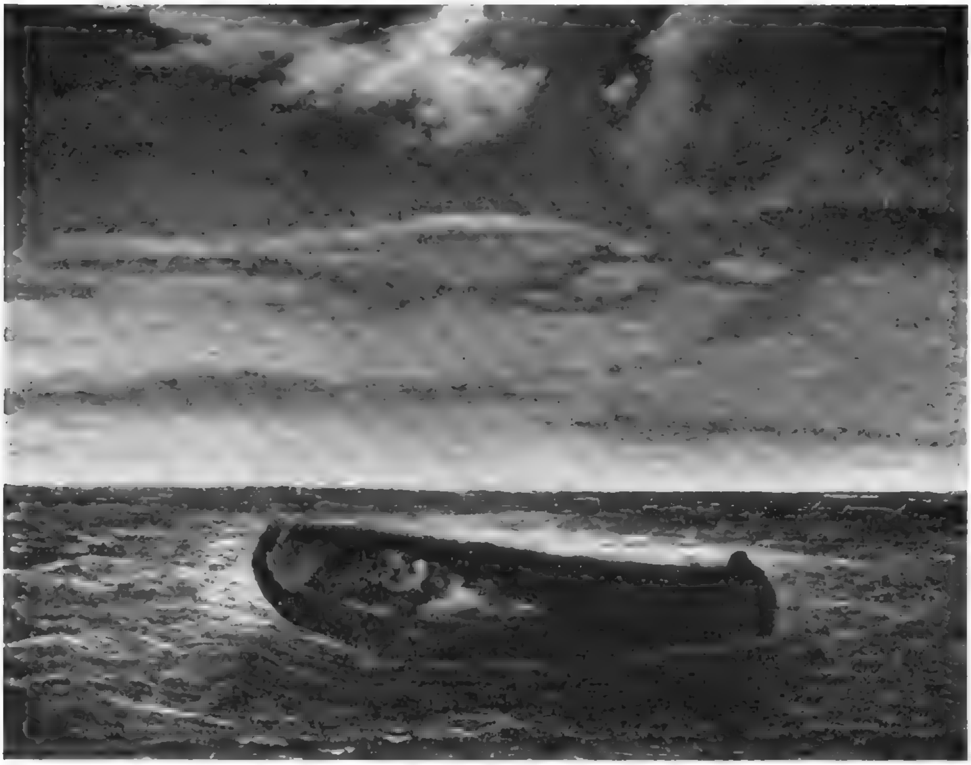
Tiffany Studio, New York. *From a painting by J. Alden Weir.*

ALBERT P. RYDER.

work on a panel the size of a sheet of paper is worth hundreds of dollars, and whose serious canvases command thousands and are often not to be bought even of dealers who own them.

Your knock at this back door is answered by a hermit of a man with a huge straggling beard, whom you will generally find in blue overalls with a pair of shuffling leather slippers only partly hiding his stockingless feet. The greeting is timid, abstracted, and yet mildly cordial. Shut away from the world all his life, Albert Ryder has but few visitors, only indeed the choice few who hold his works beyond price, now and then give him a call of duty and reverence. But his door is none the less open to every man.

Strange, too, this quiet, taciturn man, who lives only in the dreams he puts on canvas, seems to know something on every live topic of importance and pretty well all that this mad world is interested in, from Titian's art down to the current sensational murder trial. So a chat with him is always interesting. The room, you have observed even before he has seated you in a great high-backed hall chair, relic of some by-gone home of dignity, is a veritable "Old Curiosity Shop." Confusion reigns everywhere. The eye



Painting by Albert P. Ryder. *Owned by Sir William Van Horne.*

"CONSTANCE."

LAWYER'S STORY—CHAUCER.

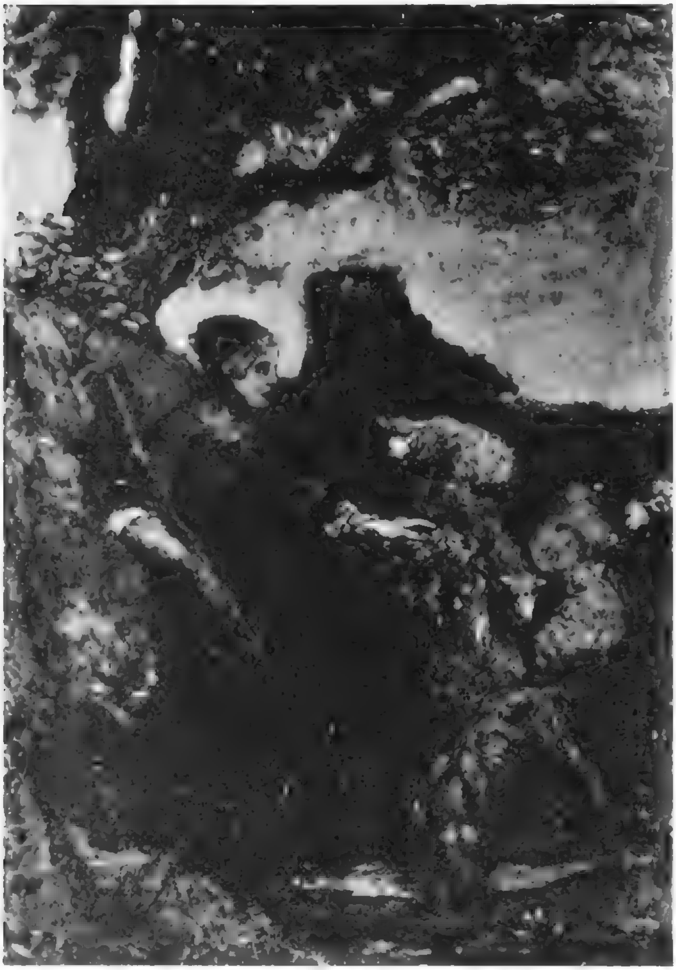
wearies even before it has begun the task of going over its multifarious objects, from a rare bit of sculpture, the gift of the artist who moulded it, to a carefully preserved bundle of old newspapers. There is no carpet, no chair of any kind except the one you are sitting on, and a low painting stool, and no bed at all.

There is a clear spot in the center of this chaos, near one of the windows, which cannot even boast of the coveted north light, a fact that further emphasizes the painter's utter unconventionality. This spot holds the master's easel upon which a painting in process of evolution is resting. This and the bits of sculpture are the only palpable signs of the artistic presence. The room might belong to Old Scrooge but for the easel and a certain air of profusion that somehow seems to haunt its general shabbiness.

There is a little fire smoldering in an old grate, and with the aid of this the famous artist will bye and bye prepare his frugal supper. The life he leads here is classic in its simplicity, and the power of his canvases is undoubtedly reflected therein. As an exponent of the "Simple Life" it might be remarked in passing, Albert Ryder would certainly have been of the rarest interest to Pastor Wagner on his recent visit to this country. But as unconventional as his life, as the room with its articles thrown down once and left forever, is the art of the painter.

Ryder paints dreams. This is the simple and best definition which the art world has given him for thirty-five years. His paintings are evolved from his inner consciousness and are pure *tours de force* of the imagination and memory.

One looking at his canvases hardly cares to separate them into detail. It would be dissecting a dream. And yet



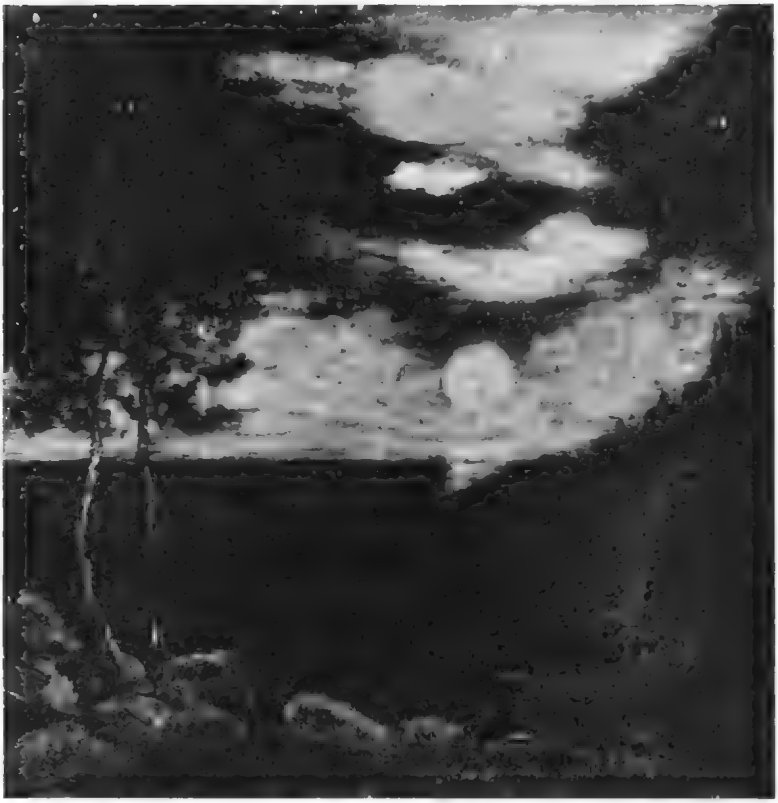
Painting by A. P. Ryder. *Owned by E. P. Greenshields, Esq.*
"JOAN OF ARC."

On a rude, mossy throne
Made by Nature in the stone
Joan sits; and her eyes far away
Rest upon the mountains gray.

And far beyond the moving clouds
That wraps the sky in vapr'ous shrouds,
Visions, she sees—
And voices come to her on the breeze.

With a Nation's trouble she's opprest
And noble thoughts inspire her breast.
Ah, gentle maid, and can it be
Thou willst do more than chivalrie?
That thy weak arm shall strike the blow
That hurls the invading conqueror low?
Who knows what God knows?
His hand He never shows,
Yet miracles with less are wrought,
Even with a thought.

ALBERT P. RYDER.



Painting by Albert P. Ryder. *Owned by E. P. Greenshields, Esq.*

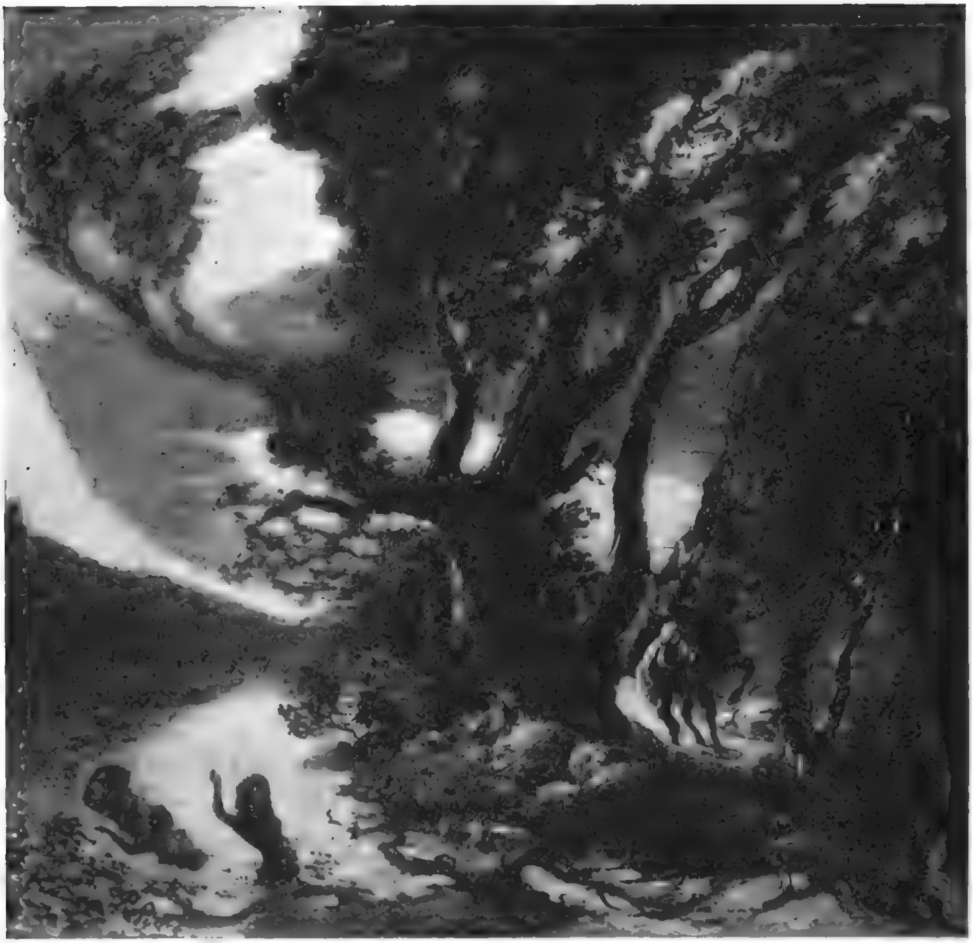
"MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS."

each and every part of a picture, which may have occupied him from two to ten years in the painting, is a faithful transcript from some well-remembered original which he has seen and noted in his long and solitary walks abroad. Even the slightest detail of the pose of figures, which are apparently wrought purely from the imagination, has been studied from nature. And for all this Ryder relies wholly on his marvelous faculty of minute observation and his excellent memory.

His method of working is unlike that of any other living painter. A poet by nature who often writes verses on any great topic or character which has stirred his soul to deep thought, he bides his time. He does not choose his subject. It comes to him. Meditating long on that wonderful trinity of Shakespeare's "Tempest," Prospero, the gentle Miranda, and the strange Caliban, finally begin to take shape slowly on the canvas. They do not form themselves in his mind's eye first, as is the case with all other painters. He only *feels* them there. As he paints they grow and grow subtly, surely, until after long, patient toil they stand, as subtly, surely, surcharged with imagination and yet full of conviction of life itself.

After he has evolved them—as much his own creation from first to last as Shakespeare's—perhaps the legend of King Cophetua, shadowiest and most simple of stories, or it may be of the Flying Dutchman—has begun to tug at his fancy. Again and again and again the shadow of the dream returns, till finally the artist seizes the brush and begins to give it form.

He is a slow worker, as befits a dweller in dreamland. He cannot paint a picture



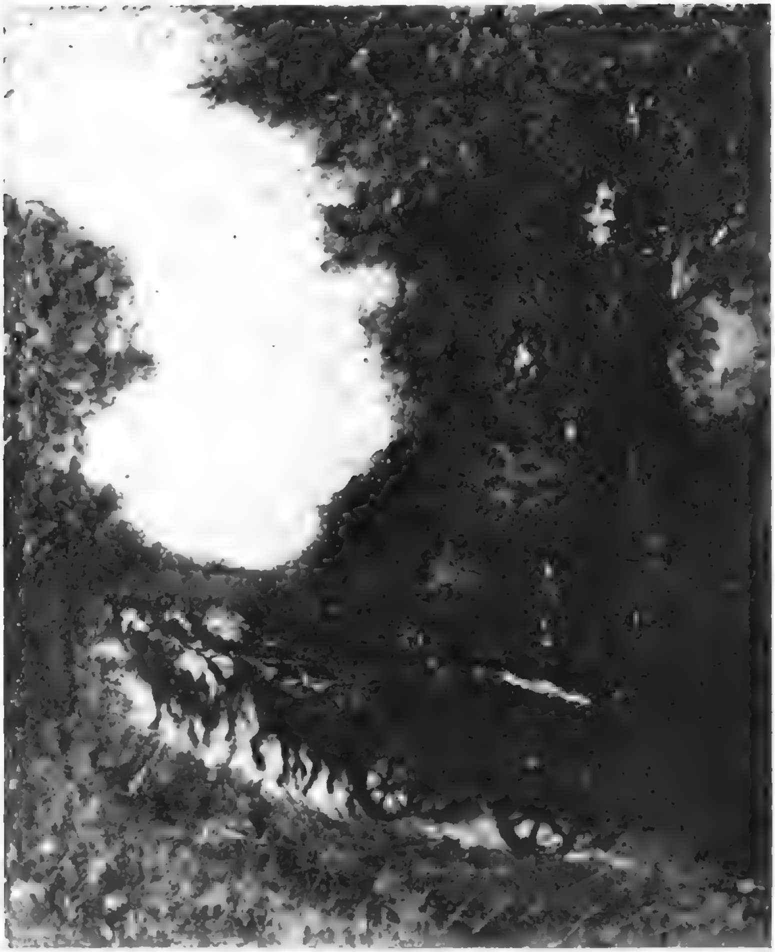
Painting by A. P. Ryder. *Owned by Sir William Van Horne, Montreal.*

"SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS."

to order; but is the slave of the lamp of his imagination and has for years been left alone by the few connoisseurs who appreciate him, to work out his vision in his own way. Nor has he ever used a model of any kind. It would be fatal to him.

Like Turner he is enthralled with the mighty dreams of master minds, and to Shakespeare especially he owes much, as the "Macbeth and the Witches," a marvelous blending of moonlight and wind effects, now on his easel, in addition to other Shakespearean subjects, shows. There is no poet whom he does not know and love, and he sometimes wishes his life were long enough to make a gallery of all their great scenes and characters. Like Turner, too, he has a peculiar habit of creating or copying a fragment of verse as an inspiration for the canvas in hand. Some of his own poems for his pictures are charming inspirations and contain beautiful lines. I remember, for instance, "The cloud softmoulded to the Cape," which seems to me equal in pure lyrical quality to anything I have known for a generation.

Thus dining often on a crust and a glass of water, as is his preference (he has never tasted spirits in his life) and sleeping on his pallet in his queer old room—no highest courtesy of the term could call it a "studio"—descending



Painting by Albert P. Ryder. *Owned by E. P. Greenshields, Esq.*

"A MOONLIGHT JOURNEY."

therefrom occasionally of a night, for he loves to wander when the moon is at the full, to take long walks, which often lead him across the Hudson and for miles inland or along the Jersey shore, Albert Ryder lives out his dreams and puts them down on canvas for posterity.

For years his pictures have been sold before they left him, and although he is very modest and simple in his prices, as becomes the hermit of few wants, their value begins to climb up into the thousands at once they leave his hands. There is one art dealer on Fifth Avenue who owns three "Ryders," which he keeps only to exhibit to his friends and customers. Then the treasures are returned to their places and,—the visitor departs with a sigh. These pictures are not for sale and their owner considers that in the course of time they will become practically priceless—which somehow seems to be the opinion of every one who owns a "Ryder." And yet the appreciation of his work is in no sense a cult. While he paints wholly to please himself, his art belongs in the most intimate sense to the whole world, and the merest child of any imagination will lose itself almost at once in his creations.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE STUDIO OF A RECLUSE

By Albert P. Ryder

THE artist should not sacrifice his ideals to a landlord and a costly studio. A rain-tight roof, frugal living, a box of colors and God's sunlight through clear windows keep the soul attuned and the body vigorous for one's daily work. The artist should once and forever emancipate himself from the bondage of appearances and the unpardonable sin of expending on ignoble aims the precious ointment that should serve only to nourish the lamp burning before the tabernacle of his muse.

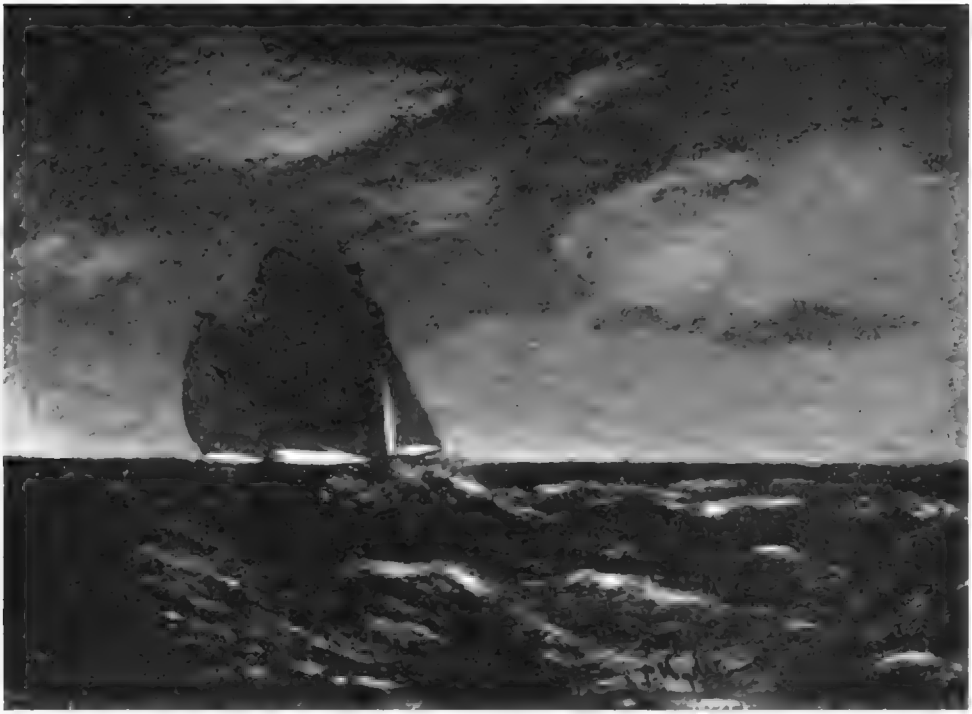
I have two windows in my workshop that look out upon an old garden whose great trees thrust their green-laden branches over the casement sills, filtering a network of light and shadow on the bare boards of my floor. Beyond the low roof tops of neighboring houses sweeps the eternal firmament with its ever-changing panorama of mystery and beauty. I would not exchange these two windows for a palace with less a vision than this old garden with its whispering leafage—nature's tender gift to the least of her little ones.

Imitation is not inspiration, and inspiration only can give birth to a work of art. The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought. In pure perfection of technique, coloring and composition, the art that has already been achieved may be imitated, but never surpassed. Modern art must strike out from the old and assert its individual right to live through Twentieth Century impressionism and interpretation. The new is not revealed to those whose eyes are fastened in worship upon the old. The artist of to-day must work with his face turned toward the dawn, steadfastly believing that his dream will come true before the setting of the sun.

When my father placed a box of colors and brushes in my hands, and I stood before my easel with its square of stretched canvas, I realized that I had in my possession the wherewith to create a masterpiece that would live throughout the coming ages. The great masters had no more. I at once proceeded to study the works of the great to discover how best to achieve immortality with a square of canvas and a box of colors.

Nature is a teacher who never deceives. When I grew weary with the futile struggle to imitate the canvases of the past, I went out into the fields, determined to serve nature as faithfully as I had served art. In my desire to be accurate I became lost in a maze of detail. Try as I would, my colors were not those of nature. My leaves were infinitely below the standard of a leaf, my finest strokes were coarse and crude. The old scene presented itself one day before my eyes framed in an opening between two trees. It stood out like a painted canvas—the deep blue of a midday sky—a solitary tree, brilliant with the green of early summer, a foundation of brown earth and gnarled roots. There was no detail to vex the eye. Three solid masses of form and color—sky, foliage and earth—the whole bathed in an atmosphere of golden luminosity. I threw my brushes aside; they were too small for the work in hand. I squeezed out big chunks of pure, moist color and taking my palette knife, I laid on blue, green, white and brown in great sweeping strokes. As I worked I saw that it was good and clean and strong. I saw nature springing into life upon my dead canvas. It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation. Exultantly I painted until the sun sank below the horizon, then I raced around the fields like a colt let loose, and literally bellowed for joy.

It is the first vision that counts. The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work in such a manner that it will resemble the work of



Painting by Albert P. Ryder. *Owned by Sir William Van Horne, Montreal.*

"MOONLIGHT AT SEA."

no other man—for no two visions are alike, and those who reach the heights have all toiled up the steep mountains by a different route. To each has been revealed a different panorama.

The artist should fear to become the slave of detail. He should strive to express his thought and not the surface of it. What avails a storm cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein? A daub of white will serve as a robe to Miranda if one feels the shrinking timidity of the young maiden as the heavens pour down upon her their vials of wrath.

Art is long. The artist must buckle himself with infinite patience. His ears must be deaf to the clamor of insistent friends who would quicken his pace. His eyes must see naught but the vision beyond. He must await the season of fruitage without haste, without worldly ambitions, without vexation of spirit. An inspiration is no more than a seed that must be planted and nourished. It gives growth as it grows to the artist, only as he watches and waits with his highest effort.

The canvas I began ten years ago I shall perhaps complete to-day or to-morrow. It has been ripening under the sunlight of the years that come and go. It is not that a canvas should be worked at. It is a wise artist who knows when to cry "halt" in his composition, but it should be pondered over in his heart and worked out with prayer and fasting.

The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art.

THE POOL IN THE DESERT

By Jack B. Norman

THE shout of good, rich laughter that rounded up a club story snapped off short as the lacquered doors swung back to admit Chartray, whose financial collapse was fresh on the afternoon bulletin boards. His appearance belied what everyone present knew to be absolutely true, for he carried himself with an air of conscious dominance bespeaking affluent contentment.

Evidently the palpable hush struck him unpleasantly, for his head went back a trifle and he swept the company with a glance of smiling disapproval as he acknowledged the various greetings that hummed around him; then his eyes strayed to the glaring headlines of an evening paper which reannounced his failure.

"It is quite true," he remarked, with broad significance; "but don't let that gloom the rest of you. This is probably my last metropolitan appearance, so please make merry on my behalf."

"I am deucedly sorry, old man," broke in an exceedingly good-looking young fellow, who let himself obey his initial impulse to rise and grasp Chartray's hand in a good warm clasp.

"I believe you, Ferris. On my soul, I think you all feel that way. But since the funeral is all over we will say no more about it."

Ferris, however, said a good deal more, and Chartray was led, against his grim determination, to talk it out to the extent of a healthy easing of his temper. Things had been in a muddle for some time owing to certain manipulations which he had cut short at the wrong moment when the bottom had dropped out of everything.

"And what now, Chartray?" asked Dudley, the oldest of his sympathizers.

"Panama," was Chartray's unexpected answer.

The ensuing outburst brought a smile to his face.

"Well, to begin with, I am in immediate need of occupation, and being a mere financier, my talents are not diverse enough to admit of any great latitude of choice in this over-thronged burgh. Nothing is more hopelessly inadequate in New York City than moneyless adeptness. Half the Panama appointments were declined within two weeks after the president issued them on account of the hardships involved. I believe that I remember enough of what I learned during my engineering course to pull me through a branch of that raw operation."

"At a paltry thousand a year!" someone scoffed.

"Which is about five hundred more than I could reasonably expect near the scene of my recent disaster at an office clerkship. In my fix it takes money to make money at home."

"Nonsense! With your influential acquaintance, your ability——"

"Oh, I presume you could prop me up after a fashion," Chartray interrupted, good-naturedly, "but the truth is I want work for a change."

"But why pitch on plague-infested Colombia?" Dudley asked. "A medley of fevers, reptiles, revolutions and poverty. Why not take up some paying proposition?"

"Can you suggest one?" Chartray asked, blandly.

"I just can. Ever hear me speak of my gold claim in Arizona?"

"Now that you mention it I recall something of the kind."

"Well, there you are. Plenty of work, if that's an object; and a veritable bonanza."

"If it's such a good thing, why haven't you developed it before now?" Chartray wanted to know.

"If the Brisley prize hadn't hit me just when it did, I should probably have delved into the mine to the extent of a fortune long before this," Dudley assured him. "You don't know Arizona, do you, Chartray?"

"Not aside from the arid stretch which the train runs through en route for California."

"I confess, frankly, that it isn't to my notion the least little bit. I came near losing my life on the Mohave desert by crossing without a guide, but Providence pulled me through at the last ditch just where I afterward struck gold, on the slope of a bare, brown hill. I was pretty hard put before I took Greeley's threadbare advice, and my ideas were hopelessly chaotic until I ran across the Vulture people, whose dazzling luck fired me with a thirst for gold. I plunged toward th Mohave desert, which is the loneliest wilderness that God ever created, cursed with the triple blight of heat and drought and alkali, and infested with centipedes, scorpions, and all manner of venomous creeping things. But I found gold. I picked up enough of the yellow stuff to buy grub at the nearest pumping station. Then I worked at a hole in the ground for two weeks, day and night, till I struck a six-foot belt of quartz which more than verified my wildest hopes, for the yellow ore widened steadily the deeper it went.

"When my feed gave out I fell in with a party of sheep herders bound for Prescott, where I stopped and had my ore assayed. It ran a hundred and sixty-nine dollars to the ton, by concentrates, which is a mighty high-grade proposition, as you know. Forty dollars is considered excellent. The real value of the find lay in its depth, which I am dead certain ran over three hundred feet aside from two surface drifts. While the claim was being filed word reached me of the Brisley legacy. It took all the resolution at my command to stay out there long enough to fill the government requirement which stipulates actual work to the value of one hundred and twenty-five dollars on every claim before granting a deed of purchase. But stay I did, just long enough to throw together a burro outfit and hire an old Indian to go back and set up the pipes and whim and other working paraphernalia which nailed the thing down for the time being. The Indian, by the way, was subsequently knifed in a Mexican cut-up down Phoenix way.

"I was fully determined to develop the mine in good shape after giving myself a filling taste of the good luck that had befallen me; but the more I thought of it the more I realized that I would have to stand a personal supervision of the job in order to get anything like my due out of it, for I had seen enough of the colossal thefts practiced at Jerome and the Vulture to put me wise. Time slipped along, however, and I still enjoyed the taste of luxury. I paid my taxes promptly, still intending to pin down to business, but the whole truth of the matter is that I hated the work involved in the undertaking, not so much because of sheer indolence, for I was not altogether inactive, but because my desert experience had left a bitter distaste for that special task. I hated the heat and thirst and loneliness. Finally I decided to put the claim under the control of the Mohave Mining Company, but the negotiations have not been formally closed as yet. How would the scheme suit you, Chartray? There's work and hardship and gold, plenty of it."

"Not a bad combination for a man in my fix," Chartray admitted.

"By George! it sounds good," said Ferris, blithely.

"I should by no means advise any man to go alone even on a prospecting tour," Dudley went on; "for the loneliness out there is appalling. Ferris, you strike me as being a good traveling companion for a job of that sort."

"I should like nothing better," Ferris declared, with boyish zeal.

"There, Chartray, things seem to be working your way."

Chartray looked speculatively at Ferris, whose striking beauty made people doubt his ability for raw work.

"How are you on ditch digging?" he asked, dubiously.

"I don't believe you'll find me many steps behind you," the young fellow answered, with a vivid flush.

"No? I confess to being a novice; but a man in my plight learns quickly, you know."

"If you don't want me, it would be nicer to say so," Ferris suggested, getting himself admirably in hand.

"But I do want you, my dear chap, if you are up to the sort of thing Dudley describes. I really think I should have picked you out of a pretty thick bunch if I had been put to the choice."

A very fine smile flashed across Ferris' handsome eyes, and he said "Thank you," quite simply.

"Now, let's have your figure, Dudley."

Dudley leaned forward, with his hands grasping the arms of his chair in an attitude of unconscious appeal. "If you will permit me to do so, Chartray, I should like to make it over to you at the initial cost of three hundred and seventy-five dollars, which will not embarrass you by any sense of obligation as I shall not be one penny out, counting the cost of my trip, government fees and taxes."

The company showed a composite interest in Chartray's welfare by an involuntary gust of approval, while Dudley waited in curious suspense for Chartray's answer.

"If we are to be partners in this deal, Ferris," said Chartray, "you must take half the responsibility of this question. That paltry price is not in the nature of a gift, Dudley assures us, but it sounds very like it to me."

"Could you not afford to accept a slight favor from an old friend, Chartray?" the older man asked, almost wistfully.

"At any other time, yes; but the case at hand is peculiarly different from any other in my experience."

"If not for friendship's sake, then to please the girl who, I know, would give a great deal to be able to show you a like kindness at this time," Dudley broke in.

A curious change came over Chartray's face, a colorless glow that pervaded and enveloped it like an inward flame, and he appeared not to look at Dudley, but through him at something invisible to the others, for his friend had struck the keynote of an affection which involved his dearest hopes.

"May I tell her?" he asked in a voice that made every man glance toward him, then look away quickly.

"If you particularly wish to, yes. You accept, do you, Chartray?"

"Yes; if Ferris will assume half interest."

"Up to a certain dividend, yes; with very hearty thanks for the opportunity," the young man answered, with winning frankness which seemed habitual to his sunny, buoyant youth.

"Good! Then that may be considered settled. When shall you want to take hold?"

"The sooner the better," said Chartray, "as I am anxious to get into working harness. Ferris, when can you make it?"

"At once. I hold, as you know, only a commission which a hundred other men could fill quite as acceptably as I."

"I will withdraw negotiations with the Mohave Company at once," Dudley said, with great satisfaction. "I shall make out a chart of directions which you must follow minutely, for although they have put a railroad fifty miles farther out than when I was there, you will still have forty miles of desert to cross before reaching the Pool. Don't try to rush though, even if you have to camp in the desert. That's where I made my mistake in going out. Distances are so illusive in that fine, rare atmosphere that what seems to an unaccustomed eye only a half hour's travel is in reality many weary miles. Keep along the trail indicated on the chart and take plenty of water at your last stopping place at the desert's edge, and you'll get through all right."

Ferris met Chartray on the steps of Miss Huntington's home the evening before their departure for Arizona. It seemed a little odd that both should be calling on the same girl at the significant hour which men usually give to their closest friends.

"Why, hello, old man!" Ferris exclaimed, reddening slightly. "I suppose you have the start of me, for I am just running in by the way, you know."

"I didn't know," Chartray contradicted, unsmilingly.

"Fact is, I really haven't the right, as I simply sent up some flowers and a note which she couldn't possibly answer, because I gave no address."

"Then you had better go in and let her answer it now," Chartray suggested, without enthusiasm.

"I should like to, unless she expects you——"

"She does."

"Oh, pardon! I didn't mean to be flagrantly curious; only wanted to assure myself of my limitations."

"You may go in first," said Chartray, gravely. "I'll give you a quarter of an hour while I smoke in the park."

The humor of the situation struck Ferris keenly, and he laughed like the merry-hearty boy that he was, but Chartray did not join him. He was down the steps and off before the thought struck Ferris for the first time that Neva Huntington was the lady of Dudley's munificence. If it had not been too late he would have followed Chartray impetuously, but the door was open and the chillingly polite butler was inviting him within in a voice that made him pull himself together sharply.

Five minutes later he had forgotten Chartray's existence in the flood of passionate exultation that swept him out of reach of every other thought until the girl reminded him that he had lost that which made the wealth of the world seem as dross to him. There are moments—in some lives—that stand out with cameo clearness above the serrated outline of events which to the uninitiated seem immeasurably greater. The crucial moment of Ferris' life was when he discovered that another man had won what should have been his by right of youth and love and heritage.

They laid off at Phoenix long enough to get together sufficient equipments to start operations after a crude, roughly drafted plan tallying with the condition of the mine which required a few strong, simple tools and a great deal of hard labor. They procured a team of native horses, a wagon and a month's provisions, but no luxuries aside from a box or two of good Habanas. It was their aim to work deep and make a second and most critical assay of the low ledges in order to ascertain the possible results under the most approved methods of development.

Desert travel is not conducive to sociability. It was in the beginning of great heat when neither man nor beast exert themselves unduly; but Ferris always blithely talkative, kept up a flow of humor long after Chartray had subsided into grim stolidity. The younger man, who was accustomed to handling spirited horses, soon abandoned his jaunty manipulations and let his team jog at the slow, mechanical gait common to desert-bred horses. The canteen passed between them continually. Chartray glanced at the compass now and then, when Ferris consulted his chart, always pulling his team about a bit.

"Curious how long we seem to keep at the same distance from yonder range," Chartray remarked, after a while. "You pull about too much, Ferris. Keep an eye on the range and don't mind the chart so much. We are to go due west, you know."

"We don't appear to be going anywhere," Ferris answered, in a puzzled voice. "I guess I'm too easy on the horses. Take a look at your meter."

"Fourteen miles," Chartray announced, looking back at the dim line of verdure that marked the irrigation limit. "Looks as though we could walk it in fifteen minutes, doesn't it?"

"It must be the heat that misleads a fellow," Ferris concluded, staring through the transparent mist that quivered between him and the endless plains. He reached for the canteen, which was quite empty. "Good thing we're so flush with water," he added, uncovering a fresh bottle. "I wouldn't have believed that a man could soak up so much liquid in half a day. Whew! but this is a scorcher!"

Night comes with incredible suddenness in that still, sun-bright clime, like a velvet blue curtain drawn softly between the burning earth and sky and almost immediately the heat of the day is smothered by the icy chill that steals mysteriously over the desert, filling the vast silence with the piercing chill of arctic altitudes. The travelers scooped bunks in the yielding sands and slept with their blankets rolled closely about them.

The first thought that assailed Ferris on waking was that he had somehow strayed from his course.

"We certainly are farther away from the mountains that we were at noon yesterday," he declared, with a piercing survey of the sparkling horizon. "There isn't a green thing in sight." Suddenly he pointed northward where a fringe of palms showed clearly against the brilliant sky. "The pool!" he cried, exultingly. "We're turned around. Why, the blamed compass is wav off. That's darned queer, isn't it. I've heard that mineral belts affect magnetic currents that way."

They made great haste to be off. The light, dust-laden wind that eddied past them obscured the morning light, but Chartray kept a sharp watch of a certain range landmark which Ferris followed steadily, not stopping until Chartray made known his inability to find a fresh canteen.

"Where in the deuce did you stow the things?" he growled, kicking the tools aside.

"Oh, look under the sacking where they ought to be."

The fact that there were no more unemptied canteens struck them simultaneously.

"Good Lord, Chartray, we can't have emptied them all!" Ferris exclaimed, in a scared voice. "We started out with five gallons of water." He wound the reins around the brake and rummaged about under the damp sacking until he pulled out six canteens. "I am dust dry already," he murmured, huskily.

The other man shook the empty cans.

"There is about a cupful left in this one," said he, holding the bottle toward Ferris. "You had better drink it."

"Aren't you dry, too?"

"You seem to be worse off."

Ferris pushed his hand aside.

"We're bound to strike the pool by noon," he said. "I can wait."

Chartray lit a cigar, but threw it away after the first puff. His throat was beginning to smart acutely.

Little blasts of furnace heat scooped up whirls of sand that spurted in every direction. Ferris dragged the wagon sheet lower over the front bows and Chartray threw it back, kicking viciously at the empty canteens. But neither spoke until Chartray exclaimed, with a burst of raw laughter, "Why, the thing that you saw was a mirage, you idiot!" At which Ferris consulted his chart. He swore softly and jerked his team toward the opposite direction, and after that not a word was spoken between them until they pitched tent in a cactus-circled hollow where night overtook them.

Morning broke with a clear, burning heat that increased steadily and incredibly. Toward noon Ferris urged his friend to drink the remaining cupful of water. Three times after that Chartray lifted the empty canteen to his lips, but the third time he did not fling it aside as before, but beat it over the wagon rim with a savage fury that made Ferris jump.

"It isn't as bad as it looks, old man," he comforted. "We are bound to reach water in an hour or two."

"Water!" Chartray gasped, in a throaty voice. "Why, there it is—to the left of us. Look!"

He clutched Ferris' arm with claw-like acuteness, and dragged him forward, pointing to the heat wall that quivered eternally over the thirty sands. "Why, you're driving away from it," he screamed. "Fool, give me the lines. Give them to me, I say! You think you can cheat me, do you?"

Ferris tried to ease the strain of Chartray's fierce tug at the horses' bits, but the other man's frenzied strength overmastered his. He stood up and lashed the weary animals until Ferris wrenched the whip from his grasp and threw it from him.

"You want to head me off!" Chartray screamed, furiously. "Oh, I know your scheme now. I have been wide awake ever since the night when I discovered how it was with you and Neva. Up to that time I was a damned fool. I made it dead easy for you to hatch out your devil's plans to decoy me out here to die of thirst. Such a magnificently simple, safe scheme to get rid of me, confiscate Dudley's property and marry Neva. But wait—I'll defeat you yet or, by God——"

"For heaven's sake, Chartray, be quiet!" Ferris implored. "It is the heat that's making you see things so horribly out of focus. You'll be all right when we find water. I think I see the pool now."

Suddenly Chartray's strained nerves relaxed and he sank back to the seat trembling in every limb. Ferris caught the fallen reins, but made no attempt to guide the team, being temporarily unnerved, for that crazed accusation beat upon his brain with deadly insistence, through which the great possibility flashed into ghastly significance. Chartray stood between him and all that gave life permanent value—Chartray, who had usurped his incontestable right by a mere trick of fate.

He could no longer endure to look upon Chartray's livid face which bore the impress of horrible suffering. The end of his tongue, protruding between his gleaming teeth, was parched and brown like an overdone beefsteak, and the blood that oozed from his blistered lips was blackened. His glassy eyes had a look of incipient madness that made Ferris shiver inwardly. He knew that he should presently be obliged to cut the traces and set the crawling horses free, and he was afraid of what might happen to Chartray after that.

He felt himself becoming weak. A strange tumult roared in his ears; his tongue no longer cleaved to the roof of his mouth, for both were bone dry. When he put his hand to his lips to whisk away a sand fly a bright red stain was left upon it.

"My God!" he whispered, harshly. Chartray heard him and raised his head with a choking cry. The next instant he had leaped from his seat and started in a halting run through the sage brush. Ferris saw him fall headlong toward the thin shade of a mesquite bush, where he began groveling frantically in the loose sand.

"I can't help him," he said, wearily.

Then he dismounted. The hot world rocked in a riot of the heat and dust and fire which blinded and confused him, but he fumbled at the traces till the harness dropped and the jaded horses freed themselves, faced toward the west and crawled slowly away. Ferris followed, leaving Chartray to die alone in the fiery wilderness, as he would presently do unless by some miracle the horses should find the pool for which they had vainly sought all that day. He kept his eyes fixed on the receding animals as long as he could endure the strain of the blinding light, then quite suddenly the glare softened, the furnace roar stopped; a breath of moist, flower-laden air swept down from heaven and a crystal clear stream gushed from the parched sands at his feet. He threw himself face down at the water's brink which receded mockingly as his hand dug into the burning dust.

After a long while he lifted his head. A speck of darkness drifted across the burning blue above him, circled lazily about and dropped behind the thin green mist of a palle verde hedge which clearly outlined the two horses that had stopped to drink at the desert pool. Ferris rose and staggered toward them between green lanes and rippling streams that always eluded him; but he was still able to recognize his goal through the fiery sheen that danced before his eyes, and by and by he plunged between the two horses to the pool's edge.

When he woke the desert chill filled the vast wilderness, and the fine radiance of the stars lighted the solemn stillness to the far horizon's utmost rim,and everywhere brooded a wondrous peace that mocked his dream of thirst and fire and agony. He felt very weak and sick, but so clear of brain as to recall all that had happened, even to Chartray's frenzied prophecy, part of which was already fulfilled in that which lay in the shadow of the mesquite bush. Honor is a very precious thing, but to most men life is still dearer; for without it there can be neither honor nor its reward. Ferris had given his enemy the last drop of water when he himself was aflame with thirst; but he put away the thought that there might be life enough left in his rival to shatter his own hopes of happiness, for he reasoned that he could not be expected to risk his life for an uncertainty, so he gave himself up to the probable conclusion that Chartray was dead.

When a band of travelers found Ferris the next morning, he begged them not to waste their efforts on him, but to find his dead friend and bury him so deeply that no wild thing could disturb his lonely rest; then he let them help him to the back of his mount; where he clung until he reached an Indian wikiup, whose kindly inmates nursed him through the fever which follows a desert thirst. When, at the end of three weeks, Chartray found him, he was still tortured with accusing visions of his negligence, but when he discovered that Chartray remembered nothing at all concerning his brief aberration except what his rescuers had told him, Ferris let himself forget his madness and swing back to the starting point.

They began work together apparently not much the worse for their ghastly experience. It soon became clear to them that Dudley had not fully informed himself of the boundless resources of their mine, for it proved far richer than their brightest dreams. They worked equally hard. Aside from their quest for gold, both possessed equally strong incentives for unremitting labor—Chartray to dispel the fear that Neva loved his rival, Ferris to forget the deeper burden of dishonor that always overshadowed him—but neither was entirely successful. Chartray made no sign. He was a man of iron nerve, whose bland placidity was incapable of outward abrasion; but Ferris, on the contrary, showed his trouble. His blitheness disappeared. Before the year was up his magnificent strength broke under the double strain of work and worry, and Chartray, realizing the necessity of a furlough, put their affairs into safe hands and turned his face homeward—with his rival.

They were within a few hours of home when a head-on collision with a westbound train seriously delayed their plans. To spectators and readers a train wreck affords much ghastliness of detail which the victims escape. Those who survive usually remember very little beyond a paralyzing shock and the wild fight in behalf of other unfortunates, during which nerves strained to the breaking point of excitation reject worse horrors. Ferris remembered clearly his mad rush for Chartray who was pinned in an overturned, burning sleeper; but his subsequent heroism left no impression whatever on his own brain. Those who saw his reckless fight with fire and steam and agony made the most of it when the news of the disaster went ticking to the four winds of the American press. He worked desperately until the last bruised, broken victim was released, after which he resigned himself to the careful hands that soothed his burns and bruises. He was so exceedingly comfortable in the dim seclusion of his unfamiliar quarters in spite of his bandages, that he lost all count of time and events until his pleasant lethargy was pierced by the sound of a voice that made his brain reel. Someone was telling the story of a rescue to a woman who listened breathlessly and answered with Neva's voice; and the name she spoke first was his—not Chartray's.

When their eyes met, she obeyed her glowing impulse to go to him with both hand outstretched.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said, tremulously, with a smile that brought a look to her eyes which no man had ever seen there before.

"Glad of what?" he asked, taking her hand and drawing it down to his breast.

"Glad that you had the chance of being so brave," she answered, with a rush of color that heightened her blond beauty gloriously. "I saw Gerald's name in the list of the fatally wounded, so I came at once to see him, and discovered that it was you who saved him at the risk of your own life. They told me everything and it made me very proud of knowing you. Nothing in the world endears a man to his friends more than bravery of that sort."

He fought back the blackness that assailed him. Once more he saw that unforgettable scene in the burning wilderness, where a man lay groveling in the thin shade of a mesquite, while his friend followed the crawling team across the pitiless sands, which would presently hide the ghastly tragedy forever from all human ken. He had never been able to make himself believe in a personal God who concerned himself paternally with the individual emotions of the human family, but since that night in the desert he had prayed many, many times for the balm of forgetfulness, which had never been granted. With her hand in his and her eyes upon him he prayed again as he never had before, and never would again.

Honor, friendship, duty—all things—receded from the wide, dark world save her presence and the thought that she was about to pass out of his life forever.

"Neva," he said, still holding his hand to his heart, "tell me that you love me, for this is the last hour of my happiness. We shall never meet again."

All the treasures of a lifetime were merged into that golden moment when she stooped and laid her lips to his in a mute token that what she could not or would not say. He drained his cup of ecstasy to the last nectared drop, then still looking steadfastly into her eyes, he barred the gates of his paradise with the flaming sword of confession. Every ghastly detail which was graven on his brain by those tortured months of self-accusation was laid bare to her, and she listened in burning silence.

"Does he know?" she asked at last, in a stricken whisper.

"No, but he shall know hereafter."

"Oh, promise me that you will not tell *him!*" she implored with a flame of glorious color.

"Why, Neva?"

"Because I could not bear the knowledge of his contempt."

"I promise," he said tonelessly.

She rose with a sob in her throat, but her eyes were hard and bright as polished stone. Suddenly she stooped and kissed him once more with a solemn sadness that appalled him with an overwhelming sense of eternal separation, and at that moment Chartray entered.

He faced them in white silence which revealed the elemental savagery of outraged jealousy. For a moment he was unable to speak, for the untamable fury that shook every fiber of his being, then breath and voice returned. He lifted one shaking hand and pointed toward Ferris, whose eyes scorched his face with burning intensity. "That man," said he, in a voice of passion, "is a knave to the last drop of his heart's blood."

Neva's face whitened incredibly and her head went back with a gesture of imperious denial. "You dare say that of a man who risked his life to save yours!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"Yes. Shall I tell you why he risked a few scratches for me? It was to atone to his own conscience for the blackest knavery possible to a man who calls himself a friend, in which he believed himself safe because no human being could reveal his secret. But although he never dreamed it, I remembered everything quite clearly from the hour that I discovered his devil's scheme till he left me to die in the desert——"

"And this is how you show your gratitude for the heroism that more than atoned for his momentary madness," the girl broke in hotly. "This is justice from your warped point of view!"

Chartray's face went ghastly white and his eyes darkened and hardened. "It cannot be possible that you love a coward!" he said, incredulously.

"No," she answered in a voice of piercing contempt. "No, it is not possible."

"Then choose between us!"

For answer she turned to Ferris with a look that brought heaven down to him.

FISHERMEN IN PROVINCETOWN FOR A HARBOR.

A TRIP TO GEORGE'S

Incidents in the Life of a Deep Sea Fisherman

By William S. Birge, M. D.

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author

III.

I HAD had hard luck mackerel catching, the Betty Robbins going to the bottom with all my earthly possessions, leaving me with only the clothes I stood in and what money happened to be in my pocket at the time. Fortunately the previous trip had been a good one, and we had shared to a man over one hundred dollars. I purchased myself another outfit and still had a few dollars left to my credit. The steamer that rescued us was bound for New York, consequently, we were left in that city. We remained there but the one day, however, going on to Boston, where we could find another chance of shipping on some vessel going to the fishing grounds.

The morning following my arrival I made my way down to the market slip devoted to the use of fishing vessels. I felt sure that I should find some one whom I knew among the large fleet that happened to be in at the time.

I was walking down the wharf, looking over the different craft that were crowded into the basin, when my attention was attracted by a new and handsome vessel, the "Sea Fox." I stopped and was admiring her graceful lines, when a head arose from the companion way, and a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Hello! Bill! Where in the world did you come from? Come aboard and look us over. A fine craft, isn't she?"

Turning, I saw the face of Tony Valent, my old dory-mate on the Betty Robbins when we went to the Grand Banks.

I climbed aboard, and while we were talking I looked the craft over. She certainly was a fine schooner, double topmasts, and flying jib-boom, she presented more the appearance of a gentleman's pleasure yacht than that of a George's fisherman.

While we were talking the captain came aboard. I had met him before and

AN HOUR OF LEISURE ABOARD A DEEP SEA FISHING SCHOONER.

knew him to be a first-rate fellow. He was already to sail, but lacked one man of completing his crew. He supposed he had his full complement until two hours before, when one of the crew getting provoked at the cook, over some trivial matter, packed up his kit and went ashore. His face lightened up when he found out that I was without a vessel and he said:

"Why won't you come with us in Jonson's place? You shall go as an A1 hand, have a full share of the catch, and we are not likely to be out more than a couple of weeks anyway. This is a good vessel, and you'll like it aboard of her."

"I have been to the Grand Banks and mackerel catching, captain," I replied, "but I have never been on George's in my life, and I might not suit you when we get on the fishing grounds, and it will be too late then to change."

"I'll risk it, my boy; any one that can do their turn on a Grand Banker for five months can fish anywhere and for anything."

That settled it. I said I would go, and an hour afterward I had my clothes aboard and was ready to sail. Certainly nothing was further from my mind that morning than my shipping on a George's vessel. I had already had a variety of experience in my short life as a fisherman, and it looked as though that experience was liable to be added to before the Sea Fox returned from George's.

George's Bank is about ninety-five miles due east from Cape Cod, and furnishes the finest cod and halibut to be found on the Atlantic coast. A large fleet of vessels fish here the year around, but the supply of fish continues as plentiful as ever. It is the most dangerous fishing ground on the coast, for it is swept by the current of the Gulf Stream, is subject to fearful storms and thick fogs, and is the pathway of all the transatlantic lines of steamers.

These fishing grounds were known to exist, and fish to be plenty there by the early New England settlers, but it was not until about 1837 that the fishermen made a business of going there. They were afraid of it owing to the belief, prevalent at that time, that the current, always sweeping across it, was powerful enough to drag under and sink any vessel that should anchor near it.

HER MAIDEN TRIP.

The greatest depth of water on George's is 212 fathoms, or 1,272 feet, about a quarter of a mile. The average depth for fishing is from fifty to sixty fathoms, though halibut are often taken in water very much deeper. It is hard work to haul a large fish to the surface from such great depths, and they are not sought for there when they can be found in shoaler water.

It is not an uncommon thing to find over one hundred fishing vessels at anchor at one time on George's during any month of the year. It was to join this fleet that the Sea Fox was now making her way around the point of Cape Cod, taking a course due east from Highland Light. She was fitted out as a hand-liner—that is, her crew would fish with hand-lines over her side—and she had a quantity of frozen herring stowed with the ice in her hold to be used for bait.

We reached the bank early the following morning after leaving Boston, and slipped along past vessel after vessel

SHIPMATES, TWO OF THE CREW OF A GEORGE'S FISHERMAN.

already at work. We could see their crews hauling in their lines and tossing fish over the rail as fast as their arms could move. At last we anchored in fifty fathoms of water, the sails were snugly furled and a riding-sail set to hold her head to the wind.

Now baskets of bait were got up out of the hold, the lines were overhauled, and in less than an hour every man on board had one or two over the side. They were allowed to drop down until the leaden sinkers touched, when they were hauled up so that the hooks were raised a few feet from the bottom.

The first one to strike luck that day was a Portuguese by the name of Joe Crawley. It was a monstrous halibut, weighing three hundred and ninety-six pounds, the largest we struck that trip. It took old Joe at least fifteen minutes before he could secure the fish, and so excited did he become that had it not been for the captain going to his assistance he would surely have lost his prize. When he was hauled alongside it took two men with gaffs to lift him from the water on deck. Here he was despatched by a few blows on the head from the "halibut killer," which is a short wooden club kept for this especial purpose.

For the rest of the day the fishing went on merrily, we all catching our share of the finny tribe. It was lively and exciting work, the halibut and cod piling up on deck so rapidly that none of us cared for dinner, but snatched a few mouthfuls of food and hurried back to our lines. When it was time to knock off and begin to clean and pack the day's catch, I was aching in every joint, and my hands were raw and water-soaked from handling the hard, wet lines.

I felt like turning in, but the fish must

HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS.

be cleaned first, and after that it was my turn to stand a two hours' watch on deck. Thus it was late in the evening when we finally completed our work, and so exhausted that the most of us turned into our bunks without removing anything but our coats and boots.

The fishing continued good for several days, and we were all light-hearted and happy over our success. Every night we were singing and telling stories of big fares and quick trips. The weather had been unusually good, and we had congratulated ourselves in consequence; a few more days of such luck as we had had, we would pull up anchor and be homeward bound. It is a blissful ignorance, that of coming events.

Three days later the morning broke cloudy and threatening. The sky was gray and the air was filled with a penetrating chill. The schooner seemed to ride uneasily at her anchor, straining and surging at her cable in the heavy swell, as though frightened at some impending danger, and trying to break her bands and seek safety in flight. The day before had been what our grandfathers would call "a weather-breeder," with a wind light and puffy from the southwest. That night the barometer had stood about 30.7, which indicated a change, and something to be expected from the sea.

As the day wore on there was a fall of sleet, and the barometer fell steadily. The fish still continued to bite, if anything, better than ever, and we all did our best to swell the sum total of our catch while we had the chance.

By noon the storm had increased in severity, the wind was moaning drearily through the rigging, the long ocean swell of the previous day had changed to more of a short, choppy sea, which would occasionally break over the bows and wet the deck. The captain now ordered all hands to stop fishing. We dressed our catch, stowed away all light articles below, and made everything as snug as possible aboard ship. We paid out twenty fathoms more of cable that she might ride easier, and then to prepare for what might come, and be ready, the captain ordered the foresail unloosed and three reefs taken in the same, after which it was carefully furled and made snug again.

Before supper was served that night the schooner was pitching furiously, and bringing up with vicious jerks on her straining cable. It was fast getting dark, and the sleet drove in horizontal lines, cutting our faces like a whiplash. The wind howled louder than ever through the taut rigging, and the spray blew in blinding sheets across the slippery deck.

I had never been on George's before this trip, and besides the feeling of apprehension at being on this uncanny place, it seemed to me that the gale was already more frightful than anything I had ever seen in my comparatively short sea-faring experience. As I responded to the call to supper, I was surprised to see how calmly the men were taking it. In spite of the racket on deck, the creaking and groaning of the vessel's timbers, and her horrible pitching, they were seated at the mess-table eating, talking and joking as though nothing unusual were happening.

Early in the evening the skipper stuck

"READY AND THE 'MISSUS.'"

AN OLD-TIME FISHERMAN AND HIS BETTER HALF.

his head down the companionway and said:

"Boys, we are in for a regular twister. I never saw a nastier night. You'd better get a nap if you can now, for I am thinking that after midnight you won't have any chance to sleep aboard this craft. I want the sharpest kind of a lookout kept on deck to-night, and to call me the minute a light is seen in any direction.

The great danger in a storm on George's is in getting adrift through the parting of the cable, or the dragging of the anchor, and rushing into collision with some other vessel, or in being run down. In either case the result in all probability would be the death of all on board.

I crept into my bunk, determined to follow the skipper's advice, but it was impossible to sleep, the motion of the vessel and the roar of the gale seemed to be increasing with every moment, and it was difficult for me to keep from rushing on deck. All at once the vessel trembled from head to stern, and heeled well over on her side. A dash of cold water struck me in the face as I sprang, half frightened, from my bunk; someone had left the slide of the companion-way partly open, and the immense wall of water had swept her fore and aft.

My companions had donned their oil clothes and were prepared to go on deck at any moment that they might be needed. They were more sober now than at supper time. There seemed to be a feeling of impending danger, the skipper's warning that there would be no sleep for them after midnight was likely to prove true.

I hastily pulled on my oil clothes, and sat down with the others to wait for we knew not what. Suddenly there was a cry from the watch on deck, the howling of the tempest was so deafening that I did not catch the words, but the skipper evidently understood its meaning, for he sprang up the steps, followed by all hands.

The force of the blast was so severe as to almost drive the breath from my body. The wind sounded like a thousand steam whistles as it shrieked through the strained rigging. The sea hissed and seethed around the quivering vessel like some gigantic maelstrom. We were poised on the crest of a monstrous wave one minute, and the next buried in a yawning depth that threatened to swallow us completely, while the smother of broken waters was thrown high up on her masts.

WRECK OF A FISHERMAN OFF CAPE COD.

By the rays of the riding-light, that still burned steadily just abaft the foremast, I could see the forms of several members of the crew hanging on to anything that would afford them the greatest security, while away forward, beside the windlass, was a figure that I could just distinguish as that of our skipper, standing, axe in hand, ready to cut the cable.

As I glanced around in the intense darkness that surrounded us I saw the cause of the outcry from the watch on deck. A bright light dead ahead was bearing swiftly down upon us. It was that of a fishing schooner torn from her anchorage, and being hurled by the storm demon on her errand of destruction through the helpless fleet.

It was a terrible suspense, that of the next few moments. I hardly dared draw my breath. The skipper raised his axe and was about to strike, then hesitated; there were vessels anchored astern of us, and if we went adrift we, in turn, must drive down upon them.

The threatening light came nearer and nearer, it rose high up on the crest of a gigantic wave, until it seemed high above and almost over us; then it swooped down and rushed past so close to us that we could almost have sprung aboard the drifting schooner. I caught a glimpse of some white faces as they were hurled by, and we could feel the dragging of their broken cable as it was dragged across our own. The next instant all was impenetrable darkness again. We had escaped one danger, what would be the next?

Although it was a cold night I was covered with a profuse perspiration.

As there was no longer any necessity for us remaining on deck until our own watch came, I went below again, turned in and tried once more to get some sleep, but every time that I closed my eyes I would see the bright light of that schooner bearing down upon us, and at every lurch of the vessel I would start up in my berth in fancied alarm. It was really a relief when my watch was called, and I again donned my oilskins and went on deck.

At length day began to dawn. How anxiously I had waited for it. The blackness of the night always adds terror to the danger of the day. The rain and sleet had ceased to fall, and there was some promise of a cessation of the gale. I climbed upon the foregaff to escape the worst of the seas which still broke occasionally over the schooner's bows, sweeping her from stem to stern. One of the first things that I could distinguish in the early light was the huge outlines of a full-rigged ship, without a rag of canvas, that swooped down past us, not more than an eighth of a mile distant. I shuddered as I thought of our fate had we chanced to lie in her course. A short distance ahead of us was a little schooner that had dragged her anchors during the night. The day previous she was much farther away from us.

The daylight also showed us the condition of our own craft. The sea was quieting down, but our bulwarks had been crushed, and the deck swept clear of boats, gurry-kids and everything movable, or that did not happen to be an integral part of the vessel itself.

Most of the fleet had been scattered by the gale, which, though short, was one of the severest of the season. After it was over many of the vessels returned to port to refit or repair, while the fate of others was told by the melancholy signs of wreck and disaster that every now and then floated by us. On account of the gale fresh fish would command an extra price in the Eastern market and as our skipper was anxious to carry in as large a fare as possible, he decided, in spite of the damaged condition of the vessel, to remain a few days longer before getting up anchors and heading for home. For the next three days we were busy with our lines, and had extra good luck, the fish biting better if anything than they had at any time during the trip.

The Sea Fox made a glorious run home, twenty-four hours from the Banks, and we were soon discharging fish alongside the wharf in Boston. We shared forty-seven dollars to a man and were just thirteen days making the trip. In the main, a lucky voyage.

LOVE O' THE SEA

By Elsie Casseigne King

Give me the cry of the creaking spars,
  The blocks, and the halyards high;
Give me the glint of the gleaming sail,
  Taut in the wind's fierce eye;
Give me the sound of the waves a-wash
  Close to the slanting lee—
Oh, there's naught in heaven, and naught on earth,
Never a love from your very birth,
  That thrills as the love o' the sea!

Give me a sky with the wind-clouds set
  Thick on the fading blue;
A ruffle of breeze in a darkening line,
  And the shriek of the storm-curlew;
A hissing moan from the waves we spurn
  As we sweep to the windward, free—
Oh, there's naught in death, and naught in life,
Love of mother, or child, or wife
  That calls as the love o' the sea!

MISS GRACE N. WISHAAR, THE ONLY WOMAN SCENE PAINTER IN THE WORLD.

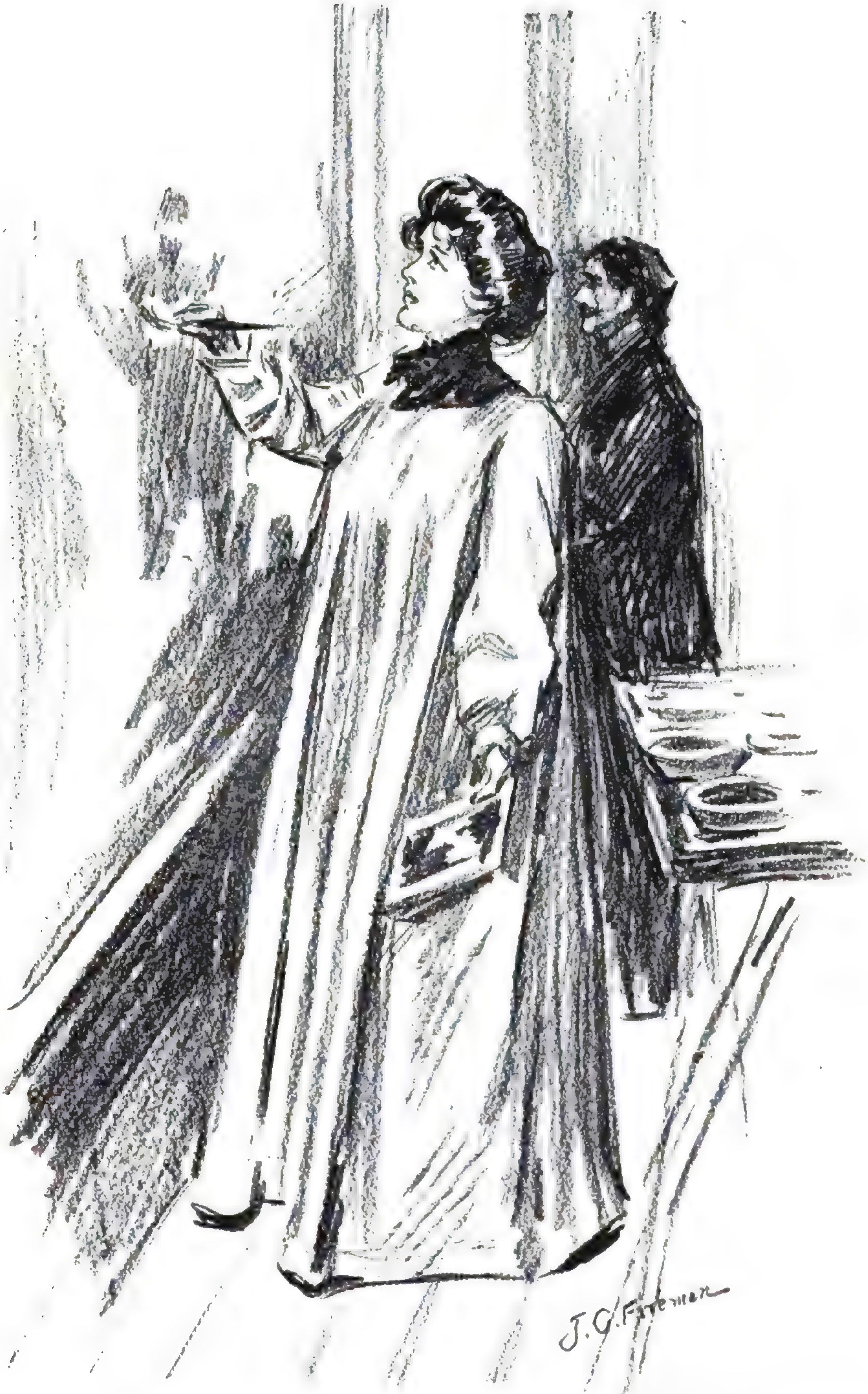
HOW I BECAME A SCENIC PAINTER

By Grace N. Wishaar

Illustrated with original drawings by J. C. Foreman

FIRST of all, it is true that I am the only woman who has ever had the temerity to run counter to all of man's preconceived notions on the subject and invade his special field. At least I know of no other woman scene painter. It is a delightful medium to work in and I am quite fascinated by it.

I do not recall a time when I was not



Drawing by J. C. Foreman.

ON THE BRIDGE PAINTING SCENERY

making crude attempts to draw and paint. I was no martyr to the cause either, for my people encouraged me in it. To begin at the beginning, I was born in Beverly, N. J., but have grown up in the Wild West, and left it only because I realized that the facilities for art education were not so good in the great Western land as in the East.

Just as soon as I could leave Seattle I came to New York and studied in the Chase Art School. I intended to devote my life to portrait painting, and my teachers encouraged this ambition. They were good enough to prophesy great success for me, and to say that the portraits I turned out were strikingly good likenesses, done in a style that betokened originality. When I was "finished" I expected orders to flow in at once, but they did not materialize, and as one must live I looked around for a new field in which to work.

I had done some scenic work in San Francisco, and had had my own studio in Seattle, so it occurred to me that it would be a mighty good thing if I could break into the ranks of Eastern scene-painters. I shall never forget my experience when I started out to secure work of this kind. Every man whom I approached on the subject treated my proposition as a big joke. It nettled me to be laughed at, and it did seem as though I would never find anyone to take me seriously. I was advised to go home and take up sewing, embroidery, or some equally feminine occupation. Several artists, kinder than their fellows, took the trouble to escort me to the paint-bridge where it swung in the realms of space, and pointed out the difficulties and dangers of the work. They said no woman could master such big stretches of canvas. You see, a drop for one of the large stages is about 30 feet high and 50 feet wide, and as one must do the work while only a few feet away from the canvas, it makes it pretty hard from a physical standpoint.

I refused to be dismayed, and at last I was lucky enough to meet D. Frank Dodge, the foremost scenic painter of America. He was very kind, but he somewhat reluctantly gave me a chance to show what I could do on the bridge.

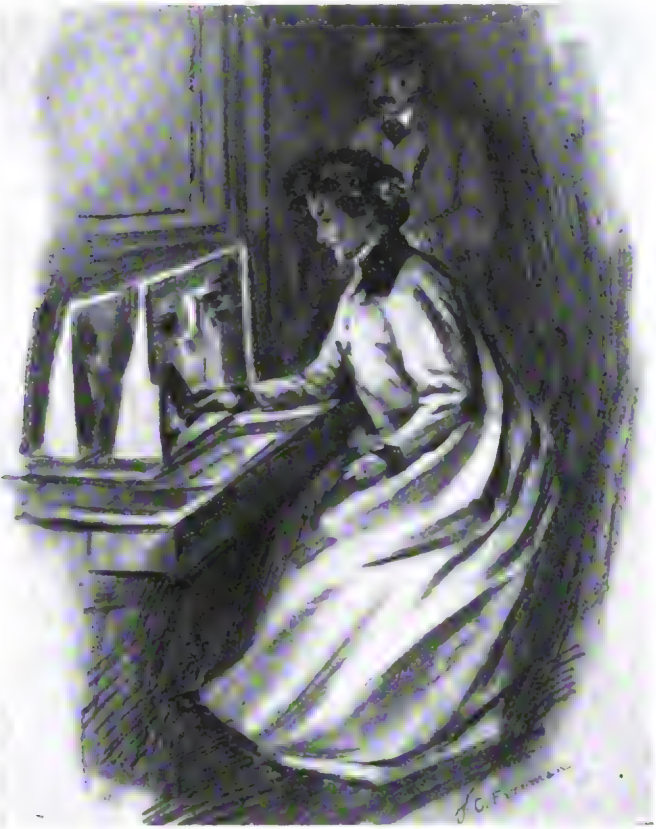
Oh! wasn't I delighted the first time I appeared here in my working togs and began on a canvas! The paint-bridge seemed a queer but altogether charming place to me. It is full of delightful pitfalls; paint-pots, buckets, canvas, tackle, and ladders are here to trip up the unwary. It was prophesied that it would make me dizzy to work at such a height, but not a bit of it. I was too interested to remember that I was anywhere else but on terra firma or in an ordinary studio.

Mr. Dodge's staff of scene-painters numbered about a baker's dozen on the occasion of my introduction among them. They did not take to me kindly. I imagine they wished me well, but they did nothing to help me along. I had to find out for myself how things should be done, and later on I heard that they went in a body to Mr. Dodge, and said they would resign if I stayed. I believe they were afraid they would have to adopt "company manners," refrain from cuss-words and lively anecdotes, and send their overalls to the wash twice a week in my honor. But Mr. Dodge stood by me, and in a very little while they learned to regard me as boon comrade. In fact I think they are rather proud of me now and of my work. I may say that I can put in as good a day's labor upon the painting bridge as any of them. When occasion requires it, I work beside them for fourteen or sixteen hours at a stretch, and I never allow anything to get on my nerves.

My first serious piece of work was to contribute special scenery for the "Casino Girl," "The Prima Donna," "Betsy Ross," and other prominent productions of that particular season, and after that I went through the apprenticeship of stock work.

In my opinion stock work, like stock acting, is the hardest kind. With a change of play every week there has to be a new set of scenery. Some stage-managers refuse even to use a backing the second time. It is like painting in the sand. It is discouraging, for one paints in one week what is painted out the next, while with a big production the scenery lasts at least the season.

It is necessarily quick work; it has to



Drawing by J. C. Foreman.

CONSULTING ABOUT SCENIC MODELS WITH D. FRANK DODGE.

be, and I must at least turn out as much, if not more, than a man, else I feel that I am out of the race.

The profession has drawbacks, of course, but it is truly a joy to me. I find it absorbingly interesting, for it includes so many branches—architecture, modelling, effects, color schemes, and aerial perspective. The latter is of vital importance, as on it depends the effect upon the audience.

How to get the proper effect? How others manage, I cannot say. As for myself, I feel for it—imagine how it's going to look at a distance. Scenic-artists are certainly hampered by the fact that the canvas is never seen in perspective until it has been set up in the theatre for rehearsal, and then it is too late to correct any deficiencies caused by having had to work so close to it. But with practice it comes natural to get it just right.

One thing which induced me to take up this profession is that to my mind it is a progressive one. The work done now is far better than that of years gone by. It is more artistic, and there is room in it for originality and good work. Boldness and ideas count in it, and I am said to have both.

No, neither love nor money could tempt me to give up my work. Why, nowadays the scenic- artist quite overtops the playwright, for no marvel of earth, fire, air, or water is too vast for the art. And, unlike many other professions, one can gain recognition quickly by good work. Appreciation of fine scenery has increased with the public, and the name is on the programme to show who has done it. Applause and appreciation are always grateful.

Another thing I have found since I adopted this profession is that it is a life-study. One can learn something new every day.

Our manner of working is not like the ordinary artist. Our pigments are dissolved in vessels ranging from a cup to a half-gallon measure. We use a big brush, and paint with great, sweeping strokes upon an immense scenic canvas. If engaged upon a curtain or drop scene, I begin from the top, and as the painting progresses the frame is raised by a windlass at the side. My brush strokes, as seen from the paint-bridge, seem anything but finished; indeed, they would have the appearance of a mere mass of rough lines and daubs. But it must be explained that the art of the scene-painter consists in making these rough lines and daubs in the one precise manner which, when seen across the footlights, will suggest with exquisite clearness the very air and light of the author's imagination.

Another phase of my work is to travel all over the United States attending to orders that come to our studio, for which Mr. Dodge has not time to devote personal attention. I travel in his behalf to the Golden Gate and the Far West. Sometimes the stage manager sends a frantic telegram to Mr. Dodge when he finds that a mere woman is going to invade his paint-bridge and turn out scenery for a brand-new production, but he calms down when he sees that I know my business.

Before I mount the paint-bridge to begin work on the canvas Mr. Dodge and I go carefully over the new play, taking note of all details to be reproduced. If the subject is difficult I make a sketch of it in the flat. As soon as this is approved by manager, actor and author, it is built up in a miniature model, on the scale of half an inch to the foot, as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the finished scene. The models for a single play cost in many instances upward of $1,000.

After the model has been approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such frame work as may be necessary. Then we mark out the pieces of our model in tiny squares, and hang a huge canvas beside the paint-bridge with corresponding squares in scales. My draughtsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue, and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body-paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete.

Whether other women will be incited by my story to seek admission into the profession is open to doubt. I almost hope not. It is infinitely too hard work for the average woman, and not one in a thousand could get on at it. It requires more than actual talent. It takes infinite courage, grit and physical endurance to engage in a rugged profession which even hardy men find trying. In fact, I have just about reached the conclusion that there's only room for one petticoat on the paint-bridge.

MISJUDGED

By Clarence Cary

Before we punish a man for crime,
Grim Justice allows him a hearing;
His case is presented to twelve honest men,
And he's given all chance for a clearing.

Must I, then, be judged by Ku-kluxian plan,
Not granting me "right of petition?"
Will you hang me up in this cold-blooded way
On the very frail thread of suspicion?

I think by all rights of Justice and Truth,
That I should have full explanation,
The past is so dear, must I now be condemned
To a life of unjust expiation?

THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE

By Edgar White

BELOW the sub-soil, the hardpan and sandstone, the coal vein winds its uncertain way. Now it turns to one side and forms a vast lake extending for acres; again it shoots straight ahead, thinning and gradually running out. That is the end of the chase, and nothing but earth and rock greet the pick of the miner. Hopefully he turns in another direction and toils day by day, loading his little box with rock and dirt, trusting in the god of chance that the next shovelful will strike the vein again and reimburse him for his outlay of time and money; a sort of "blind man's buff," the prize of which may be a sweet caress from fortune.

It's an exciting game, this quest for underground wealth. Faith never dies until the arm shrivels and the grocer has ceased to credit. Luck—it comes to the hopeful. The tight-bound earth always rewards the persistent toiler. The treasure is there somewhere—higher, lower or off to the side. Siren-like, it must be pursued with confidence and courage. God made it for man and hid it snugly that he might earn it by the labor drops from his brow.

And the picks are plied merrily, the giant powder belches forth great loads of earth and rock and the industrious, meek little pit mule trots through the dark entries with his load—whether rock and dirt or great chunks of marketable coal—it's all one to him.

When Edward Sexton came down from Canada to look into the bituminous fields of Missouri with a view to investment he was as perfect a specimen of the tenderfoot miner as was ever steered against a worked-out colliery. He understood the Carbon Nugget mine was for sale, and the information was confirmed by the proprietors, Messrs. Beardsley and Updyke. They were an ill-favored lot, Sexton thought, but their descriptions were so plausible that he investigated their offering. The engines and outer works were all right, and the mine was equipped to hoist a large amount of coal daily. The reason it was not in operation at the time of Sexton's visit, the proprietors explained, was owing to the necessity of making some cross-cuts to improve the air. The truth was the mine had about run out, and there wasn't anything worth hoisting except the pillars. They boldly took Sexton through the main entries, "explained" things to him in miner's vernacular, and he came out about as wise as he went in. He closed the deal for $15,000, obtaining coal right on several hundred acres beyond the point to which the south entry had been driven. Sexton exchanged his money for the deeds and put ten men to work.

Thomas Williams, a reliable Welsh miner, was engaged as superintendent. As soon as Williams met his employer he told him the truth about matters, but suggested that it might pay to keep a small force "driving" on the south entry, as it was just as likely something would be struck as not; anyhow he could keep expenses down until the land had been thoroughly prospected.

Fifteen thousand dollars in a hole that might not be worth $50 was a bit of damper on Sexton, but he had got into it, and he didn't like to admit he had been played for an easy mark. A suit against the swindlers would be merely a confession of his own ignorance, and he resolved to take his foreman's advice and fight it out as long as his small remaining capital lasted.

He sent for his brother, Jasper, who was idling somewhere up in the Queen's dominion, calculating on using him in the office. Jasper Sexton was some ten years younger than Edward. He was a young man of the world, and had never set it on fire by any particularly worthy accomplishment. His parents having died some years before, Edward tried to fill the vacant place, and loved the lad with all his heart. He had been very ambitious for him, and watched with growing inquietude Jasper's rather aimless career.

Jasper came promptly, however, and was effusively warm in his greeting to his older brother. Edward installed him as accountant, and explained to him how to keep run of the miners' wages. He soon made numerous friends around the town, and was known as "one of the boys." He was better liked generally than his reserved brother. Edward frequently heard talk about the way he had been "done up" in his deal with Beardsley and Updyke, and naturally was not very sociable with those two ambitious promoters, who, he saw, were enjoying a good time with his money.

The struggle for hidden riches had been going on for about ten months. The dirt and rock piled around the pithead had gradually increased, as Sexton's bank account shriveled. He had no credit around town, because nobody took any stock in his chances for reaching coal. All materials came C. O. D. It looked as if a shutdown were bound to be the outcome before winter set in again. It had been a splendid crop year, and all the other mines in the vicinity were running double shifts in order to get out enough coal to enable the railroads to move the grain. Jasper was up town in one of the saloons. Edward sat in the little office, in the vicinity of the pit-head, gloomily examining the ledger. Suddenly the door was thrown violently open and Williams staggered in. In one hand he held a big chunk of coal and in the other his miner's cap, which he waved over his head.

"We've got it, Colonel—hooray!" he yelled.

"Good!" said Sexton, reaching for the lump of coal. "When did you hit it?"

"Not over fifteen minutes ago; but it's all there; just to the west of the 'main south'; four foot, six, or I'm a livin' ghost. Fine sandstone top! There's oceans and oceans of it! Boys are wild!"

It was a fortune from high heaven. The mine the tricksters had supposed worthless turned out to be the best paying plant in the district. Sexton and his men guarded the sacred secret until options on several hundred acres to the west had been securely spiked down, and then let the news out. How quick things changed! Sexton wasn't "that damned tenderfoot" any longer. Anything in town was his for the asking. The machinery jobbers begged for his trade, and sent traveling men a thousand miles to negotiate with him for supplies. A full force of men was put to work, and the railroads and mills began pouring in their orders, for it was soon discovered the Carbon Nugget was putting out the best steaming coal in the district, and that it was almost absolutely free from clinkers. The strike was a vast lake or bed that would take years, it was figured, to exhaust.

About this time Jasper was frequently seen in the saloons with Beardsley, Updyke and a pettifogging lawyer, the latter a hanger-on the dark edges of the town. Williams told Sexton, who begged his brother to keep away from them. Jasper took the admonition sullenly, and said he was tired of being bossed around like a baby. He was the only one around the colliery that didn't rejoice with Edward's turn of fortune.

One evening in October Sexton was working in the office when there was a knock at the door. Margie Williams, the foreman's daughter, came in. She was about nineteen, healthy, bright-eyed and vivacious. A good-looking, sensible girl, is the way Sexton had sized her up from his occasional meetings with her. He had heard her sing in the Welsh choir in the village church, and thought her voice sweeter than all the rest. Unmarried though he was, he gave little heed to ladies' society, but it would have pleased him exceedingly had Jasper become interested in such a girl.

"Mr. Sexton," said Margie, "father, as you know, is out of town to-night, so I had to come to tell you."

Sexton looked at her, wondering.

"They're coming up here after you to make you give them that deed back."

"The deed! Who's coming?"

"That man Beardsley and Updyke, and —and Mr. Jasper," she said.

"Guess they're rather late about it, ain't they?"

He was not much worried. He didn't know the men.

"They're going to kill you if you don't do it," she said, nervously. "I came to tell you so you could get away."

"Thank you, Margie," said Sexton, "very much. But I don't run away from my own property."

"But there's a crowd of them. That lawyer and Billy Sacs is with them, and several half-breeds. And they've all got pistols or rifles."

Sexton walked over to a corner and examined a Winchester. Then he opened a drawer and took out a box of cartridges.

"If they're coming to-night, Margie," he said, "you'd better leave first. But I don't expect they'll do any shooting, if Jasper's along."

"Mr. Sexton?"

"Well, Margie."

"I hate like everything to say it, but it's Jasper that is leading them. It was he who told them how it was to be done. I have got the story very straight, but I cannot tell you how it came. I do wish you would leave," and tears started in the girl's eyes. She held her apron to them and turned her head away from him.

"My child," he said, gently, "don't you see, I couldn't do it. This is my property. I've bought and paid for everything here. If I let them run me out of it they'd never cease to annoy me. I think there must be some mistake about Jasper. He wouldn't want to harm me, and I don't think the others will go very far. Now, I expect you had better leave before they come, and I'll telephone to the marshal over town."

He went to the telephone and called central. There was no answer. The wire had been cut. Sexton became grave.

"Go now, Margie," he said, "and cross behind the engine house so they won't see you. I'll walk part of the way with you."

Margie went home, and after Sexton left her had her horse saddled and was soon galloping to the county seat after the sheriff. Sexton had been kind to her father, and he would have done it had he been there, she knew.

Sexton returned to the office and waited. He had about made up his mind that Margie was mistaken, or else that her informant had merely heard some saloon talk that meant nothing. Nevertheless he barred both doors of the office, and turned down the light. Lulled by the mournful croak of the frogs in the engine pond, and the scented breeze from the woods, he dozed. In the dream picture he went back to boyhood scenes; there was a girl—blue-eyed, mirthful and capricious—who looked back laughingly over her shoulder at him and left him; then came a darkened room; a white-haired old man was passing under the rod; "the old lady, Edward—your ma—she's getting feeble. Don't let her suffer——"

A stone crashed through the window. Sexton sprang up, rifle in hand.

"Let us in!"

It was Beardsley's voice. He followed it up by trying to kick in the door.

"The first man that steps in that door I'll shoot!" said Sexton.

Crash! The men outside were using a prop timber on the front door. The door was of light pine and soon gave way. Beardsley shouted:

"I'll fix him! Let me at him!"

He began firing off his gun. Sexton took the precaution to step away from the light and could not be seen. He took deliberate aim at one of Beardsley's legs and laid him out. The others didn't come in.

"What do you men want?" asked Sexton.

"Shust want to see you a minute. We ain't goin' to hurt you," said Jasper, thickly.

"My God! Jasper!" said Sexton, "are you in that crowd?"

"Yep," said Jasper, "but no use you being so all-fired quick with damn gun. We ain't goin' ter shoot."

He talked like Sexton was to blame for shooting Beardsley.

"If you will make them put up their guns I'll go out," said Sexton.

He heard several guns fall on the ground. Then he laid his Winchester into the corner and stepped to the door. He was instantly seized and bound by several sinewy half-breed miners from the Indian Territory.

A rope was tied across Sexton's mouth and he was led to a grove, a short distance from the pithead. Beardsley was lying at the door, cursing his comrades for leaving him. The spot was isolated, and no help nearer than the county seat, four miles away. But they feared Beardsley's noise might attract a chance wayfarer. So two of them went back and gagged him.

At the grove, Sexton's gag was released, and he was backed up to a tree and tied fast. Updyke addressed him:

"Now, see here, Sexton," he said, "if you'll act decent about this it'll come out all right, and nobody'll lose anything. Give us those deeds back or arrange it so Jap can draw $50,000 for us to-morrow. That's our case in a nutshell. You know you got that mine a thunderin' sight too cheap, and we want what's comin' to us."

Sexton didn't know any help was on the way, or he would have talked against time. As it was he disdained to answer the cowardly miscreant who had tried to ruin him, and was now endeavoring to rob him again. The half-breeds were mixed Indian and negro—the best cross on earth to colonize a select hell with. At a signal from Updyke they began gathering sticks and brush, which they piled around Sexton—not at his feet, but far enough away to prevent actual contact by the flames. Updyke sat down on a log and lit his pipe. Jasper, who had been drinking heavily, stumbled around, and swore at his brother for his perverseness.

"Got a big mine—wuth er million er more—an' won't give poor, pov'ty strick-b'other a shent. Ungratefulest b'other poor devil ever had," he said.

"Shut up," said Updyke. Then rising and going toward Sexton:

"You understand our proposition, Sexton," he said. "This ain't a bluff. We've got to have this money or them deeds. You can spare $50,000 and still have a good thing left. Now, we're going to give you just twenty minutes to think it over. Then the boys will touch off the brush."

The prisoner said nothing. Sexton was a man of the bulldog type when driven. They would never have taken him alive but for his faith in his brother. They had taken him for a tenderfoot, and thought because he hadn't raised any disturbance over the swindle that he could be scared into yielding to any demand they might make on him. Reared in an atmosphere of braggadocio, they were unable to understand real courage. Updyke went back to his log, and resumed his pipe. The minutes were passing swiftly. Out on the turnpike, lighted only by the stars, a girl was urging a horse to the limit of its strength. She feared the game would be over before she could return with the officers, but at least they would have a close start on the bandits' trail.

"Time's up," said Updyke, closing his watch and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "What do you say, Sexton."

"I'll say this," said Sexton, at last driven by intolerable rage to speak, "if I had a hundred lives you and your cut-throats could take them all before I'd kneel to you. You and your rascally partner sought to rob me when I came here, and now because the property you thought worthless turns out to be productive, you've repented of your bargain and want to rob me again. You can't do it. You can kill me, but I'll have the satisfaction of knowing you'll never get another cent of that property. That's your answer."

"Strike a light, boys," said Updyke to the half-breeds.

Gladly they obeyed the command. It was meat and drink to them to see a man suffer. That he was brave never appealed to them. As the flames rose up, they danced around the sinister conflagration, chanting in low tones their weird war songs. Their ordinarily dull, sleepy eyes sparkled through the masks with the ferocious joy than only the anticipation of human torture gave them. The forest glowed red as the fire climbed up, and the forms of the fantastic executioners stood out clear. In the breasts of the cowled monks of the inquisition period, who in sombre dungeons, with hot irons, racks and screws and ponderous weights obtained from white, groaning lips such pledges as they craved, might have been found with the King's search warrant a tiny drop of human pity, but hearts like these no ax that woodman ever handled could so much as mark or dent their flinty structure.

Updyke smoked stolidly on. With him sat two low-browed men, roughly dressed, scarred faces, narrow-eyed—villains from frowzy heads to hobnailed shoes. Jasper stood a ways off, leaning against a tree, gloomily gazing on the dreadful scene. Sexton's cheeks glowed red and his arms twitched as the heat came on. Slowly, like the falling of a drop of water on the bared head, the torture increased. He could smell the scorching clothes, and wondered how long before they would burst out in a blaze. His eyes wandered toward his brother, who dropped his at the reproachful glance. As the misery increased Sexton began to think perhaps it would be better after all to—but no. These men had plundered and then mocked him. His death would deprive them of the money they sought, and would be the severest blow he could administer. Revenge!— no, he didn't think of that. Death was too near. The past had been a hard fight; he had tried to do right by his mother's youngest boy.

Fresh wood was piled on; more whiskey went gurgling down throats already hot and the yells of the masked fiends rose higher and defiled the pure air of heaven. The heat was tearing through his brain and heart, his clothing was smoking briskly and Sexton saw a strangely draped shape beckoning in the hazy distance.

Down the cinder road a horse neighed. Jasper raised his head, looked around and walked rapidly to the edge of the grove. In a moment he returned, sobered and active. He shoved two Indians roughly aside, kicked his way through the fire and cut the thongs that had bound Sexton to the tree.

"Save me, Edward! For mother's sake, think up something to get me out of this!" he whispered, hoarsely.

It was the despairing cry of the thief on the cross.

And at the instant a company of horsemen and a girl rode into the clearing. Carbines were unslung, and Updyke, outlaws and half-breeds were covered.

"Close call, eh, Sexton?"

Sheriff Galloway was the speaker. His posse—used to riot calls from the mines —had gotten into the saddle within five minutes from the time Margie's story was communicated to the sheriff. Sexton, dazedly, scanned the men who had saved him. His hand reached nervously to a tree for support. Jasper came and stood beside him.

"Tell 'em something, Ed," he pleaded. "I'll be good; I'll leave the country—do anything."

The young man's fright was piteous. Sexton looked down at the white, drawn face. Jasper had been guilty of a felony that the law denominates attempted murder and robbery, and provides a penalty of 25 years or more in the penitentiary.

"What's up, Galloway?" asked Sexton, quietly.

"What's up?" thundered the dumfounded officer. He thought Sexton was losing his mind.

"Yes," said Sexton; "have you any objection to us going through our ritual out here?"

"Your *ritual?*"

"Yes—they're administering to me the thirty-third degree in the Iroquois Knights—a Canadian Indian order, that dates back to the first settlement of America—yes, hundreds of years before, I think."

The sheriff looked around over the strange assembly. The embers of the fire still glowed, painting dull red the trees and wind-stirred leaves. The half-breeds, lined up to one side, looked well the part in the play created by Sexton for the salvation of his brother.

"Do you mean this is nothing but a lot of some order's tomfoolery?" demanded Galloway, with hot indignation.

"You can call it tomfoolery if you like," said Sexton, with dignity. "But I assure you it is quite an honor as well as an ordeal to take the thirty-third degree in the Knights of Iroquois."

"I reckon," said the sheriff. "Guess they have to kill a man stone dead to get him through the thirty-fourth degree. A fine ride we've had on a fool's errand. Fall in, boys," and the posse returned to town. The Indians and outlaws skulked into the woods. Jasper, at a sign from Sexton, remained.

"Jasper," he said, "I'll trust you *once* more.

"I'll obey anything you say, Ed," said the young man, earnestly.

"You're armed. Stand by that blazed oak tree till I speak to this young lady. Watch carefully, and should you catch so much as a glimpse of one of those villains returning, shoot him without a question."

"I'll do it, Ed," said Jasper, as he took the station indicated.

Sexton walked over to Margie, who had .been, perhaps, the most astonished spectator of the strange scene.

"I want to thank you, my child," he said. "You have saved me from an awful torture. Your splendid courage and skill have placed under obligations to you a man who never forgets a friend."

"It seems, though, I was entirely mistaken," she answered, coldly, turning her horse from him. "It was merely a pleasure you were indulging in."

"You know better than that, Margie," said Sexton, earnestly. "When our mother died Jasper was a lad of fifteen. On her death bed she gave him to me, a sacred charge. 'Edward,' she said, 'I leave him to you. He's a little wayward, but he loves you and will mind you. Make a good man of him, and your old parents in Heaven will bless you.' Those were about the last words she uttered before the waiting angels took her dear old soul to Paradise. The boy saw the officers coming. He rushed to me, cut the ropes and begged me to save him. What I did was on an impulse. But I don't regret it. I wish—I wish that you would forgive him, too."

Margie held out her hand. He could feel it tremble as he took it.

"You are not only brave, but you are good," she said gently. "I never understood such things. You have taught me a great deal. I'll think it over. I——"

"Margie?"

"Yes."

He gently loosened the left hand from the bridle-rein and added it to its fellow captive.

"There is just one more degree I'd like to take to-night," he said. "It is the renouncement of one-man power. Will you share the responsibility of the future with me?"

Margie lowered her face to his; her light hair brushed his forehead and—well, there are degrees that an outsider should neither observe nor discuss.

LOVE LOGIC

By Mary Stempel

You, my King, are kneeling here
Whispering: "I'm unworthy, dear,"
You, at my feet!
Arise this instant, Sweet!
Do you not know
I could not love you as I do
If this were so?
My love itself is proof,
That you are fit my King to be,—
To rule me worthily,
And solemnly do I declare,
Flaw in my King, there's none!
Because I see in you a God
Doth make you one.

THREE LITTLE MAIDENS OF NIPPON, ENGAGED IN PLAY.

WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG IN THE LAND OF NIPPON

By Martha Nelson McCan

Illustrated with photographs by the Author

THE wee, brown babies of Japan are the most polite in the kingdoms of the world. Almost before they are able to toddle on their pretty, brown, dimpled feet, their manners are well nigh perfect. *"Ohyo!"* (good day) will call out the street children with a comical prostration of their diminutive bodies if you happen to catch their bright eyes. *"Sayonaro"* (good-bye) they never fail to add, touching their foreheads to the very ground when you turn to leave them. If you know enough of the language to address a question to them, the youngest will draw in their breath with a peculiar hissing sound, which signifies their reverence for your honorable self.

A glance down the crowded thoroughfare, and the crowd generally consists of

A JAPANESE MOTHER AND HER SONS ON THEIR WAY TO A TEMPLE.

A YOUNG JAPANESE ARISTOCRAT AND HIS TUTOR.

JAPANESE NEWSBOY SELLING "EXTRAS."

children, is like looking at a parterre of brilliant flowers. The babies and little girls all dress in gorgeous greens and golds. After two years of age the girls begin to drink tea and to have their hair dressed in the innumerable coils, twists and ropes for which the Japanese women are famous. After babyhood the boys are garbed in serious browns and blues, and wear their heads closely shaven with the exception of little tufts of hair that seem to crop out anywhere and everywhere on their shiny black pates.

I verily believe these Japanese youngsters are not only the most polite in the world, but the cleanest. In the quaint gardens in the rear of the dwelling houses are curious tiled roof sheds, which serve as protection to big vessels filled with water heated almost to the boiling point. In these the youngsters are dipped by child-like mothers at least twice a day, oftentimes three or four. Every trivial incident, a visitor, a new kimona or sash, a feast day, serves as an excuse for an extra dip. It is no wonder that these Oriental youngsters have the rosiest of cheeks and the most sparkling of eyes. It is merely a superb combination of cleanliness, good health and good training.

No baby is considered properly dressed until its *kincharu* or charmbag is hung at its side by a bright ribbon. The bag is a bit of brocaded silk in which is sewed the *mamori-fuda* or talisman. This is supposed to preserve the toddling youngsters from the danger of horses' heels or the whirring wheels of *jinrikisha*. Every baby has also suspended around its neck its name and address. Japanese babies wander at will from one house to another. They are always returned home safe and sound at night fall. Are they then scolded or whipped by anxious mothers? Never! Whippings are unknown in

A CHILD PREPARING TO CARRY THE BABY ON HER BACK.

Japan and the father or mother who would strike a child would be shunned as a monster.

It is evident that the Japanese children are taught independence, cheerfulness, and patience almost from their birth. When a baby is a few days old it is fastened on to an older brother or sister's back, and together they go out into the street. The older children have their times to work and to play, but no matter what they have to do or where they go, always have a little one on their back, both the baby and the child who bears the burden seeming to take it as a matter of course. I have seen the boys flying kites, the girls playing a game which looks like the English "Battledore," and both boys and girls playing something that resembles "Hop-scotch," which the little children play in America, in the mean time the babies on the backs of the older children, swing to and fro as the players dash around not seeming to mind it in the least. Sometimes the little things are sound asleep, sometimes gazing placidly up at the skies, but never crying or making any trouble.

As soon as the little ones are able to walk they are turned into the street and learn to take care of themselves, and to their backs a doll is tied the weight of which is gradually increased so it can carry the new brother or sister when it arrives. They evidently eat when and what they please. Their diet consists principally of boiled rice, a sort of seaweed, dried fish, and cakes made of pounded rice. This treatment seems to produce a sturdy, healthy, happy race.

The streets are fairly alive with children, and there seems to be nothing but

CHILDREN PLAYING SOLDIERS AND NURSES AFTER AN "EXTRA" ANNOUNCING A JAPANESE VICTORY, IN FRONT OF SHRINE IN KYOEO.

absolute good nature and cheerfulness. It has been thought that this vegetarian diet is responsible for the wonderfully sweet and sunny tempers of Japanese children, or perhaps it is their free, open-air life and the liberty that is given to them to handle and enjoy all they see. Whatever the reason may be, it is a fact that during a three months' stay in Japan, being constantly on the crowded thoroughfares and closely observing the habits, customs and characteristics of the children, I have not seen a cross or ill-tempered child. Not one older brother or sister have I seen in the least impatient or unkind to the little one which is entrusted to his or her care, or any of the wee ones in anything that resembles a quarrel. This acceptance of their fate and performing their duty, whatever it may be, without a complaint and with a spirit of cheerfulness seems to be a great feature of the Japanese character.

The boys are held in especial honor and trained from babyhood to patriotism and martial glory. For this reason, the male infant of high lineage is separated from his mother and surrounded only by men. The little girls at an early age are taught to memorize the maxims of Kaibara in his "Greater Learning for Women." "Gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness" are emphasized as the necessary female virtues, while the worst maladies are "indocility, discontent, plunder, jealousy and silliness." Even in play the girls never forget to be docile and quiet in the presence of the boys.

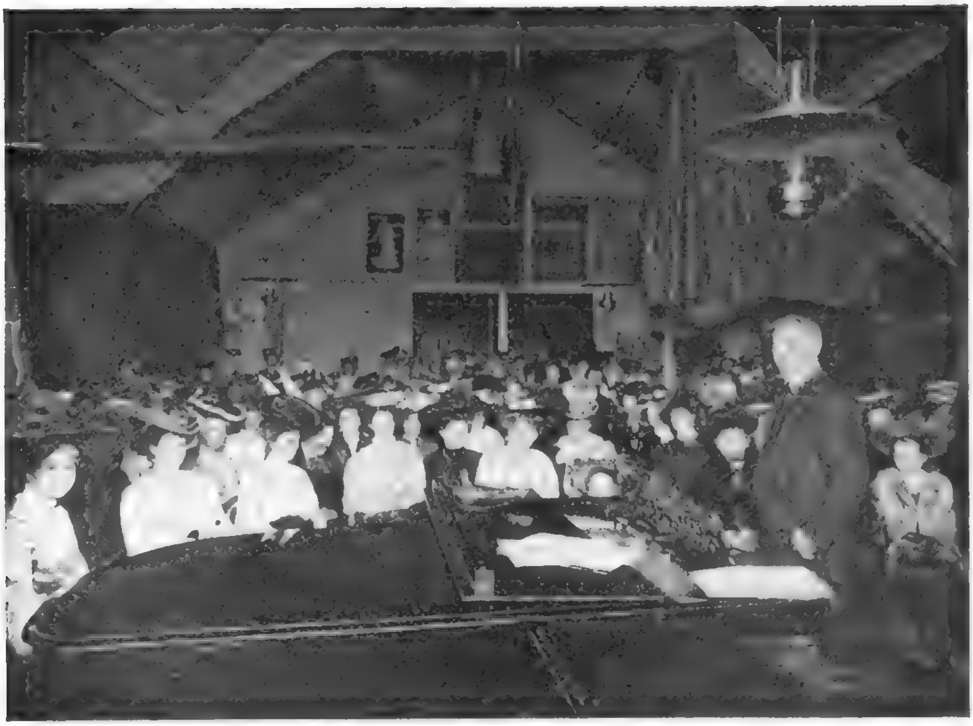
Christmas is unknown to Japanese youngsters, but there is no lack of holidays, during which the children are special objects of attention. Besides the feasts of flowers which last throughout the year and are the occasion of delightful excursions into the country, there are certain visits to be paid to the temples. This entails a pilgrimage of the entire family on foot to some beautiful and

CHILDREN LEARN TO BECOME LITTLE MOTHERS THROUGH FASTENING DOLLS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

picturesque spot where a lovely temple is erected for the offerings of the pious. The little ones are trained to lay their gifts of rice before the altar, then they are allowed to gambol in the fairy gardens that surround the edifice.

The "Third of the Three" is the "Feast of the Dolls," which is a day devoted especially to the amusement of little girls. The "Fifth of the Five" is the "Feast of the Flags," during whose festivities, of a patriotic character, the boys hold first place. Both boys and girls are encouraged by their parents to attend certain dramas especially written for the purpose of amusing little people of tender years. For five and six hours these well-brought-up Japanese children sit perfectly contented watching the development of these instructive plays in which the ethics of their religions are carefully brought to notice. Between the acts both boys and girls sip a tiny cup of strong tea served without milk or sugar.

A feature of the streets of Japan is the newsboy; he does not cry the papers as he does in America. Whenever there is an extra published the "extra boys" as they are called, run as fast as they can, delivering the extras at the houses of each subscriber. They wear a special costume, and have tied to their side a bell which rings constantly as they run. A non-subscriber may buy a paper, but the regular subscriber pays nothing in addition to his yearly subscription, which costs about ten cents.



THE VITTI STUDIO, MUCH FREQUENTED BY AMERICANS, TRANSFORMED ON SUNDAYS INTO A PROTESTANT PLACE OF WORSHIP.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS

By C. T. Mason

Illustrated with special photographs

THERE are no less than three thousand American art students in Paris. They are to be found in the Montmarte quarter, in the Ternes and on the left bank of the Seine, the greater number residing in the quieter section, which lies between the Luxembourg and the station at Montparnasse, even as far as the boundary of Montrouge. Here and there, in these sections of the French capital the streets are of another aspect than Parisian. It is a trans-atlantic colony—a *colonie d'outre-mer*—with bars and restaurants and foreign shops, all denoting a pleasant exotism. Athletic figures, clean shaven faces, shaded by broad sombreros (buffalos) with red bands, are the distinguishing marks of the male American art student in Paris. His sister, the American art girl, is to be known by her plaid dress, by her custom of carrying her paint box slung over her shoulder, by her hat of warm colors—a science of half-tones and complimentaries—by her horror of detail, and by a wide, clear vision that reminds one of Whistler himself. She has crossed the ocean, enthusiastic and unchaperoned. She practices her art with the fervor of the true art lover, with the application of her sex and with that quiet tenacity that is so characteristic of her people.

Already a well-known figure in the art centres of Paris, the American art student has been further distinguished

THE LIBRARY OF THE LADIES' CLUB IN THE RUE DE CHEVREUSE.

by two recent events that have stirred the artistic world—the Whistler exposition and the Stillman legacy.

A cablegram sent from Washington to Paris, on May 3d, announced to the art students there that Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank in New York, in his desire to recognize the services which the Ecole des Beaux Arts has for many years rendered to American art students, had made the offer of $100,000 to be used as a gift, of which the revenues should be employed for annual prizes to be distributed to the scholars of French nationality.

It is almost unnecessary to say that on this side of the Atlantic the sister Republic is looked upon as largely symbolical of the best thoughts of the old world. It is to Paris that our art students go to learn how to interpret the beautiful. Americans too are the warmest admirers of French culture. Many of them, women as well as men, have long attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The American architects (some sixty in number) are in the majority at the Ecole. American painters and sculptors have realized some of their best ideals on French soil.

And this Stillman gift comes at an appropriate time, coinciding as it does with a beautiful artistic ceremonial. The history of Art in the United States, after many years of earnest effort, has attained a notable epoch, and the figure of the great master Whistler is its crowning glory. Thanks to the initiative of M. Bénédite, the finest masterpieces of Whistler, all gathered from foreign collections and art galleries, are now on exhibition at the Beaux Arts in Paris.

To many who have long cherished the name of Whistler, his work was almost entirely unknown. A few canvases, among them the portrait of his mother, and some pictures admired last year at the Salon, some reproductions, engravings and photographs, were almost the only works of his that the French public had seen and upon which it had based its appreciation of the great American painter. Thanks, however, to the exposition now in progress at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the finest of Whistler's paintings are presented for the admiration of those who will always revere his name among the most famous artists of the 19th century.

If we consider the progress of Art in the United States, we will find that it is after the most courageous efforts that it has attained the high standard which now distinguishes it. Having secured worldly prosperity, the American people next turned their attention to decorating the great mansions their wealth had erected. But in this they were impeded by their lack of traditions and by the very spirit that had characterized them as a great commercial people. With our vigorous organism every effort is made to secure the greatest results in our smallest undertakings. It is this characteristic that has made our country what it is; but, applied to art, this earnest energy must have coupled with it the willingness to learn of those who are capable of teaching us lessons.

Thus it was that in our art apprenticeship we were slow in attaining that position which now reflects such credit on our American painters. It was not until we turned to the French masters and sought in them our principal art instructors, were we able to issue from the labyrinth of mixed styles and various foreign influences into which we had fallen in our ignorance of true artistic values. To Claude Lorrain and Poussin was our own Th. Cole indebted for his inspiration to lasting fame, and since the founding of the old National Academy in 1825, other American artists have learned at the feet of great French painters, among them Delacroix, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon and Millet. Thanks to the teachings of our Gallic preceptors such names as George Innes, Winslow Homer, J. Sargent, Donnat, Pearce, Mac Ewan and Mary Cassatt have become as well known in the French Salons as they are here in New York.

Inspired as they are by the ambition to represent their country in the highest realms of art, it is natural that among the American art students in Paris there should exist that *camaraderie* which finds its healthiest expression amid the social reunions of clubs and fraternal societies. Hence it is that there has sprung up in Paris, as a feature of its art life, such thoroughly American organizations as the Art Association (for men) and the Art Students' Club (for women).

The Ladies' Club, as it is familarly called, was founded some years ago by Mrs. Reid, the wife of our then Ambassador to France. Its object was to provide American art girls with a place where they could discuss the one thing in which they are most interested. Although Mrs. Reid has long since left Paris, she has continued to evince a lively solicitude for the welfare of the Ladies' Club, of which she is still the patroness.

The Club, which occupies a central position in the American art colony at Paris, is located in an old house in the Rue de Chevreuse. On entering the gate the visitor is at once struck by the charming surroundings. He almost fancies himself in the country, as he notes the peaceful calm of the old garden with its narrow walks, bordered by box and redolent with huge beds of fuchsias and tulips. The house, which is literally buried in verdure, has a detached building—a little construction of wood—which forms a charming addition to the place. It is the art students' chapel, where the American flag flies on Sundays and on fête days.

Here, in this old house and garden, the American Art Girl may be seen at her best. Her appearance harmonizes with the surroundings. Her costume with its sombre colors is an unconscious reflection of old Paris refined art. In some of the rooms, all more or less soberly furnished, are pictures that bear witness to a true appreciation of artistic worth. Here is a reproduction of the "Laughing Girl" (*La Rieuse*) by Franz Hals, here an infant by Velasquez, there a copy of Botticelli's "Spring"—all executed by some member of the Art Students' Club.

Everything has been done to ensure the comfort of the members. There are working rooms, a library, a dining-room, and cosy little chambers where the members may rest and sleep. Miss Everdell, the directress of the Club, is indefatigable in her efforts to promote the well being of the society. As one of its social fea-

ARTISTS AT WORK AT "THE AMERICAN CLUB" FOR MEN.

tures we may mention the 5 o'clock teas at which visitors are usually received. Connected with the Club are a number of rooms set apart for members who prefer to reside on the premises.

Besides the Beaux Arts, these girl art students attend the Vitti, Julian and Colarossi academies. Here they are noted for their diligence. They have all come to Paris to acquire something more substantial than mere amateur talent. They intend to earn their living by art. Many of them are daughters of wealthy families and some have their expenses paid by their colleges at home.

Mrs. Mary Cassatt, Mrs. Conders and Miss Caroline Hall may be taken as striking examples of what the American art student can accomplish abroad. Last year the Luxemburg Musée distinguished Miss Marion Powers by purchasing her painting. *Minette Rieuse* and *Au Jardin du Luxembourg,* both by Miss Helen Kibbey, are now on exhibition at the Salon. Miss Zeckwer, Miss Este and many others are also among the exhibitors this year.

On Sunday afternoons the students gather at the Academy Vitti, where religious exercises are held. The surroundings are perhaps a little profane, but the serenity of Pastor S. W. Beach is not easily disturbed, and the girl and boy students are always glad of an excuse to meet and exchange confidences in the good old fashion of the other side.

THE BET AT APFELSTADT CORNERS

By John P. Guckes

"I WOULD bet now anybody fifty dollars yet I could marry a wife sooner as anybody here." The voice was that of a typical Pennsylvania German, whose quaint accent defied all imitation in print. Henry Umpbach, bachelor-farmer of twenty-seven summers, looked defiantly at the group of farmers toasting the soles of their boots on the stove in Schuster's general store at Apfelstadt Corners; and spoke with the air of a man who felt satisfied that every girl between Schpenksville and Kalbsville would have fallen over her big feet in haste to marry him.

"I take you up now," said William Pfunz, a tow-headed, ruddy-cheeked youth of uncertain age. "I belief I could maybe get somebody to marry me sooner yet as you."

"Ei! yi! yi! yi! yi!" exclaimed several men about the stove, astounded at the tremendous amount of the bet. In the Pennsylvania German country a man looks three times at the head and tail of every penny before he bids it a sad farewell.

When Schuster's store closed that night, Henry Umpbach hastened home to plan what steps he would take to find a wife in the morning. He had recently come to the conclusion to get married, and having unlimited confidence in his ability to fascinate every woman he met, he did not for an instant doubt that he could pick up a wife inside of twenty-four hours. It had occurred to him that he might make fifty dollars in the bargain; hence his offer to bet at Schuster's store.

The next day, after the early morning farm tasks were done, he put on his Sunday suit and his new red and green necktie, hitched the bay mare to his span-new, red-wheeled buggy, and started off. A two-mile drive along Township Line Road brought him to Hermann Henkelmann's farm. Old Hermann had the reputation of having the two prettiest daughters in Nictowamen Township. Henry rode into the barnyard and found the old man cutting corn fodder.

"How goes it now?" inquired Henry. "Much corn this year?"

"Pretty good yet, Henry. Corn is all right; potatus is better."

The old man scarcely looked up from his work.

"Where here is Lena?"

"Back by the corn crib," replied Hermann.

Henry Umpbach jumped from his team, and walked around the barn to the corn crib. There was the charming Lena, pink-faced, big-footed and fat, hanging newly washed clothes upon a line.

"How do you do by the morning, Lena?" said Henry, putting his hands in his trousers' pockets.

Lena blushed and hung her head.

"How are you, Lena? Don't be bashfulness."

"All right, I am," replied Lena.

"Your father, he sent me back to you."

"For why?"

"For why yet, you ask?" Henry's face reddened. "For to ask you if you would marry me."

Again Lena blushed and hung her head.

"What do you say, Lena?"

"I don't know."

"What?"

"I can't get married by you, Henry."

"Why not, yet?"

"Because I am promised to Amos Schwachmaul."

"Oh, yes; you don't say! I am craziness to ask you. Where is now your sister Tillie?"

"Tillie, she is in the shed, making washing."

"Is she yet promised?"

"I don't know."

"All right, I will ask her once. Good-bye, Lena."

Henry walked to the shed door. Tillie Henkelmann, the image of her sister, save that she appeared a trifle younger, was bent over the washtub. At Henry's appearance she stopped her work and gazed sheepishly at the roof.

"How do you do, Tillie?"

She continued to gaze at the roof.

Henry waited at the door for two minutes, and then asked again:

"How do you do, Tillie?"

"Pretty good to-day, I am," replied Tillie, starting furiously to work.

"Tillie."

"Well?"

"Will you marry to me?".

"Oh! Oh! Oh! My gracious alive!"

"What do you say now?"

"I can't do it."

"For why not?"

"I must wait yet first till Lena makes a marriage. Why don't you ask her?"

"I did, but she wouldn't take me."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! My gracious alive!"

Henry stood at the door a moment longer, hesitating what to do. Then he said:

"Good-bye, Tillie."

"Good-bye," she answered.

Henry went back to his team, got in, and started to drive away.

"I am off, Hermann," he called.

"So soon already? Good-bye, Henry," said the old man, without looking up.

Henry drove to the end of the lane and stopped, uncertain which way to turn. Then he thought of Lizzie Elphenphumpfer, up at Schweinhaus. Lizzie had always made big eyes at him when he sat in church; surely she would marry him. He whipped up the bay mare and in half an hour reached the village of Schweinhaus. Tying his team to a post, he went around to Elphenphumpfers' kitchen door. Lizzie's mother was on the back porch, making scrapple for market.

"How do you do?" said Henry.

"Pretty good, everybody," replied Lizzie's mother, still stirring the scrapple.

"Can I see Lizzie, please now?"

"Lizzie ain't home."

"Where is she?"

"She got married yesterday and went to Allentown on her weddings trip."

"Ei! yi! yi! No, you don't say so. All right. Good-bye."

Henry jumped into his buggy and rode away, wondering if every man had the same trouble when he sought a wife. Proposing was new business to him. He had no idea that courtships were necessary, and thought that all a man need do when he wanted a wife was to go and get one, the same as when he wanted a horse, a cow, or a pig. He was discouraged, but the vision of the fifty dollars rose before him, and he determined to make a new effort.

The rest of the day he spent in calling upon Millie Bumphauser, Sallie Ep and Louisa Itchler, but met with no success. He went home very sad and crestfallen, but in bed that night he made a resolve to visit every marriageable girl in the county the next day.

In the morning the rural delivery mail carrier brought the *Schpenksville Weekly Transcript,* and Henry glanced over it after he had taken the milk to Kalbsville. To his amazement he read:

LADIES MUST BEWARE.

MAN FROM APFELSTADT CORNERS IS LOOKING FOR A MATE.

It has come to our notice that on Wednesday evening a certain gentleman made a very large bet in Schuster's store that he could marry a lady on short notice. Look out for him, ladies!

Henry groaned in despair. Every girl of his acquaintance would read the *Transcript* before he could reach her. His game was up; already he pictured himself withdrawing fifty dollars from the Schpenksville Bank. But something must be done. He grasped a copy of the *Pig Raiser's Monthly Grunt,* and turned nervously to a column headed "Matrimonial Opportunities." Running his finger down the line of advertisements he stopped at one reading:

Charming Chicago society girl, age 22, desires a farmer-husband. Has no money, but is pretty, a good cook, and would make an excellent wife. A Pennsylvania German preferred. Address E. P., care Rev. D. S. Poulet, Room 1218 Leftwerts Trust Building, Chicago.

"Just my style," said Henry to himself. Then he tore a fly leaf from a book and wrote:

> dearest Miss society Girl E. P.
>
> i have just readed over your avertisements for husbands i anser quick so i be first appliccation and say i would be the right one and i have a one nice farm with a Stilish horse and carrag what you are used to and everything to your hearts contentment and would be o k for you to marry me no Motherinlaw i am a Pennsylvania German oldness twenty seven years next week anser quick please and come on next train to Schpenksville i will expectation you your lovingly
>
> Henry Umpbach.
>
> i sent my picture took 6 years before now i am more hansomer now yet address R F D No 3 Schpenksville Pa.

Henry reread his letter many times, and felt quite proud of it.

"That will surely fetch her," whispered he to himself. In the afternoon it was given to the mail carrier, with instructions to put a special delivery stamp upon it.

After four days of anxious waiting, came a reply:

> Dearest Henry:
>
> I loved you from the moment I saw your photograph and read your letter. I will get a new dress and start East tomorrow. Meet me Thursday, 7.18 train, Schpenksville.
>
> Your own loving,
>
> Ernestina Polwell.
>
> P. S. I enclose my photograph, taken five weeks ago.

Henry danced with joy. Ernestina's picture was that of a fascinating young lady in a fashionable, low-necked dress. Henry kissed it time and time again, exclaiming, "Gracious sakes! isn't she beautiful sweetness!" He also thought often of the fifty dollars.

A day later the mail carrier brought a telegram which had come to Schpenksville, addressed to Henry Umpbach. It read:

> All money gone for new dress. Please send twenty-five dollars for fare. Will arrive Saturday.
>
> Ernestina Polwell.

Henry's face fell.

"Looks to me like funny bizness," muttered he, "me to send twenty-five dollars. Maybe it is fraudulency, not?"

All that day he considered the matter carefully. He did not like the idea of sending twenty-five good, round, hard dollars to a prospective wife as charming even as Ernestina's photograph showed her to be. Late in the afternoon he reached a decision to act. The bay mare was hitched up, and a neighbor's boy drove Henry to Schpenksville station.

"Good-bye," cried Henry from the last car of the train which carried him away from Schpenksville. "Tell everybodies at Apfelstadt I am gone to marry Chicago society lady!"

When Henry reached Chicago, he met with some difficulty in finding the Leftwerts Trust Building. The busy streets and tall buildings bewildered him, and he half regretted that he had left his quiet, happy farm. When he finally found the Trust Building, he walked up the stairs to the twelfth floor. He did not care to risk a trip in the elevator.

"Room 1218, Rev. D. S. Poulet," read the sign on a door. Henry knocked.

"Come in," said a man's deep voice within.

Henry entered, hat in hand, and found himself in the presence of a tall, stately gentleman, dressed in black—Rev. D. S. Poulet himself, without doubt.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the gentleman.

"I am Henry Umpbach," replied Henry, still puffing from the exertion of climbing eleven flights of stairs.

"Oh, yes, yes! I remember. You were in correspondence with a Miss—Miss——"

"Miss Ernestina Polwell," prompted Henry.

"Yes. Ernestina is my niece. A fine young woman, Ernestina. She has a fancy for the country—wants to be a farmer's wife. I have advised her against it many times, but——"

"No, no! You must not do that! I come all the way from Apfelstadt to marry her," interrupted Henry, all his suspicions of "fraudulency" now removed by the highly respectable air of Rev. Poulet.

"Take a chair, sir," said that gentleman. "I will call my niece by 'phone, and you can speak with her."

"No, please not!" exclaimed Henry, his face reddening. He had never spoken over one of the infernal machines in his life.

"All right then, sir," said Rev. Poulet. "A little bashful, I suppose. Quite natural. I will call Ernestina up and arrange myself for you to meet her to-night."

Rev. Poulet went to the telephone.

"Give me 14-22-77 X L," called he. A pause of half a minute followed.

"Hello! Is Ernestina there? Ask her to the 'phone. Hello! Ernestina! That you? Your Uncle Dave. Yes. Mr. Umpbach is in town. Yes. to-night. What time? All right, at 7.30. Yes. What's that? Money for what? No, I don't like to ask Mr. Umpbach. Don't get cross. This afternoon, eh? You must have it?"

Henry was listening intently to the disjointed conversation on which his future felicity depended. He fancied he could hear the sweet voice of Ernestina.

"Excuse me now a minute yet," he said, tapping Rev. Poulet on the shoulder. "I will give you the seventeen dollars for Ernestina's dress. Here."

Henry placed a twenty dollar note on the desk.

"Wait a minute, Ernestina," called Rev. Poulet at the telephone. Then he turned to Henry.

"Keep your money," he said. "Couldn't think of taking it. It wouldn't be quite the proper thing. I will pay for the dress."

"No, no! let me pay! I love her!" cried Henry.

"Hello there, Ernestina!" called the reverend gentleman into the telephone. "I will be there in a few minutes with the money. Yes. Good-bye."

Rev. Poulet calmly turned around, and put the twenty dollar note in his pocket.

"Mr. Umpbach," said he, "please remain here a few minutes. I will be back in a quarter of an hour. If a gentleman calls, tell him to wait."

After carefully adjusting his silk hat, Rev. Poulet sauntered out of the office in a dignified manner.

He had been gone about ten minutes when the office door was opened, and a little, dried up man came in.

"Is Rev. Poulet here?" he asked Henry, in a squeaking voice.

"No, not yet," replied Henry. "He said you was to wait if you come in."

The little, dried up man took a chair.

Five minutes later another man entered. He was tall and thin, wore baggy trousers, and had a decidedly seedy appearance. In reply to the newcomer's inquiry, Henry said that he was in charge of the office, and that Rev. Poulet would return in a few minutes. Henry was beginning to feel quite at home about the place.

Twenty minutes more passed. The two strangers looked anxiously at the clock, at Henry and at each other.

"I'm in a hurry," squeaked the little man to Henry. "Can't you find out where Rev. D. S. Poulet is?"

Henry looked at the telephone dubiously. It was risky, but he would try it.

"I will call him once by the telephone," he said.

He remembered Ernestina's number. Going to the telephone, he put the receiver to his ear and called, "Please now, give me 14-22-77 X L."

"No such number. Look in your book," replied the operator.

"What book?" asked Henry. "Do you think I am a foolishness?"

"Br-r-r-z-z!" the receiver rattled in Henry's ear, and he dropped it in alarm.

"I can't get him yet by the telephone!" he cried, distractedly. "Wait yet a few minutes. He will be here surely, because——"

Henry's speech was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Come in," he said, quite naturally, and just as though he owned the place.

The door opened and in came the tow-headed youth that had taken Henry's bet at Apfelstadt Corners.

"William Pfunz!" cried Henry, in profound astonishment. "What you doing here?"

"Henry!" shouted the amazed William, "how be you here?"

They looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then the door opened again, and in came a man followed by two policemen.

"Where is Rev. Poulet?" demanded the first of the newcomers, sharply. The dried-up man and the tall man pointed to Henry.

"He is at Ernestina's," replied Henry.

"Are you his clerk?"

"For temporarily," replied Henry, proud of the honor.

"Arrest him!" said the man to the police. Then he turned to the others. "Who are you?" he demanded. They tried to explain. "Poor dupes," muttered the man. "What do you want here?" he demanded.

"I want my Anna!" squeaked the little man.

"I want my Esmeralda!" roared the tall man.

"I want my Euphonelia!" shrieked the tow-headed William.

"You have been duped by a clever rascal," said the man. "Rev. D. S. Poulet is a fraud. His business is to extort money from poor fools that want wives. Give me your names and addresses and go."

The little man and the tall man complied with his request, and went out hastily, muttering vengeance on Reverend Poulet.

The tow-headed William remained at Henry's side, his mouth wide open and his eyes staring blankly into space.

"Now, as to you," said the man, addressing Henry. "I am Persons, the detective. Who are you?"

Up to this time Henry had stood by in abject terror, but at the detective's composure, he regained his countenance.

"I am a jackass!" replied he.

"I know that," rejoined the detective, "but what is your name? Also, where is Rev. D. S. Poulet?"

Henry explained all that had happened. The detective and policemen had a good laugh over the honest Pennsylvania Germans, and then allowed them to go.

"William," said Henry, as they sat in the car going back to Schpenksville, "we are a pair of jackasses, not? Shall we say the bet is no more?"

"Yah," replied William, with a sigh. "I couldn't pay it now nohow. I sended all my money to that Reverend Pullit."

"BEHIND THE FAN"

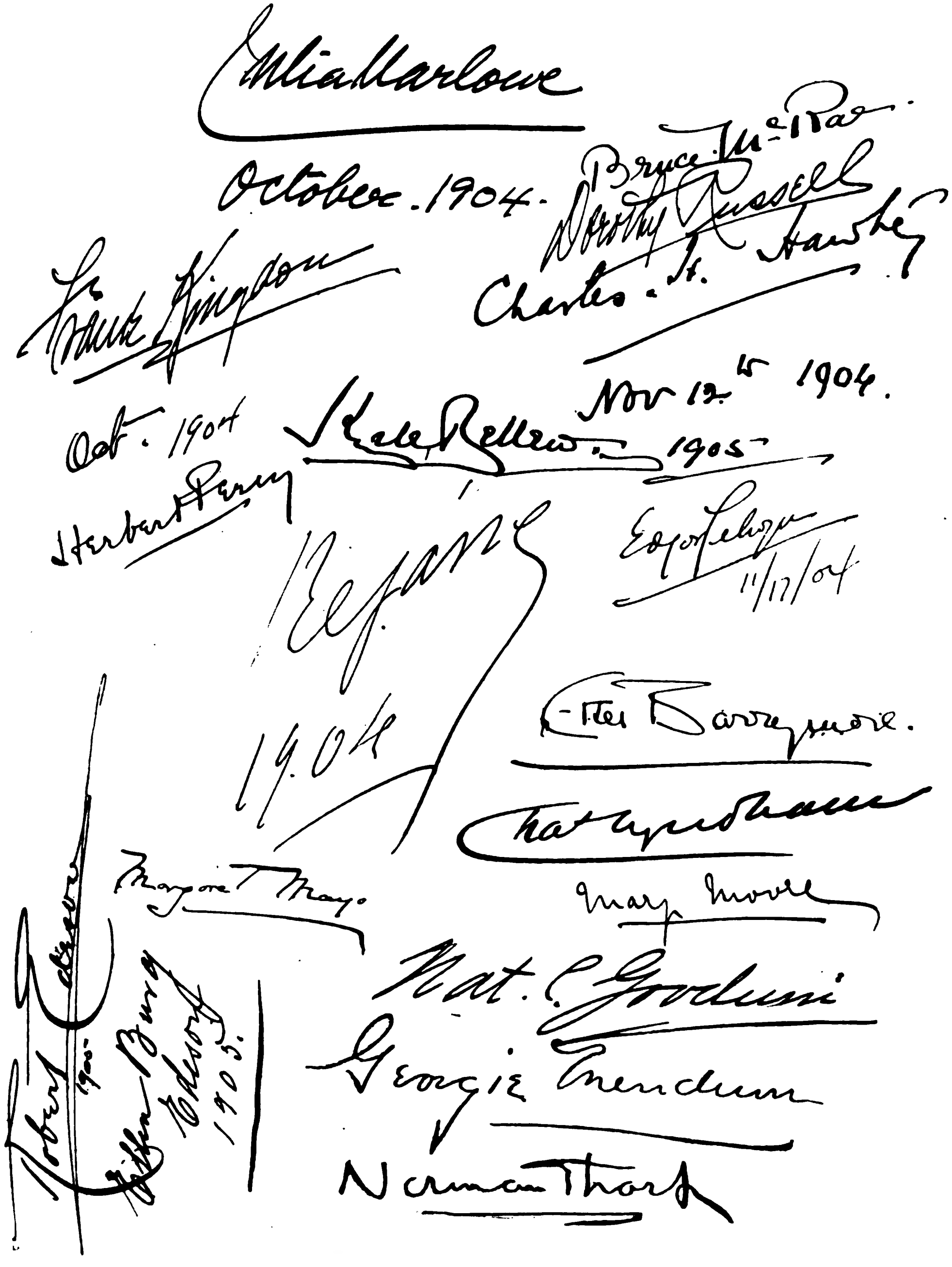
By Walter Beverley Crane

Now, isn't it a pretty way, refusing me, ill-using me,
After many years of presents and attentions to her Fan?
She is now about excusing me, not choosing me, but losing me
To listen to a Briton, a 'blarsted" Englishman.

Instead of sweetly cheering me,
Revering me, endearing me,
Sighing for me, dying for me,
Loving all she can,
She's actually sneering at me,
Jeering at me, peering at me,
Abusing me, ill-using me,
And all behind her Fan!

STAGE FOLK IN AUTOGRAPH

Courtesy of Frances Sagerson.



Julia Marlowe
October. 1904.

Bruce McRae.

Dorothy Russell

Charles H. Hawtrey.

Frank Kingdon

Nov 12th 1904.

Oct. 1904

Kyrle Bellew. 1905

Herbert Perry

Edgar Selwyn
11/17/04

1904

Ethel Barrymore.

Chas Wyndham

Mary Moore

Margaret Mayo

Nat. C. Goodwin

Georgie Mendum

Norman Thorp

Robert Edeson 1905

Giffen Burg

Edeson
1905.

Photo by Sands & Brady, Providence.

JULIA MARLOWE, WHO WILL APPEAR IN A REVIVAL OF SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS.

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

Illustrated with photographs of players and scenes from plays

ONE by one, theatres everywhere will open this month for the winter campaign. It is true that September weather conditions are proverbially fickle. Many a promising theatrical enterprise has been wilted by the fierce blasts of heat which sometimes sweep across the country at this season, notwithstanding official predictions of coolness and comfort. On the other hand, there is always hope. September may be downright chilly. It is the chance the manager takes. No matter how often he may tell himself that he will "never again open until the end of October," the next year will find him launching forth in September, or even in August, as blithely as ever, with all past losses forgotten.

It is not so much the New York theatres that suffer in tropic-like Septembers. Residents of and visitors to the metropolis will go to theatres, no matter how hot it may be. Proof of that has been afforded this summer by the thronging of the theatre in Broadway where "The Rollicking Girl" has been defying old Sol since the spring. Only for three nights in the dog days did the "Girl" cease to rollick. This was in a hot spell, when the mercury was up to a hundred degrees in the actors' dressing-rooms. Then it cooled down to ninety, and the performances went on as usual. It was almost unprecedented for a run to be interrupted merely for the convenience of the performers, while the public was per-

Copyright by Falk.

MME. EMMA EAMES, WHO WILL MAKE A CONCERT TOUR IN THE WEST, PRIOR TO HER APPEARANCE IN GRAND OPERA.

fectly willing to come in paying numbers. But that is what happened.

Even on these three hot nights, when "The Rollicking Girl" closed down temporarily, there was another regular theatre open—the Lyric, where "Fantana" was the bill—while three roof-garden theatres ran as usual. New Yorkers do not mind how hot it is so long as they can be amused.

To counterbalance the lugubrious fact that not less than thirty men and women will be exploited as "stars" this winter, we have the refreshing announcement that some of those we have accepted in that heavenly character for years have decided to settle down at the head of stock companies in New York.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where F. F. Proctor has established a stock organization for the presentation of worthy plays which has not been equaled in New York for many years, we are to have Amelia Bingham and Charles Richman as the leading actors. Gertrude Coghlan, who has been starring for several seasons, will be in the company, playing the ingenues. Of course

Photo by Sarony.

WM. H. CRANE, WHO WILL APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY, "AN AMERICAN LORD."

these three artists would not have signed a contract to play simple leading women and men unless they had been assured of good plays and adequate support. They will certainly have a good company always to back their efforts, while as for the plays, they will be as meritorious as the management can procure. Notwithstanding that perhaps 25 per cent. of all the English-speaking population is writing for the stage, there is a continuous complaint of the dearth of material worth putting on. Mr. Proctor, with his general manager, J. Austin Fynes, have sifted the dramatic field thoroughly to find plays worth trying. As a rule, they have been successful, although compelled to use a weak-kneed affair occasionally to fill in.

It is announced that the opening bill will be Clyde Fitch's "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," in which Miss Bingham appeared two or three years ago. There were differences of opinion at that time as to the merit of this comedy, but Miss Bingham used it for the whole season, thus suggesting that it is agreeable, whether dramatically strong or not. Since it has been selected for the first production under the new arrangement

Photo by Downey, London.

MRS. "PAT" CAMPBELL AND HER DAUGHTER.

at the Fifth Avenue, we may assume that Miss Bingham regards Mrs. Johnson as one of her really good parts. The opening is set for September 4th.

Mr. Proctor promises to give the American playwright many opportunities with his reorganized stock company. That sort of promise is made by every manager when he makes a new deal of any kind. How is the promise usually fulfilled? Well, in this case, we are told that new plays written by Paul Potter, George H. Broadhurst, Eugene Presbrey, Franklyn Fyles and Clyde Fitch will be produced. These are names of American playwrights, of course; but all of men who can be pretty sure of getting their plays on, whether Mr. Proctor takes them or not. The "great unacted" of America do not seem to be any nearer their ambition of hearing their lines spoken in public by eminent actors than ever they were.

Another star who has consented to remain in New York all winter at the head of a stock company is Henry Miller. He will put on new plays as often as they seem to be demanded, at the

Photo by Sands & Brady, Providence.

E. H. SOTHERN.

Princess Theatre. His leading lady will be another star, and he will have a company chosen by himself, which is pretty sure to be a worthy one.

Of course, no one supposes that the five stars I have mentioned would consent to be called merely leading men and leading women if they had found plays which really suited them for presentation by their own companies. Four of the five have been unlucky in this regard of late years. Each of them has paid goodly sums for new works by reputable playwrights, only to meet with failure, or half success. The prospects were no better for good plays this season, and hence they drop into stock, where they will make more money, and possibly achieve more fame, than if they continued to take all the responsibility, financial and otherwise, of conducting large companies about the country, to be greeted by half-filled theatres.

While some of the well-established stars are thus going back to first principles, by accepting positions as stock actors, other young folk, who have been successful in one or two parts, will be-

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

EDNA MAY, WHO WILL OPEN DALY'S IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

come stars. Three of them are Joe Coyne, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., and Will T. Hodge. No one will deny that these comedians have all been acceptable in the parts they have played of late. Perhaps they will be successful as stars.

Young Joseph Wheelock, son of a worthy actor, although his own style is entirely different from that of his sire, is always amusing on the stage. There is no one who can depict the modest, but bright, young fellow, of languid temperament and slow speech, so well as young Joseph. Over and over again he has done it. In "Brother Jacques," "The Other Girl," "London Assurance," and a dozen other plays which I cannot recall at this moment, we have hugged ourselves in paroxysms of sympathetic laughter over his drolleries. His name on a programme has always been a guarantee of some bright spots in the entertainment, whether the remainder is dull or not. In some cases it has been very dull. — Take that ghastly "Brother Jacques," for example. Whether Joseph Wheelock, Jr., will or will not prove tiresome when we get him served up as the *pièce de resistance,* instead of an *entrée,* remains to be seen.

Joe Coyne, an agile comedian, who has a pecliar style of his own, achieved a hit as the rickety Duke of Gadsbrook, in "Abigail." We all said we wished there were more of him in that play. Well, we have had more of him since,

HELEN M'COY AND FRED BISHOP, IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AN OLD FAVORITE, THAT IS TO OPEN THE REBUILT CASINO.

in "The Rollicking Girl." For myself, I am free to confess that I liked him much better in "Abigail." He is going to star, I hope the playwright will fit him so well that he will not be tedious. The name of his new comedy is announced as "A Duke at Large." Probably he will be the Duke of Gadsbrook over again, with a wider field of action. I hope so. It would be painful if he were to give us Panagl, his character in "The Rollicking Girl," as a star part.

Will T. Hodge, who was the original Hiram in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has written his own play. He ought to know what he wants. Whether he can write a drama that will hold together in the trying atmosphere of New York criticism, we shall see later. He calls his effort "Eighteen Miles from Home." It was played up the State, for a trial, some weeks ago. It pleased the people, and the local critics declared that both play and star had achieved a hit which must be repeated elsewhere. Mr. Hodge has not always been an actor. He

Photo by Mareeau.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, WHO WILL APPEAR AT WALLACK'S IN SEPTEMBER IN A NEW PLAY, "EASY DAWSON."

found himself in the profession accidentally some years ago, when he was asked to play a small part of a bucolic flavor. He was so successful that he took to the stage altogether, and now he is a playwright, as well as an actor.

In the July number of the Broadway Magazine I gave a list of most of the new and old productions scheduled for early presentation, and I find there is little to add.

Charles Frohman and his lieutenants have been working hard in New York for six weeks preparing their earlier productions, such as "The Catch of the Season," with Edna May, at Daly's, John Drew's new play by Augustus Thomas, at the Empire; N. C. Goodwin, in the London success, "The Beauty and the Barge," at the Lyceum, and several of the Frohman road companies.

Henry W. Savage is another busy manager, while the Shubert Bros., Klaw & Erlanger, W. A. Brady, Liebler & Co., and David Belasco are all so occupied that they are longing for the winter to

A SCENE FROM "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS," ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL PLAYS OF LAST SEASON.

get fairly started, so that they may have cooler weather, even if their labors continue to be as strenuous as they are now.

Harrison Grey Fiske has his hands full. What with Bertha Kalisch, whom he will introduce as a Broadway star, his "Leah Kleschna" company, with which Mrs. Fiske will begin her season on the road, and the new play by Rupert Hughes, "What Will People Say?" which Mrs. Fiske will produce at the Manhattan Theatre after a short preliminary tour, this manager has little time for repose or idling. He is an example of most of the managers along Broadway just now, however.

Lee and Jake Shubert are carrying out the plans formulated by their brother Sam, who was killed while on a journey to Pittsburg a few months ago. The purpose of that trip was to arrange for the leasing of the Duquesne Theatre, in Pittsburg. Sam Shubert died. His brothers have completed the deal for the Duquesne, it is announced, and its new name will be "The Belasco." The naming of a Shubert playhouse for their next-door neighbor indicates that there must be a close alliance between the Shuberts and David Belasco. The acquiring of this theatre gives the Shuberts an independent circuit of a score or so of houses, outside of the so-called "theatrical syndicate."

Fourteen companies will be put out by the Shuberts this winter. Toward the beginning of September this firm will reopen the Casino in New York, as a ground floor house, with the new musical comedy, "The Earl and the Girl." Then, besides the productions already made, and which will be carried along for another year, the Shuberts expect to present Sarah Bernhardt, in a repertoire of Hugo and Sardou dramas, with her own version of Adrienne Lecovreur," "Babes in the Wood," a London pantomime; "The Jury of Fate," a new drama by C. M. S. McLellan; Ada Rehan, in the Bernard Shaw play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion;" Paula Edwardes, in a new vehicle, which will not be called "The Maid and the Mask," "The Sweet Girl," and a few others about which we shall hear later.

JULIA SANDERSON, WHO WAS ONE OF THE HITS OF "FANTANA."

"Fantana" has closed its long run at the Lyric. We are to see De Wolf Hopper there on September 2. He will be presented in a new opera by Reginald De Koven and Frederick Ranken, entitled "Elysia." Hopper has been doing "Wang" for the past few seasons. The old opera will go out again, but without Hopper. Another actor of prominence will play the part.

The Shuberts intend to try an experiment which, on its face, looks risky. They will present grand opera throughout the country at regular prices. This means either one of two things—opera given by the great stars at a loss, or by artists

Photo by Sarony.

KATHERINE FLORENCE, LEADING LADY WITH NAT GOODWIN.

whose fame is not great enough for them to demand large salaries. In the latter case, it is a question whether the patronage will be large enough to make it worth while. This is as it appears to the ordinary disinterested observer. It is presumable that the managers have weighed the pros and cons, and are satisfied with the prospects. The organization to give this grand opera is now at the new Waldorf Theatre, London. It is known as the "Henry Russell Grand Opera Company."

William Faversham, who was a leading man for Charles Frohman before that far-reaching manager made him a star, has broken loose from the Frohman leading-strings and has gone over to the Liebler management. He will be starred this winter in a play by Edward Milton Royle, entitled "The Squaw Man." Pinero's "Letty," in which Mr. Faversham played the leading role last year, seems to have worn itself out for him. Mr. Royle is a clever playwright and a good actor. His work as a dramatist is always creditable. It has never been great, although his first comedy, "Friends," written some fifteen years ago, was vital enough to last until

A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

this time without being worn out yet.

One of the very interesting productions in September is expected to be "The Prince Chap," which will be put on by W. N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre. This play has been made into a novel by Edward H. Peple, and published by the Putnams. I can state, on excellent authority, that, while Mr. Peple wrote the book, the play is by another hand, the owner of which modestly keeps himself in the background for the present. The dramatist turned his play over to Mr. Peple to be novelized, thus reversing the usual order of things, which is to dramatize the novel. How the authorship of the comedy will be announced if it is the success expected I do not know.

The story of "The Prince Chap" is of a young fellow who finds himself with a little girl child on his hands, and whom he keeps and educates, in the face of many sneers from those who do not understand his high sense of duty. The child is seen in the different acts at various ages. From all that I have heard of the play, it should be one of the most tenderly powerful stage stories New York has had for many years.

Henrietta Crosman has left the Belasco management. She has a new modern comedy, by Eugene W. Presbrey, called "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," in which she will open her season this month. It is possible she may consent to give a few performances of "Mistress Nell" in the course of the winter, in response to numerous requests.

Bertha Galland will appear in the title role of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," under the David Belasco management. After playing this for a few weeks, or months, she expects to have a new play specially written for her by Mr. Belasco. Robert J. Hillard is another of Belasco's new stars.

Maurice Campbell, who will manage the affairs of his wife, Miss Crosman, has also taken Dorothy Dorr under his managerial wing. Miss Dorr made a remarkably strong impression by her rendering of the character of Claire Forster, the Tenderloin demirep, in "The Woman in the Case," last spring. She had long been known as a capable actress—one of her achievements being the creating of the character of Candida in this country—but her Claire Forster was the most sensational bit of work she ever did, and now she is to be a star. Channing Pollock has written a new comedy of Washington life for her. This will not be a new line for Dorothy Dorr by any means. She was "featured" (which is subtly dis-

RICHARD GOLDEN IN "THE BAD SAMARITAN."

tinct from being "starred," be it known), in Genevieve Haines' dramatization of "Hearts Aflame," a few years ago, playing a society woman in gorgeous clothes, and she had a character something of the same nature in "The Bishop's Move," afterward.

Channing Pollock has also been busy dramatizing "In the Bishop's Carriage," for Clara Bloodgood, who will, of course, play the dashingly oblique heroine. Miss Bloodgood is under the management of the Liebler company this year.

Ada Rehan contrived to annex a case of appendicitis while in England, and went through the usual operation—with entire success, happily. Now she is about to sail for New York. Her new play, by Bernard Shaw, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," pleases her very much, it is said. She has had a number of interviews with the author; and, according to reports, they discussed the play and Miss Rehan's character in it so exhaustively that the actress feels she knows all about both. It is to be hoped that she has something really worth while this time. Since the falling flat of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"—an awfully empty affair, I thought—she has been looking

Photo by White.

MINNIE SELIGMAN TO RETURN TO THE STAGE AS A CO-STAR WITH WM. BRAMWELL.

for something new which would enable her to repeat the triumphs of her old Daly's theatre days. Perhaps the dogmatic G. B. S. will give it to her in this Brassbound comedy of his.

It seems as if Clyde Fitch is looking up again as a favorite among star actors. For a while, when most of his productions failed, wholly or in part, there was an uneasy fear that Fitch had written himself out. He knew that this feeling prevailed, and it put him on his mettle. He wrote two or three successes then, right off the reel. Now we are told that Viola Allen—a rather particular young lady when she comes to selecting plays—has shelved two works by eminent foreign dramatists in favor of a comedy by Clyde Fitch. Neither the name of the play nor the style of character designed for Miss Allen has been made known. Clyde Fitch is nothing if not dramatic. He is in Europe, and it has pleased him to wrap his new Viola Allen play in such mystery that everyone will be wondering what it is all about as he strides down the gangplank from the steamer to go up town to rehearsal when he gets home. That is good business. A press agent could not devise anything better.

Photo by Hall.

MARGUERITE CLARK WITH DE WOLF HOPPER.

It is a reminder of old times, indeed, this coming of Carmencita to New York. She is dancing on the roof of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre. I do not like to think how many years it is since I saw Carmencita at the old Koster & Bial's music hall, in Twenty-third street, where the curtain was a huge fan that opened from the bottom, and where everything was as odd and "gallus" as the fan-curtain. Carmencita was the rage in those days. This time she has been hailed affectionately by the "old boys," while the young fellows do not know just what to make of her. Dancing has acquired many more frills since Carmencita's triumph at old Koster & Bial's.

James K. Hackett will produce "The Walls of Jericho" at the Savoy this month. It is a comedy of high life, with a lot of smart people doing the things that Town Topics says they do. Mr. Hackett's part will be that of a rough diamond, an honest young sheep farmer from Australia. He has married a butterfly of fashion, and he soon gets tired of the kind of people to whom she introduces him. He feels as much out of place among them as does Joe Lacy in "The Heir to the Hoorah." He has more pluck than poor Joe, however, for he lays down the law to his wife in unmistakable terms.

How it all comes out we shall see when the play is produced. From the description of it that has come to me (I have not been over to London to see it), I should say that Mr. Hackett will have a character more like those he used to do under Daniel Frohman's management at the old Lyceum than any he has essayed since he began to star under his own management.

Mary Mannering (Mrs. Hackett) will appear jointly with her husband in "The Prayer of the Sword" and a revival of "Romeo and Juliet." If "Nancy Stair" had been a better play, I suppose she would have continued to star in it. As it is, we shall see her in other characters equally interesting, and in probably better plays. At all events, if she does Juliet, we shall have an exemplification of the fact that there are some actresses who can look Juliet and play her as well.

"Sergeant Brue" has been running at the Knickerbocker Theatre since it resumed its engagement in August, but it will soon have to give way to Lulu Glaser, who will appear in her new Smith-Herbert opera on the 4th of this month.

Edward E. Rose, who dramatized "The Prisoner of Zenda," some years ago, and became recognized forthwith as a dramatist as well as a stage director, has just given us a new one. It is called "Jim the Westerner." The production was made at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre, in Harlem. It looks as if we were getting back to the West as a background for American plays, just as we did after Bartley Campbell had astonished everyone by writing the virile "My Partner."

Just think of any sane man giving a play such a title as "The Wogglebug." There is a musical comedy thus called in Chicago, and it is said to be a success, too.

The roof gardens are still doing business, and may keep on for some time. At the roof theatre of the New Amsterdam I thought the cinematographic production, "The Automobile Chase," the best part of the programme, and the closing skit, "The Whole Damm Family," the stupidest.

Talking about melodrama, I am told that Charles E. Blaney is putting forth no less than fourteen productions of this kind this winter. And he is only one of the score of melodrama managers in New York City! Just think how Theodore Kremer, Hal Reid and the rest of the blood-curdlers must have been working.

Lillian Russell seems to have had enough of "Lady Teazle." It was announced in the summer that she would stay as the leading feature of that light opera, under the management of the Shubert Brothers. Now we are told that the Golden Diva is going into vaudeville again. She is reported to have signed a contract with F. F. Proctor, to remain under his direction for an indefinite period. The plan is for her to open early in October at Proctor's Twenty-third Street theatre, and to remain there for as many weeks as business warrants. She will sing some of her repertoire, beaming the while on her audiences with the well-known entrancing Lillian Russell smile. When she has given New York a treat for a few weeks, she may go on tour at the head of an "all star" vaudeville company.

Of course, Miss Russell will receive "the largest salary ever paid in vaudeville." All the big people of the legitimate stage get that when they go into the "continuous." As a matter of fact, it is quite probable that Lillian Russell's salary is larger than ever was paid to another "headliner." She can command almost anything she asks, even if it means all the receipts of the theatre, and a big slice off the manager's bank-roll as well. So why should she leave operatic stardom to go into vaudeville unless it is well worth her while?

"Little Johnny Jones," with George M. Cohan in the principal role, was the first of the winter productions to break into a Broadway theatre. This organization, tuneful and merry, as New Yorkers know it is, opened at the New York theatre at the beginning of August.

A BERTILLON EXPERT MEASURING THE LENGTH OF A CRIMINAL'S ARMS.

MAKING OVER THE BERTILLON MEASURED CRIMINAL

By Annabel Lee

Illustrated with Special Photographs

"There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise."

HIS name is legion and he has outwitted the promoters of the Bertillon system and with a wave of his magic wand has brought comfort to hundreds branded by the heretofore far-reaching effect of the Bertillon theory.

Now, the prisoner who has served his sentence can go forth into the world with no fear of recognition, for he can alter his

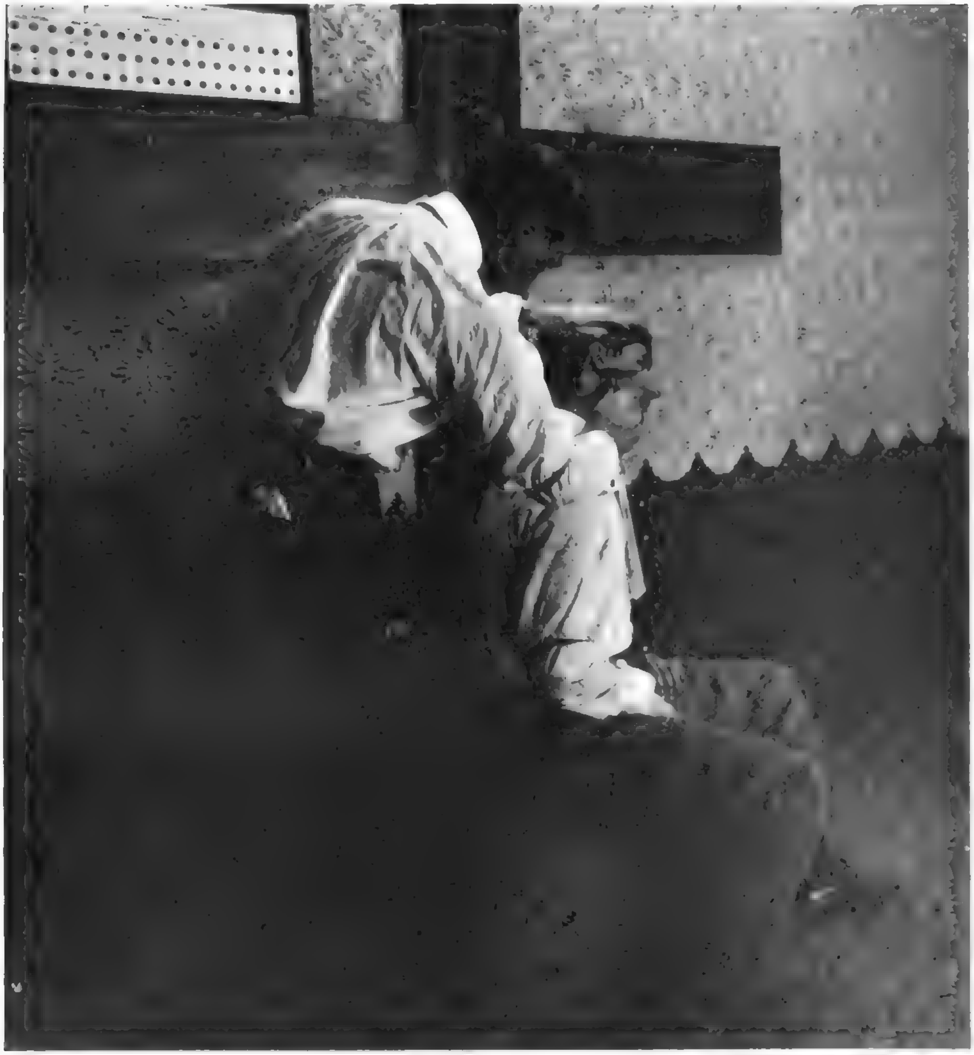
THE LENGTH OF THE MIDDLE FINGER NEVER CHANGES AFTER ADULT GROWTH.

face and change his name.

At last in this prosy modern century we are made to exclaim: "There is nothing new under the sun!" M. Bertillon is beaten at his own game. Wrinkles can be removed or made while you wait. Elongated ears can be shortened, protruding ones set close to the head; Roman noses can be turned out Grecian; and sunken eyes rounded with the muscles and contour of youth.

Occidental orbs are orientalized, and it is not too much to say that the New York system for identifying criminals is already defeated.

How many criminals have taken advantage of it and dropped out of sight may account, in a measure, for the various mysterious disappearances of the past few years. Given one hour's time for the surgical operation and allowing one week for the completion of the healing process,



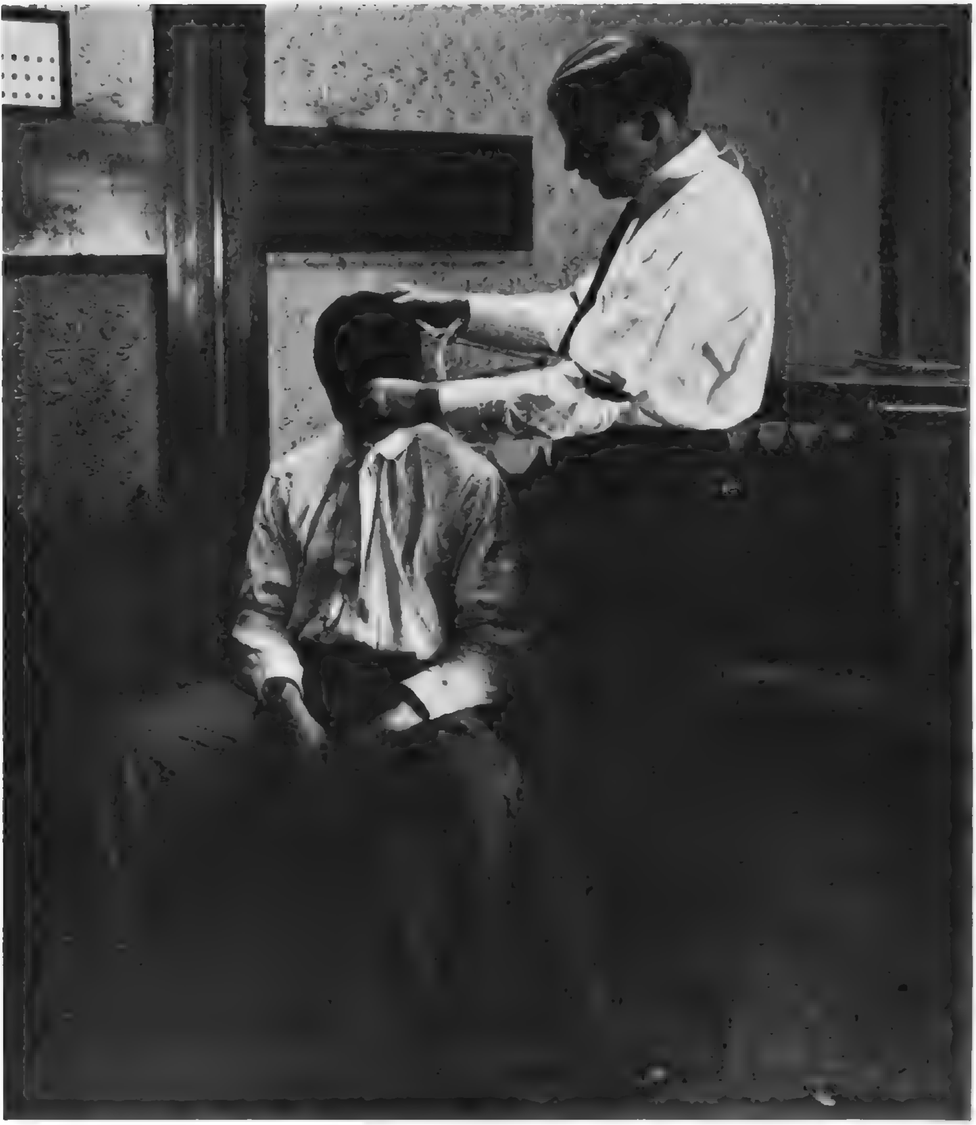
THE BERTILLON SYSTEM PLACES GREAT IMPORTANCE UPON THE MEASUREMENTS OF THE EAR.

any man can change every feature and the whole aspect of his face, no trace of the operation remaining.

In fact, the possibilities of a specialist's ingenuity sound like fairy tales. A visit recently to the offices of several successful practitioners revealed both a humorous and a pathetic side to this strangest of all scientific pursuits. It is certainly a place well qualified for the study of human frailties and human desires and would furnish an abundance of material for the modern dramatist. Moreover, the criminal need not be disfigured to escape identification, for scientific achievement in this new surgery follows the lines of high art.

Once this would have been impossible, but art follows utility and the strides in featural surgery are nothing short of miraculous. Congenital homeliness is no longer a necessity to the intelligent criminal class, for comeliness can be administered while they wait.

A short time before his death "Jimmy" Hope remarked: "I was not branded by



MEASURING FROM THE HOLLOW IN THE NOSE TO THE HIGHEST BUMP OF THE CRANIUM.

the Bertillon method, as my sentence began before that system was in operation, but even if I had been measured by the New York police I could beat that game to a standstill. That would be dead easy."

On the other hand, the police assert that the scientific accuracy of the Bertillon system of identifying criminals is beyond question. What was once guesswork in the old photographic and memory method has now given place to absolute certainty. A criminal over 22 years of age (the human frame remains unchanged after that period) who has once been measured must be identified if he is ever convicted and measured again. These measurements are taken accurately and he is measured and photographed in about ten minutes. The form of the nose is observed, whether the bridge be curved, straight or convex, whether the base is elevated or depressed. The size and formation of the ear, birth marks and pittings are also noted and the system is based upon the fact that nature never repeats herself.

The Bertillon officials also declare that it is the bones they measure and not tissue—it is not a man's outward appearance, but his anatomical characteristics which they record and claim for their method's infallibility.

There are three measurements which are said never to change after adult growth—the length of the middle finger, the foot, and the length of the head. The measurements are reduced to the fraction of a millimeter and the system depends upon this exactitude for its success. But it is also upon this degree of accuracy that the possibility of checkmating the system depends.

There are three distinctive classes into which the Bertillon subjects are divided. There are big heads, medium heads and small heads. These measurements are made with a pair of graduated callipers. One point is inserted in the hollow at the upper end of the nose and the other point is made to touch the most prominent bump at the back of the skull. The length obtained decides the first classification of the criminal and places him on the list among the medium, big or small heads. It is here that the wondrous wise man of the new methods can change the reading of the callipers and thus rob the system of its nicety.

He can build up the hollow above the nose, or deepen it slightly by laying the skin back and carefully cutting the bone with a revolving burr, making the measurement slightly less. The back of the skull can be burred over, which also helps to decrease the distance from front to rear. The cheek bones are treated in the same manner. The flesh is opened and the bones burred or ground down, which decreases the width of the face and could frustrate the system used by the New York police, who measure from cheek bone to cheek bone. One of the important Bertillon measurements is the length of the foot.

The plastic surgeons have circumvented this plan by shortening the big toe, the left little finger and middle finger. Thick lips can be made thin, and vice-versa, while eyebrows, foreheads and mouths can be widened, shortened or lengthened to order. In fact, there is nothing which surpasses the skill of the plastic surgeon. Turned up noses are straightened by cutting a V-shaped piece out of the septum which divides the nostrils. The tilt is then pulled down and the parts sewed together. For a hooked nose the surgeon makes an incision along the bridge over the hump, pulls the flesh away and files the bone with an electric burr; then the flesh is pulled back into place and no trace of the operation remains. For projecting ears, a small, semi-circular section is cut from the cartilage and then the whole ear is drawn backward and the reversed edges are sewed together.

A quivering and shaking double chin can be taken away, the ugly fold of fat removed and the skin tightened into youthful contour. Birth marks, smallpox pittings and all featural defects yield readily to scientific treatment, and threaten revolution in the classification of the criminal population according to the rules of Monsieur Bertillon.

INCOMPLETENESS

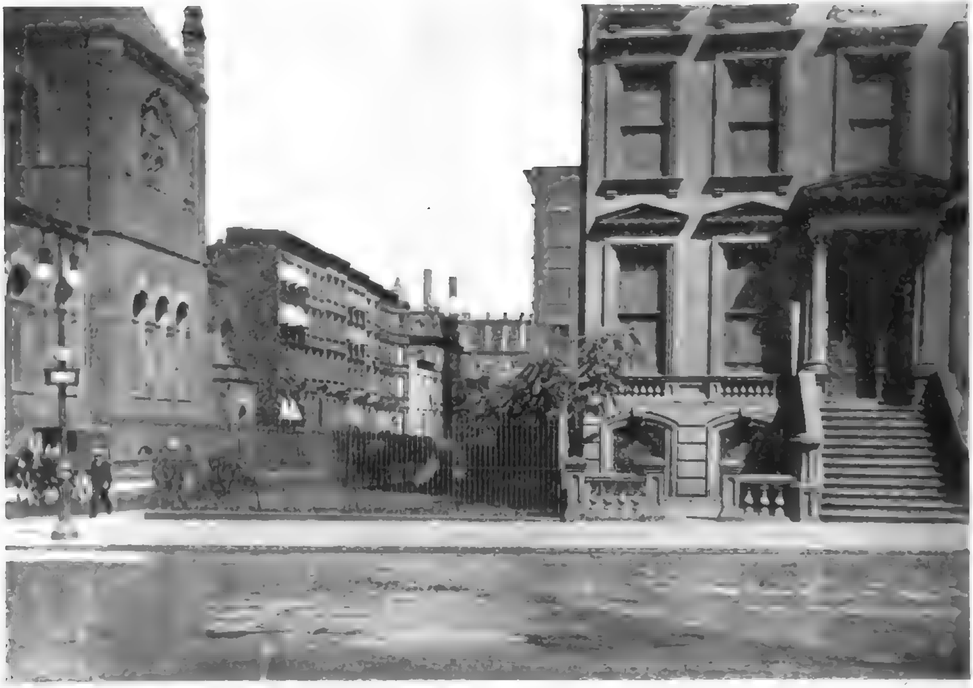
By Julia Lee Logan

Out on the sea,
The fisher lad,
White sail afull,
Is singing glad;

The whispering
Of drowsy leaves
Comes gently down
The careless breeze;

Far up above,
I hear the note
Of bird to bird,
Serenely float;

But blue of sky,
And sound of sea,
Are running waste
For lack of thee!



VIEW OF THE HAYFIELD AND THE RESIDENCE OF THE MILLIONAIRE FARMER, MR. R. J. WILSON, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-THIRD STREET.

FIFTH AVENUE'S HALF-MILLION DOLLAR HAYFIELD

By Genevieve Salters

AS a general thing, hayfields 25 x 100 do not yield a very valuable harvest, barely enough to supply fodder for the least of the farm horses, and a farmer who had no better piece of landed estate than this bit of a hayfield would be considered a poor creature in the eyes of his wealthy neighbors.

Mr. R. T. Wilson is one of New York's wealthiest citizens; but if he owned no more than his little hayfield at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street he would still be accounted a man of means, for at any moment he can exchange his bit of meadow land for at least a half million dollars. As a matter of fact Mr. Wilson's hayfield represents one of the most valuable corner lots for its size in the Island of Manhattan. Fifty years ago it was swallowed in the acres of some old Dutch farm and was undoubtedly, then as now, yielding its yearly crop of hay.

Little by little the city marched upward; the farms were sold and divided into city lots; the big reservoir was built and property increased. The neighborhood eventually became the fashionable residential quarter. Mr. R. T. Wilson purchased a corner lot and erected a fine brown stone mansion. Surmising that the corner would increase in value, it was arranged by his forethought that his residence should become a portion of the block, leaving the corner free for future investment. With this end in view there are no windows in that side of the house overlooking the lot. One cannot but imagine that it would not be an unwel-

MIKE, THE FARM-HAND, PREPARING FOR COMPANY.

THE HAYFIELD IS ENCLOSED IN A HANDSOME IRON FENCE.

come sight for the millionaire's family to rest its eyes now and then upon the pleasant greenery of the hayfield.

In the course of time the Temple Emanu-El was built on the opposite corner. A multi-millionaire of the Hebrew faith offered a fancy price for the possession of the bit of ground basking in the shadow of the synagogue. Mr. Wilson refused and proceeded to have the ground ploughed for his annual crop of hay; he furthermore enclosed the ploughed acres in a costly grilled iron fence. The Grand Central was next built down the block, skyscrapers arose in every direction, and a year ago a great trust company erected a granite banking house immediately opposite on the southwest. When the marble facade of the new Tilden-Astor-Lenox Library rose in all its classical beauty above its temporary wooden fences, Mr. Wilson was offered half a million dollars for his tiny meadow. Again he refused, and later on remarked casually that his crop of hay was being hauled in and he hoped to sell his load for ninety cents, perhaps a dollar, if he held out.

Mr. Wilson is evidently a financier with a sense of humor. There is no doubt he enjoys watching the curious crowd that gathers about the iron fence when "Mike," the accredited farmer of the meadow, sows the seed in the spring and mows down the hay in the early fall. Perhaps, too, he notes the keen discomfiture of certain speculators whose fingers itch to gain possession of this tid-bit of landed estate.

He is accused of motives innumerable; he confesses to none. It is his caprice. It is his property. He chooses that it shall be occupied by his wagon load of hay and his pointer; for it must not be forgotten that in a certain part of it, safe from the hoofs of the farm horse, is a dog kennel occupied by a favorite and somewhat ferocious dog who protects the premises from intruders.

No one as yet has fathomed the purpose of Mr. Wilson. The property has reached the maximum of value. It is rumored that Mike, the farmer, is in the secret, but he only shows preternatural solemnity when questioned. The grass has been mowed down earlier than usual this season. There is a suggestion of something momentous in the more than usual grimness of Mike's crabbed visage. "Company is expected and I'm straightening up things," was his only explanation. Is the company some rich speculator who is willing to pay a million for the half-million dollar hayfield?

"A GOOD HEART BREAKS BAD LUCK"

By Katharine Lee Bates

If one of us two must break,
The luck that seeded my sky
With stars malign, or this heart of mine,
I swear it sha'n't be I.

He has pain and age at his back,
Crosses and frets enough;
I have laughter and love and a spirit of
Unconquerable stuff.

He has flouted my every step
All day on the windy wold;
A knave in grain, he has blurred my brain
And fooled me with fairy-gold.

All wrestle-stained I shall come
To the inn where the journey ends,
With an empty scrip, but a song on my lip,
That may happen to make amends.

THE BIOGRAPH RECORDING A REALISTIC BATTLE SCENE.

THE BRAINS BEHIND THE BIOGRAPH

By Frank J. Marion

Playwright of the Biograph Stock Co.

UNTIL six months ago scenic moving pictures satisfied the public. The mechanism of an instrument capable of throwing upon the canvas a thrilling facsimile of the Empire Express dashing at full speed over steel rails that seemed to lead straight into the auditorium—or a realistic panorama of a favorite regiment returning from the field, marching through familiar streets crowded with familiar faces—or the even more delightful sensation of viewing at close range the nation's President, a Queen's funeral, or the Pope bestowing a papal benediction, every detail of manner, expression and garb revealed with pitiless candor—all this was more than enough to hold an audience in delicious thraldom for as long a time as discreet managers considered advisable.

In those days the biograph needed no special brains. Given a certain number of interesting facts, a clever manipulator, and the instrument did the rest. These palmy days lasted for six years, then the public had its fill of facts and little by little the scenic moving picture has been replaced by the scenic drama. A new and difficult problem confronted the manager of the biograph. He found himself called upon to create material for his instrument that could not be obtained by a mere depicting of actual events, however interesting. At any rate, these events, if used, had to be presented with continuity and tinged with romance as well as realism. The midnight robbery of a bank, the destruction of a safe by dynamite, the escape of the thieves, the wild chase of the pursuers through the woods and over mountains, the shooting fray and so on to the end of the story, necessitated nothing more or less than a full dramatic force with a stage setting taken from real life.

The brains behind the biograph are the playwright, a company of competent actors, a stage manager, a scene painter,

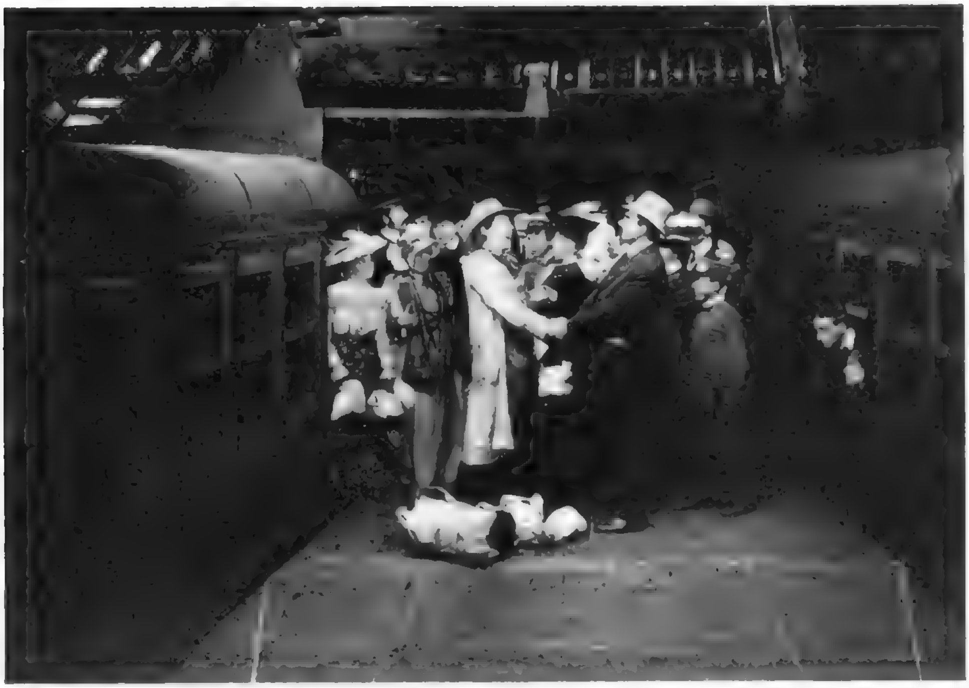
SETTING OF AN AL FRESCO COMEDY NEAR BATH BEACH, L. I.

in fact, the entire paraphernalia of a genuine theatre with something more, for while a number of our interior settings are arranged upon our stage, all the outdoor scenes are rehearsed and acted in the open, on sites selected by our stage manager, who sometimes travels miles and miles to decide upon a suitable spot, or to rent an old country house adapted to the necessary environment of our picture drama.

To begin with, the biographic play is written and copyrighted as a genuine dramatic production. Naturally, the interpretation is carried out by our actors in pantomime, although the entire play is accompanied by lines, which lines are memorized and repeated during all our rehearsals in order to obtain spontaneity of gesture and expression. It is curious to note that while the rehearsals last from ten to fifteen days, there is but one actual production of the play; that first and last performance is the moment, or rather the twelve or fifteen minutes, during which the biograph makes an ineffaceable record on its swiftly whirling sensitive plates.

When the play, with all the lines, is completely written out, our manager decides which scenes can be developed upon our stage, and which require an out-of-doors environment. The former are put into the hands of the scenic painter, the stock company is called, parts are assigned, costumes ordered and a steady routine of rehearsals on the indoor scenes is begun at once. It would not be discreet to mention names, but I have no hesitation in admitting that during the summer months especially, actors of reputation apply for our leading roles and obtain them. There can be no makeshift either in our acting or our scenery—the biograph is as ready to record a failure as a success.

In the meantime, one of our staff is scouring the neighboring country to find



SUBWAY SCENE, SHOWING ARRANGEMENTS OF LIGHTS TAKEN ON STAGE IN STUDIO.

SETTING OF THE FINAL SCENE OF "THE FIREBUG," TAKEN NEAR ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

FIRST ACT OF "WANTED—A DOG," IN A BORROWED HOUSE NEAR BATH BEACH, L. I

the "rocky decline" or the "dark woods" and "rushing torrent" that will be required for the proper unfolding of the little drama.

If necessary, we rent an empty house, or if the house is not empty, we obtain permission from the tenants to use it as a stage setting for a certain number of hours. They generally consent on condition that they occupy "front seats" at rehearsals, and it is needless to add that they are enthusiastic patrons of the house that finally produces the biographic play.

On the appointed day our little company of actors, with necessary baggage, consisting of dressing room tents, costumes and such accessories as "mettlesome steeds," repairs either to the Palisades or the dark woods of Englebrook or Staten Island, as the case may be. Two flags define the boundaries of the stage, and a stretched rope represents the footlights. Exits and entrances are decided upon and the rehearsal begins, and indeed does not end until sunset, only to recommence the following day.

The work is most arduous, and oftentimes beset with perils. Our horses must be trained and our fleeing burglars must be not only excellent actors but excellent horsemen. I recall an occasion, when the biograph was in position, our actors entered into a certain shooting fray with so much realism that the villagers took alarm, and with the greatest difficulty were restrained from "butting in" and spoiling one of our performances. If they had succeeded in their well-meant interference it would have cost our company something in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, for the outlay of putting on and recording our little play of ten minutes is just about that sum of money.

There are times when the actual scene cannot be rehearsed with the actual accessories of fire and water until the moment of recording by the machine. For instance, in our play "The Fire-bug," where the villain kidnaps a child after setting fire to the house, the rehearsals take place without the dramatic realism of

STAGE SETTING FOR "THE FIREBUG," ARRANGED IN THE STUDIO.

flame and smoke that are reserved for the performance. The fright of the child and the discomforted choking of the kidnapper add an element of realism to their acting that enhances the value of the picture when it is thrown upon the canvas.

In this same play, "The Fire-bug," the villain escapes with the child, mounts a fiery steed and wades through a rushing stream. Until the final performance—which, as I have explained, is also the first—the villain and his horse stopped short on the bank of the stream. It would have been brutal to have subjected our leading man and our dear little girl actress to a series of immersions in the mountain torrent. That experience was reserved for the "biographical climax." As it is, after an hour or so of out-of-door work, both actor and stage manager are in a dripping perspiration.

Regarding the realistic qualities of our plays, our dramatic production of the war in Japan is exhibited throughout Japan, as an incentive to patriotic sentiment, although the actual scenes were laid and enacted by Americans in the neighborhood of Albany. Another of our biographic plays, "The Nihilist," is under a ban in Germany, in spite of the fact that the setting came from our own little stage in Twenty-third Street, and the sinister plotters against the crowned heads of Europe are a handful of highly estimable men of the profession.

But our records are never annihilated. One plate is taken, and then the records are locked in vaults, and will "make good" in a hundred years hence. One can imagine the invaluable memento of times, manners and customs the biograph is destined to give generations yet unborn. Joseph Jefferson, as Rip Van Winkle, will be more than a mere memory; Irving, Bernhardt, our great statesmen, our philanthropists, all the stirring events of our day will live again.

The biograph may surely be considered more than a mere instrument of pleasure for the people; it is a medium of speech from the past to the future—a speech, not of words, but of pictured action—one of the most valuable inventions of the most inventive of epochs.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT A SOUL

By Virginia Leila Wentz

WOMANLIKE, seeing in his eyes the desire for sympathy, she sank into a big chair and pointed to another standing close by.

"Sit down," she begged, "and tell me about it. Why are you so miserable? How have things gone wrong?"

Maitland Holt steadied himself against the mantel and looked intently into the face of the woman before him. It was a singularly pretty, witty, and interesting face that looked up at him from under rebellious masses of bright hair,—"the woman without a soul" they called her.

Mrs. Aymar's face stood his scrutiny well, and unconsciously he sank into the chair indicated. "Oh," he said, (He was fatuously young, perhaps,) "it's the usual story. When a man's hopelessly unhappy, when his last illusion has been destroyed, it's always—I'm sorry to say it; but you know whether it's true—it's always a member of your sex that's to blame."

If she had a struggle to keep from laughing she came out of it victorious. "Poor boy," she said, compassionately, "what have they done to you? Tell me about it; it may do you good," she urged, gently.

Thereupon he narrated the whole history of his desperate passion for Rosalys Gray; how beautiful she was; how she had encouraged him, trifled with him, and, finally, thrown him over—for Colonel Paige, a man old enough to be—well, old enough to be her father!

"So you see," he concluded, "I've been hard hit. My wound is one of those that will never heal."

Even this did not provoke her to laughter, although there was the tiniest gleam of amusement in her gleaming eyes. She gazed at her young confidant meditatively a second, then she shook her head.

"When our wounds are fresh," she said, "it always seems as if they'd never heal. But they do. Now, you must try not to think of Rosalys—it's no good, now that she's engaged to Colonel Paige. But—but when you can't help thinking of her, you must come to me and talk it out."

As Mrs. Aymar was to be his mother's guest for the winter, keeping her company in her big, solitary, Virginia homestead, Maitland often had the good fortune of "talking it out." Her cosy, little oak-panelled boudoir was the scene for many confidences. Indeed, he had forgotten that they called her "a woman without a soul."

Then they rode together a great deal. The young man was so kind as to approve her riding, telling her she was "a nailer on a horse," and that he was "deucedly proud of her."

"I can't make you understand," he confessed to her one day, "how much fuller and richer life is since I've known you."

Of course, he was in love with her; but as yet, upon his conscience, he did not know it. He knew he was tremendously fond of her; that he was always unsatisfied when out of her presence; that he was always restless when other men—the men who came down to shoot, for example—were hovering about her. He knew, too, that he wished to be her knight, to dedicate his existence to her welfare. But beyond that he had not analyzed his sentiment. And so, if you please, he was still able to go on prating of Rosalys Gray.

There came a day, however, when he ceased to prate of Rosalys. They had been riding together. The air was keen and exhilarating. Her hair had gotten into some disarray; her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled.

"You're exactly like a girl to-day!" he cried out. They had alighted from their horses, and were hunting for arbutus. "I'll have to take back what I told you once, that you were the prettiest woman I had ever known; to-day I'll have to tell you that you're the prettiest girl."

She laughed joyously.

"I *feel* like a girl to-day," she said. Then, of a sudden a shadow of trouble darkened her eyes. "You see," she went on, "I never was really a girl. I'm living my girlhood now—a kind of St. Martin's Summer—because I've happened to make friends with a boy. I'm sowing my wild oats—gathering my roses—at the eleventh hour."

"You were never really a girl—what do you mean?" he questioned stupidly. In a moment he was stammering out an apology, for her eyes had filled with tears.

"No," she stopped him, "it isn't your fault. I'm not crying. I meant I was never a girl because I was married at seventeen. That's all. And I've had to be dull and middle aged ever since," she added, smiling again.

In all their previous intercourse, she had never even remotely alluded to her marriage. Certainly, he knew from his mother that it had not been a happy one. But now her word about it, slight as it was, moved him like a cry of pain.

"Millicent!" He heard himself calling her Christian name; he found himself kneeling beside her, holding her hands, speaking close to her face. "Millicent, *you* dull and middle-aged! I can't let you—I can't allow you to think such a thing. Your beautiful, beautiful life!"

After a bit, her eyes melting with a heavenly tenderness, laughing, sobbing, she said:

"Isn't it absurd, dear? You're only a boy; I'm a woman. I'm six years older than you, in years—immeasurably older in everything else. But—I love you. You're only a boy, and yet—my life has been passed with such unreal, artificial people—you're the only *man* I've ever known."

He lay awake all night thinking of the great joy that had come to him. So did she; but with different thoughts. God! what did it all mean—the mockery of it all? She had imagined she was doing godmother, grandmother, anything, until that day. What had a woman like her to do with a boy such as he? Help him —for how long? A few months, a few years, at best. Then when she was faded and clinging to the remnants of youth, he would be in the prime of manhood, looking at his fettered life, realizing he had thrown it away. Never! Better let him break his heart now and have done with it. Hearts mend easily again at twenty-five, thank God!

After breakfast she went to her hostess, and told her she must go at once. Mrs. Holt asked no questions. Perhaps there was no need. From the great hall window she could see Maitland walking across the plantation with his dogs toward the stables.

"Wait a minute," she called to him, and he turned buoyantly around and came back to meet her, both hands outstretched. When he saw her face, he dropped them.

"I'm leaving Virginia this afternoon," she said evenly, "but I want to tell you first that I was not quite myself yesterday, and ask you to forget it."

He stood still, stunned, incredulous, furious.

"You mean that you were humbugging me, that you were playing with me? Oh, you can't say that," he cried.

'No," came the slow answer, "I was not humbugging."

"Then what on earth do you mean, Millicent. I know it's some quixotic nonsense—some rot about our ages or something."

"It is no quixotic nonsense," she answered, quietly. "I made a mistake, that was all. And now I think there is nothing more to say. I will go back and attend to my packing."

But he stood in her path, glaring down at her, mortification and something else struggling for mastery in his eyes. She knew what that something else was, and for all her indifferent exterior, her heart was beating wildly.

"Is that all you have to say? Are you sure—quite sure?" he demanded.

"Quite sure," she said simply.

He turned away with a little jarring laugh.

'They were right after all when they told me you were a woman without a soul," he said bitterly, and strode on, cutting at the bushes and grasses with his stick. Not once did he look back at her.

. . . .

In New York, a week later, she was walking down Broadway when she met

Miss Lee, a Virginia girl who lived on a neighboring estate to the Holts. A minute later she was conscious of one thing only—Maitland was ill, terribly, hopelessly ill. Presently, sentences came back to her. An accident on his horse, injury to the spine, never walk again, a cripple.

She did not remember what she said to Miss Lee; how she left her, or caught the evening train. She thought of only one thing—he was ill, he needed her.

"My dear, he will never walk again," sobbed Mrs. Holt, as she held her in her arms. "He will have to lie on his back always. Oh, my boy, my strong, handsome boy!"

"Where is he?" insisted Millicent, abruptly drawing herself away, and making toward the stairs.

"At first the doctors were hopeful for his life; but now he will not rouse himself, he wishes to die," pursued the unhappy mother.

"He shall wish to live," answered Millicent, between set lips. She hurried along the corridor to his room. He was lying with his head turned a little toward the window. Softly she went to him and took his hand—his firm, manly hand, shrunken now and almost rivalling the sheets in pallor.

"I've come, Maitland," she said. He opened his eyes.

'Is this death?" he asked.

"Life," cried she.

And then the woman without a soul put her arm around him, and the mother stole away.

"Listen, sweetheart," said she, "I left you because I loved you so,—I thought you had no great need of me. But I'll not leave you again. I need you as much as you need me."

BARGAIN DAY

By Nathan M. Levy

Hurry up and catch the train,
Push and shove with might and main,
Clutch the nearest trolley car,
Let no one your progress bar,
Hire a carriage, you may lose
Many things you'd want to choose,
Hustle, bustle, haste away,
There's a bargain sale to-day.

Leave the babies home alone,
Hungry, tearful, let them moan,
Hurry on your hat and sacque,
Ere the night comes you'll be back;
Borrow all the cash you can,
Join the pushing caravan,
Sally down the primrose way,
There's a bargain sale to-day.

"All the doors of trade are loosed—
Corsets very much reduced,
Shirts and waists (you needn't scoff)
Forty-five per centum off,
Ribbons of great excellence
By the yard at thirteen cents,
(Sold for fourteen yesterday),
Come and see the vast display."

Let your husband rave and scold
If he finds his dinner cold,
(Dare you miss the things so cheap
That they on the counters heap?)
Tell your callers to depart,
It is time for you to start,
(How you tremble if they stay),
There's a bargain sale to-day.

"Slaughtering the cotton goods,
Next to nothing are the foods,
Hammered are the grenadines,
Butchered are the lima beans,
Cut in two the dining-chairs,
Skinned are all the Bartlett pears,
Havoc's wrought among the teas,
Pounded are the tender peas."

"Silks and robes that you'll devour,
(There'll be none left in an hour),
Curtains that will envy raise
When your neighbors at them gaze,
For (we know whereof we speak)
They paid six cents more last week—
Don't forget the cups and spoons,
Butter, turkey, rice and prunes!"

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